

AFGHAN POETRY

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:

BEING

SELECTIONS FROM

THE POEMS OF KHUSH HAL KHAN KHATAK.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS AND GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.



EDITED AND COMPILED BY

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LONDON :

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co., LIMITED, 57 AND 59, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

1890.

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DEDICATED TO

GEORGE ANDERSON, ESQ.,

FORMERLY OF KUMTOUL INDIGO FACTORY, DURBANGAH, TIRHOOT;

IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF

KINDNESS RECEIVED ON MY ARRIVAL IN INDIA.

INTRODUCTION.

It is with some diffidence that I venture to approach a subject which has already met with such able handling at the hands of others far more masters of the language and literature of which they were treating than myself, and I do not imagine that the present work will be found to contain anything that is not already known to the Pushtoo scholar. My only object in compiling it has been to facilitate a further study of the language on the part of such as may have only as yet commenced it, and to enlist generally the interest of those as yet unacquainted with it, whether in England or India, by a rendering, however bald and inadequate, of some of the more interesting pieces which its literature contains.

It is indeed strange to observe the apathy with which the study of the Pushtoo language is taken up even now-a-days, and that in spite of the daily increasing importance for professional purposes of a thorough acquaintance with this language to so many of our Anglo-Indian officials, whether of the Military or Civil Services, independently of the interest attaching to the study of this language, which is that of one of the most peculiar of the populations with which, in the course of the extension of our Oriental territories, we have ever been brought in contact, and of the fact of the length of our acquaintance and connection with the land of their homes and the stirring episodes in our national history which have occurred and may yet occur in the course of our intercourse with this country and its inhabitants; and if this is true as regards the language itself, still more is it the case with regard to its literature, which could under any circumstances only be expected to come under the notice of such as had pursued their studies in Pushtoo to such an extent as to be able to appreciate the interest attaching to those of its productions which are still extant and available for their perusal; there are indeed but comparatively few that appear to be acquainted hardly further than by name with the works of its most famous authors, such as whose names are household words in every Pathan home, and whose compositions are in the mouths of countless numbers of the Pathan population, many of them subjects

of our Government. That this neglect has been redeemed by brilliant exceptions in the case of those capable of an appreciation of the interest attaching to these works, and the beauties to be found in them, has been amply demonstrated by the valuable works of Dr. Bellew, Mr. Hughes and others, and lastly but by no means leastly those of Major Raverty. The latter may indeed be styled the Father of the study of the Afghan language and literature, for more than thirty years ago he devoted himself to placing at the disposal of the public the unique stores of information which he had in the course of years of study acquired upon the subject, and it is mainly owing to the facilities which he was thus able to afford that his successors in the task and the ordinary student of the present day is indebted for any proficiency which he may attain in his pursuit. "Raverty's Grammar," "Raverty's Dictionary," "Raverty's Gulshan-i-Roh" or Selections of the most interesting, characteristic and beautiful extracts from Pushtoo literature, will ever be lasting memorials of the conscientious and disinterested labour which this pioneer of the study of the Pushtoo language and its literature bestowed upon a subject the interest and importance of which was even less adequately understood at the time that he wrote than at the present time.

However much these works may be improved upon by a more extended acquaintance with this population and its language, they will ever remain the original foundation of whatever our further acquisitions in this respect may be. As regards the present work it is only to be regarded as being supplementary to them, and specially compiled for the benefit of the beginner in Pushtoo.

With this reservation the only merits which I claim for its production are that as regards the vernacular portion of the work the system of spelling adopted has been as far as possible based upon the latest devised rules of orthography and grammatical construction, such as a candidate for examination in Pushtoo would now-a-days be required to pay attention to in the composition of his theme. It must be remembered that the Pushtoo can hardly be called a written language to any appreciable extent; as in the case of Scotland, to which country its characteristics of population and national traits afford a remarkable analogy, its sole literature may almost be said to be such as has taken a poetical form more or less of the character of ballads; these poems moreover have been mostly handed down by oral tradition, and but in few cases committed to writing. Even where the latter has been the case, as might be expected amongst a rough and uneducated people who scorn such, as they consider them, effeminate accomplishments as reading and writing, but little attention has been paid by the various transcribers to any uniform system of spelling or of grammatical construction, the equivalents of the words recited having been probably as often as not committed to paper upon phonetic rather than upon any other principles.

It is only lately, since the introduction of the printing-press into Peshawar, that a demand for printed copies of these poems has arisen. This demand has of course been almost exclusively confined to the natives of the country, and the nature and quality of the article supplied has been such as would meet with their expectation and requirements, but to any European, except such as have made the reading of vernacular literature their special study, it must often have been a matter of experience how discouraging to the ordinary reader is the spectacle presented upon opening a book of this character in the usual type; so much so that in spite of his desire to penetrate its contents and make himself acquainted with the matters of interest which it contains, a perseverance in his object involves a hard struggle, the more so that, as is the case with most Anglo-Indians, his more immediate object in this study is the agreeable and profitable employment of such leisure as he is able to snatch from the more serious business of life upon which his maintenance depends, and this leads me to the only other merit which I claim for this work, which is that the printing is legible; there is no running of one word into another, or placing one portion of a word upon the line with the remainder in the interval above it, as is the distracting custom in most of the productions of the Vernacular Press. I should add that the brief Grammatical Introduction which I have prefixed to the accompanying Selections is a mere compilation of notes taken by myself whilst studying for examinations from the mouth of vernacular teachers and from the works of Major Raverty and Professor Trumpp. With this apology for the appearance of the work at all, I will proceed to add a few remarks for the benefit of the English reader or of such Europeans in India as have not been brought much in contact with a Pathan population.

Afghanistan has always been a country abounding in rustic poets, and amongst a people absolutely devoid of any other form of literature the poetic has, as amongst most free and mountain races, been ever the favourite mode of recording any forcible impression whether of a sentimental, historical or moralistic description which may have occurred to the composer; down to the present time there is no form of enjoyment more appreciated by even the most wild and barbarous of the tribes inhabiting these regions than that afforded by the recitation of their favourite ballads, or indeed of any such as relate in a sufficiently impressive manner any forcible incident of national or individual interest. Amongst all these productions of local talent the poems of Khush-hal Khan Khatak, the famous chief and warrior, and Abd-ul-Rahman, the philosopher and moralist, have ever held the foremost place in the affections of their fellow countrymen, so much so that many even of the most ignorant amongst them have in the course of listening to repeated recitations of them by professional bards acquired an acquaintance by rote with the best known of them, and there is no surer or readier mode of appealing to their sympathies or enlisting their

confidence than by the quotation of a few stanzas from the compositions of the one or the other poet.

This is but natural, for these poems breathe of the subjects in which every Pathan delights; they remind him of days of former grandeur and prowess and they talk to him alike of love and warfare, which are the themes which must ever appeal most readily to the untutored instincts of a brave though savage and independent people. As they tell of raid and foray and contest between clan and clan his eyes flash and his nostrils quiver with the passions they arouse; as they describe the softer emotions of love and sentiment his breast heaves with gentle sighs, for in spite of rugged and brutal bearing there is no people in which exists a deeper fund of latent tenderness and gallantry; again, little as he may probably care to carry into practice the moral teaching of the didactic portions, he can still fully appreciate the loftiness of the sentiments which they contain, and in this he is not singular amongst mankind.

The poems, as would be expected, bear throughout the impress of the natural influences by which the composers were surrounded. Afghanistan is a country where nature ever exhibits herself in the most conflicting aspects; it is a country of lofty mountains and deep ravines, of arid plains and fertile valleys, of bitter cold and scorching heat, for the seasons too share of the extremes visible in the physical characteristics of the country; in winter biting frost and heavy snow in parts, in summer scorching winds and fiery sunshine. The only period of the year on which the Afghan poet delights to dwell is that intervening between the freezing blasts of winter and the burning heats of the hot season, while the general barrenness and sterility of his native land is amply brought home by his repeated recurrence to the simile—as typical of everything that is charming and delightful, and which is one that he invariably makes use of when he wishes to bring in a comparison which shall touch the heart of his reader—of a “garden,” to walk in which on a hot summer’s day is the supremest of his delights.

What wonder then that, born and bred amongst these scenes of sterility and savage grandeur, the Pathan should breathe of the instincts with which his constant intercourse with them would inspire his nature. In the deadly struggle for existence which the barrenness of his native land involves, the strong hand has ever been the only law recognised or to which an appeal would be made, and “Thou shalt want ere I do” has been as much the motto of every Pathan tribe as it ever was of the border clans of Scotland in the good old days of yore. But deeply as in the case of the true Pathan the fiercer instincts of human nature seem affected by the scenes which Nature herself has spread around him, these are accompanied by a simple and poetical appreciation of the more beautiful and softer features of the landscape, and a healthy manliness of tone in his expression of the sentimental emotions, which afford a

refreshing contrast to the maudlin or voluptuous treatment which such subjects meet at the hands of most Oriental poets. It is this manliness of tone inherent in his nature which must on one point always appeal to the chivalrous feelings instinctive in every European and make the latter feel disposed to deal kindly with his other failings, objectionable and contemptible as they may appear in our eyes; and that is his treatment of the weaker sex, so different from the habits and customs of other Eastern nations with whom we have been brought in contact. It must, however, be understood that throughout these remarks I am speaking of the higher classes of Pathans; amongst the populace their women-kind probably meet with no better treatment than they do amongst the lower classes of Europeans. To Englishmen of all nations must this redeeming trait ever appeal with peculiar force, for from what other Asiatic people with whom we have been brought in contact could we have hoped for the treatment, rough as it was, which our fellow countrywomen met with at the hands of the savage and vindictive Pathans when they fell into their hands as prisoners at the time of the disastrous evacuation of Cabul in 1842, and that too at a time when the passions of their victors were at their fiercest pitch and they were flushed with victory and success; far different were the experiences of such as some years later fell into the hands of our own Sepoys and others, our only mistake in dealing with whom had been that we had treated them with too great confidence and generosity. Startling contrasts are, however, as much the characteristics of the nature of the Pathan as they are those of his country and its climate; he is capable of the most unexpected outbursts of generosity and sentiment as of the most cold-blooded and calculating acts of treachery and sordid greed and duplicity; of the deepest self-devotion to those to whom he is attached or whom he considers to have a claim upon his gratitude, in comparison to which life, or what perhaps is dearer to him than life, money, presents no value in his eyes; as of the most implacable resentment towards those at whose hands he imagines himself to have received any injury, more particularly it would almost seem if such should in any way be connected with him by blood.

It is with the expression of such manly sentiments as were exemplified on the occasion to which I have above referred that the Pathan love-songs are replete; portions indeed of the sentimental poetry are of that type so peculiar to Mahomedan compositions of this nature, in which the expression of the sentiments of human love and passion are so inextricably mingled with those of devotion to the Deity that in many cases it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other, or separate the outpourings of the love-sick poet from the mystic yearnings of the devout mind for absorption in or union with the Divine Being. The special distinction of the Pathan poetry in this respect, as contrasted with the current poetry of the East, is that—intermingled as are the expressions of these sentiments in the poems of this description—

there is nothing about them that need shock the ear of the refined lover or offend the sense of propriety of the devout reader, as is too frequently the case with the gross and material allusions commonly indulged in by most Oriental poets. If the sonnets are read as simple love-songs they are full of beautiful and picturesque comparisons such as would naturally occur to the rustic poet pouring forth his feelings of sentiment towards his mistress amidst the recesses of his native mountains; if they be regarded as the expression of the cravings of the devout soul for a closer union with its Creator, there is nothing in them that need prevent their perusal by a reverent mind. The similes introduced in these love-songs are in many cases as wild and fanciful as the scenes which must have met the eyes of the composer. The lover is compared to the breeze which is fancifully supposed to be distractedly wandering about in pursuit of the perfume of the rose; he is drawn towards his mistress as the sun in its mid-day heat draws up the dew; again, like the dew which, glittering in the rays of the sun, is fancifully compared to countless eyes, he is all eyes for the approach of his mistress; as the sun derives its light from some supernatural source, so the refulgence of her beauty is reflected upon him; the snow upon the mountain tops melts upon the approach of spring into sympathetic torrents of tears over the woes of separated lovers; the mountain slopes covered with the smoke of burning prairies are typical of the sighs and lamentations of the same; again, the wounded heron, separated from and left behind by its companions in their flight, lends itself by its distress and the agitation which it exhibits to the same purpose; his mistress is compared to a cypress, to a pine, in her stateliness of figure and graceful carriage, her face to a tulip, in which the red and white are cunningly mingled, her locks are like hyacinth, etc., etc. The appreciation of scenery and the beauties of nature which finds such a frequent expression in these poems is a sentiment with which we Europeans must sympathize most strongly, all the more so that a capacity for such æsthetic enjoyment is not by any means widely spread amongst Asiatics.

To understand appropriately the spirit and character of the patriotic and historical portions of this poetry it would be necessary to review briefly the special characteristics of the people amongst which their authors took their origin and the scenes and conditions of society amongst which they were born and brought up.

As has been before remarked the country of Afghanistan affords in its social aspects a remarkable analogy to that of Scotland, particularly as regards its political condition and the national traits of its inhabitants; that is, if regard be had to the Scotland of the Middle Ages. As in Scotland the Highland portion of the population is found divided into various clans, distinguished by patronymics denoting the ancestors from which they respectively claim their origin, each of which, in former ages, under the feudal authority of its own tribal chief, whose

personal influence was the only rule that its members recognized for their guidance, led a distinct and semi-independent political existence, neither recognizing nor deferring to any claims on the part of other clans of a collateral origin, or indeed of any supreme power except in so far as the head of the clan found it expedient or necessary to do so,—in the same way each Afghan tribe constitutes a separate political unit bound to its individual chief by strictly feudal ties, and recognizing no authority beyond him except under compulsion by superior force.

2 The tribes, however, of Afghan origin, by no means form the exclusive population of these regions; for, intermingled amongst them, is found a considerable sprinkling of tribes of Persian and Moghal descent, introduced into the country in the train of various Moghal and Persian invaders, their relations with whom are, as it may be imagined, none of the most cordial; for the latter are evidently a comparatively recent accession to the population, and the tribes of Afghan origin, who are the oldest inhabitants of the country of whom we have any record, could thus hardly be expected to look on them with other than feelings of jealousy and dislike as intruders and interlopers. There is strong reason to believe that the Afghans themselves are a tribe of Western origin, who have taken refuge in the regions in which they are now found from the successful invasions of their own homes; but their descent is lost in obscurity, and it is difficult even to make a suggestion as to the immediate cause of their immigration into these regions. Curiously enough, they themselves claim to be of Jewish extraction, and there is no doubt that this strange traditionary belief in their descent is firmly implanted in their breasts; it is no weaker now than it was more than two centuries ago, the poetry of which period abounds in allusions to the same. Certain of the words, moreover, found in their language, are by some supposed to be remotely connected with the Hebrew, and thus to give some shadow of reason to the advancement of this strange claim on their part; all, however, that is certain about them is, that at present they constitute the majority of the inhabitants and speak a variety of dialects of a common language. This similarity of language, however, appears to constitute locally no bond of union between the members of the various tribes into which this population is divided, which each exist apart with entirely distinct customs and interests, and on terms of mutual distrust and suspicion, if not of actual open hostility.

Following out, then, the analogy that has been suggested to the condition of Scotland in the Middle Ages, we must endeavour to imagine the Highland and Lowland sections of the population inextricably intermingled as regards their local position in adjacent counties, as it were, instead of inhabiting perfectly distinct tracts of country, though equally distinct from one another in all their social relations. The Afghan would thus sufficiently and adequately represent the Highlanders, or the more ancient inhabitants of the country, while the Lowlanders, or the mixed and alien races, comprised of the relics of successive

invading elements from the South, would be represented by the various races of a distinct extraction from the Afghans, which are found scattered amongst them, but the difference of whose origin is immediately proclaimed by their appearance, language, and manners.

As then in Scotland the Highland portion of the population, whilst living on terms of perpetual hostility with its Lowland neighbours, was itself divided into clans constituting different communities which, though regarding one another with a jealous distrust, were bound internally with the closest ties,—so in the case of the tribes of Afghan origin are their respective members equally jealous of their tribal rights and privileges, while at the same time living collectively upon terms of the bitterest hostility with the races of a different extraction residing in their midst. If this latter be the case now-a-days, after years and years of intercourse, or at any rate of contact, how much more must it have been so two centuries ago, when the Moghals were supreme in Hindustan and the dominant race in Afghanistan itself, and that in spite of the most determined and obstinate resistance on the part of its Afghan inhabitants! Of the bitterness of the feeling towards them on the part of the latter there is abundant evidence in their poetry of that period, which abounds with descriptions of sanguinary conflicts between the rival races and bloodthirsty pæans over hecatombs of slaughtered Moghals. Such portions of this poetry are full of peculiar interest to us in the present state of our relations with the country as denoting the terms upon which our predecessors in the sovereignty of Hindustan were upon with these savage and determined opposers to their rule, and the means which they eventually adopted to overcome this opposition and introduce distrust and disunion among the confederate tribes. It must be remembered that at the time these poems were written no such a personage as an Amir of Cabul existed, neither had Cabul itself ever been the seat of a national or other dynasty; up till then, and indeed for many years subsequently, it never formed more than the headquarters of the Government of a local Satrapy, according as the province of which it was the chief town happened to constitute for the time being a dependency of some Central Asian Dynasty or of the throne of Delhi. Though under these circumstances this province nominally stretched as far as Ghazni on the south and to the confines of the present district of Peshawar on the east, the actual rule of the Governor of Cabul does not appear to have extended beyond the Cabul valley itself and those immediately accessible from it. In the same way the district of Peshawar was a remote dependency of the throne of Delhi, and its chief town the headquarters of another provincial Governor, whose nominal sway extended over all the tribes scattered throughout the surrounding country. The degree of recognition, however, accorded to the rule of these respective governors by the tribes inhabiting the mountains extending from Jellalabad to the neighbourhood of Peshawar, such as the Afridis, Mohmunds, Shinwaris,

Khataks, etc., etc., appears to have been of almost as vague and shadowy a description as that now accorded by these same tribes to the Amir of Cabul. The Moghal Emperors appear to have tried every expedient that could possibly occur to them, whether through the medium of force or diplomacy, to reduce these tribes to a position of subordination to their rule, but equally without success. They remained a set of incorrigible and uncompromising robbers and banditti, only to be won over to an inoffensive attitude by a lavish expenditure of gold, whenever their neutrality or good services were required. Many years later the strength and independence of their position was demonstrated by the fact that Nadir Shah, the great conqueror, on his return from Hindustan, was compelled to submit to pay a heavy black mail to these predatory tribes to secure a safe passage through the Khaibar Pass for the treasure which he brought with him.

The poems of one of the authors of whom I am speaking date from the middle to the end of the seventeenth century, and so extend through the period during which the Emperor Aurangzeb—reversing the tolerant and temporizing policy initiated by his predecessor Akbar, and carried out by the latter's immediate successors Jehangir and Shah Jehan, which had done so much to extend and solidify the Moghal supremacy throughout the continent of Hindustan—was endeavouring, by a resort to violent and oppressive measures, to reduce the heterogeneous races comprised within his empire, over many of whom he held little but a nominal sway, to a condition of abject subjugation to his rule; an enterprise in which, after years and years of warfare, he not only failed himself most signally, but by his failure and the feelings of dissatisfaction and opposition which he aroused laid the seeds of the subsequent downfall of his dynasty.

Against no people did he make more strenuous and futile efforts than against the Afghan tribes inhabiting the regions adjoining the North-Western frontier of the Punjaub.

The importance of keeping open a free current of communication between Hindustan and Central Asia had always been recognized by every Moghal Emperor of Delhi as being the only means by which fresh influxes of reinforcements of their countrymen could be obtained, and it was to the failure of this supply of fresh and renovating national material, in consequence of the closing of this means of access, that the gradually increasing weakness of the Moghal rule was subsequently due; but whereas previous Emperors had been content to secure the freedom of this means of communication with the homes of their race from the wild and warlike tribes, in whose hands the route by Cabul lay, by a mixture of force and cajolery, and to purchase the immunity they required at the cheap expense of an occasional expedition against an individual offender and a few bribes and honorary titles bestowed upon such as submitted to their wishes, without, however, for a moment dreaming of any attempt upon the freedom

of the mass, it was one of Aurangzeb's ambitious schemes to reduce the entire inhabitants of these regions to a position of absolute submission to his rule. In this enterprise, however, he failed as signally as he did in his later undertakings against the Mahrattas. For two years were his armies encamped amongst these mountain fastnesses, and countless were the lives lost and treasures expended in the guerilla warfare with the fierce and hardy Afghans which ensued, the leader amongst whom was the famous chief, warrior and poet, Khushhal Khan Khatak, of whom Elphinstone in his *History of India* appropriately remarks, "This war derives additional interest from the picture of it preserved by one of the principal actors, Khushhal Khan, the Khan of the Khataks, who was a voluminous author and has left several poems written at this time for the purpose of exciting the national enthusiasm of his countrymen. They are remarkable for their high and ardent tone, and for their spirit of patriotism and independence, so unlike the usual character of Asiatics." It is from these amongst others that I now give a few selections, and feeble as will be my translations as compared with the fire and spirit and vigour of the originals, they may yet be of some interest to the general reader unable to peruse them in the original, if only on account of the matter which they contain.

Khushhal Khan was, as has been before remarked, the chief of the Khataks, a powerful and warlike tribe inhabiting the neighbourhood of the Khaibar Pass. He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, and died in a ripe old age towards its close; he was thus the contemporary of Charles the First, Charles the Second and James the Second amongst our Sovereigns, and lived through a portion of the reign of the Emperor Jehangir, the whole of that of Shah Jehan, and the greater part of that of Aurangzeb, amongst the Moghal Emperors of Delhi. It was during the reign of the Emperor Shah Jehan that he arrived at the age of manhood, and his abilities and influence appear to have been fully recognized by this Sovereign, who, with the diplomacy which was then the policy of the Moghal Emperors, supported him in every way, and entrusted him with various responsible duties connected with the protection of the line of communication between Hindustan and Cabul. Wherever this Emperor's name is mentioned in his poems, he is spoken of by Khushhal Khan throughout in terms of the greatest esteem and respect, very different in their tone from those in which he refers to his successor Aurangzeb, who, as has been described, reversed the temporizing policy which had been that of his predecessors in their relations with these mountain tribes, and made a bitter enemy of Khushhal Khan by treacherously imprisoning him in Hindustan for many years in consequence of some supposed contempt of his authority. He escaped, however, from this imprisonment to his native country, where, as may be imagined, he became the rallying-point of the opposition offered by his fellow-countrymen

to the attempted aggressions of the Moghals. As is known from history, this opposition on the part of the Afghan tribes was of so determined a character that, though the Emperor Aurangzeb himself took command of the forces, he was unable to accomplish his object, and obliged, after several years of a disastrous and desultory warfare, carried on at the expense of many lives and much treasure, to withdraw his troops to Hindustan. Later on he succeeded in effecting by cajolery a great part of that which he had failed to do by force, and by a liberal expenditure in the way of bribes and douceurs to the leaders of other tribes, succeeded in detaching these from their confederation with the Khataks, a subject to which many are the bitter and contemptuous allusions made by Khushhal Khan, who appears never to have abated from the hostility of his demeanour towards the Moghals till, worn out and broken-spirited, betrayed into the hands of his enemies by his own son, he seems in his old age to have felt at times the hopelessness of contending against such influences, or of inducing the other tribes in the face of it to combine with him in the defence of the national independence. His feelings towards Aurangzeb, however, never changed, and he never alludes to him except in terms of the bitterest hatred and contempt, and never loses an opportunity of covering him with derision and obloquy. The poems of Khushhal Khan are of the most heterogeneous description as regards the subjects of which they treat, they deal with those of a patriotic nature, contests with the Moghals and tribal feuds, sports of various descriptions, especially that of hawking, which appears to have been the favourite amusement of this accomplished and versatile chief, conviviality, religion, morality, and sentiment. He appears to have been indeed a man of the most extraordinary vigour of mind and exceptional versatility of talent; there is no subject which could ordinarily occur to a human being, not a specialist, which he does not discuss. Such a development of intellect and power of observation and appreciation of the gravity and profoundness of the problems affecting human life as are exhibited in his works are all the more astonishing to us when we consider his career, the age he lived in, and the almost utter state of barbarism of the social surroundings amidst which he spent the best part of his life. It is true that the greater portion of his poems appears to have been written after he had passed the prime of his manhood, and subsequently to the period of his imprisonment in India by Aurangzeb, to which frequent references are made, though some of them were evidently written during the time of this confinement, for they contain the most pathetic lamentations over the restraint he was subjected to, and expressions of home-sickness and pinings after the free life and the mountains and streams of his native country. It is probable that it was in the course of this confinement, and in that of his previous intercourse with the Emperor Shah Jehan, with whom he appears to have been on the most friendly and confidential terms, that he acquired and developed the taste for refined

and literary pursuits and philosophical enquiries and reflections which was then the characteristic of the Moghal court, to which all the Oriental literati of the age had, since the time of the Emperor Akbar, been encouraged to resort. There is no question that he was a man of exceptional talents and energy both of mind and body, nor that, had his lot been placed in a wider field and in a more civilized sphere, he would have risen to a position of considerable celebrity. As it was, being only the chief of a comparatively insignificant mountain tribe of Afghanistan, his existence depended throughout on the most precarious circumstances, and he died in an obscure old age unnoticed and unconsidered by his fellow-countrymen and contemporaries.

His poems are characteristic of the national character and the circumstances of his life; they contain the most extraordinary mixture of warlike, not to say bloodthirsty sentiments, and those of a philosophical, religious, or sentimental nature. In the same poems almost one may find the simple and most charming expressions of his appreciation of the beauties of nature and the benefits of the Creator, the most sanguinary rejoicings over the discomfiture of his foes, even when these are of his own countrymen, and reflections of a moralizing description which show the amount of thought he had bestowed upon such subjects.

Such of these poems as relate to patriotic subjects, tribal encounters, the struggles between the Afghans and the Moghals, are those the recitation of which is most popular amongst his fellow-countrymen of the present day, as they are those of more special interest to ourselves; they are collectively far too numerous for reproduction in the present work, but it is hoped that the samples produced may be indicative of the interest attaching to the remainder. It should be noted that though, in speaking of this section of the population of Afghanistan, I have done so under the modern and conventional designation of Afghans, this term is rarely used in these works, in which Khushhal Khan almost invariably refers to his fellow countrymen of the various tribes under their common national designation in the East as Pathans. The term Afghan is, however, used occasionally, but then only as evidently synonymous with Pathan.

Some of the poems written during the period of Khushhal Khan's imprisonment in India are, as has been said, most touching in their nature and in the terms in which he gives vent to his pinings after his native country and the scenes amongst which his life had been spent. Their expression also is strikingly characteristic of the strange patriotism of the Afghan, which appears to attach itself to the inanimate surroundings of his home with feelings of the deepest devotion, such as resent, with sentiments of utter abhorrence and almost in the light of sacrilege, the intrusion amongst these of the stranger and infidel, while at the same time completely devoid apparently of any sentimental regard or even interest in his fellow-countrymen and neighbours harboured amongst these scenes beyond the narrow circle of his immediate relations and friends.

It will of course be remarked that many of the local references are to places in what is now the British district of Peshawar, within the limits of which a great part of the territories of the Khatak tribe lay. At that time, however, this district was merely a remote dependency of the throne of Delhi, whose rule was recognized but little more than in name by the presence of a Moghal Governor at Peshawar.

The translations are almost literal, and give but a very feeble idea of the fineness of conception and the spirit contained in the originals. Were the mode of expression of the latter ruder than is the case (and in many instances it is very far from being anything of the kind, though the metre is not of course such as would commend itself to or be appreciated by European readers unaccustomed to its rhythm), still the sentiments contained in these productions are thoroughly poetical. Whether War or the Emotions, Religion or Philosophy, be the subject treated of, its mode of handling is true poetry, and that of a simple and natural character, far different from the forced and artificial effusions of most Oriental poets when dealing with the same themes.

As regards the constitution of the language in which the poetry is written, it abounds, as might be expected, with Persian and Arabic words, the former language being considered amongst the Mahommedan populations of the East the special medium for the expression of the more refined sentiments, as the latter is that of terms of devotion and those relating to the arts and sciences. The framework, however, is pure Pushtoo, and its mode of expression is identical with that of the Pushtoo spoken in the present day. It may be of interest to remark that out of 2000 words taken consecutively from the pages of these poems there were found to be 500 whose origin could not apparently be traced to any Persian or Arabic source, and these, as might be expected, consisted, besides verbs, pronouns, particles, etc., principally of words expressive of primitive ideas, such as in every language form the most lasting traces of the original source from which it is derived; amongst these were many evidently of Sanskrit origin.

A number of the following poems have already been far more ably translated by Major Raverty in his "Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans," and are merely reproduced in their present form in this work for the assistance of the student.

C. E. B.

* * * A great portion of this Introduction has been reproduced from the Jan., 1890, Number of the "Asiatic Quarterly Review," by the kind permission of the proprietors.

ERRATA.

PAGE	LINE	FOR	READ
۵	6	وراخت	راوخت
۳۹	3	خفی	حنفی
۴۱	3	تقسیر	تقصیر
۴۶	12	محبوبه	محبوبه

4, 5, 6, 7, 8 Omit "termination" at top of first columns.

GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

The Pushtoo Language is written in the Persian character, but contains, in addition to the letters comprised in the Persian Alphabet, several denoting sounds peculiar to itself or derived from the Sanscrit.

ا	ث	خ	ز	ص	ع	ک	ن
ب	ج	د	ژ	ض	غ	گ	و
پ	چ	ذ	س	ط	ف	ل	ه
ت	ح	ر	ش	ظ	ق	م	ی

Letters peculiar to Pushtoo.

ځ = "ts."	څ = "dz."	ږ = "gey" or "zhey."
ښ = "khey" or "shey."	ړ = "rūn" nasal "n."	

Letters derived from Sanscrit.

ټ = ٽ = "ṭa."	ډ = ڏ = "ḍa."	ږ = ڙ = "ṛa."
---------------	---------------	---------------

There are two principal Dialects in Pushtoo, viz. the Northern and the Southern. The former, which is spoken in the regions extending from Cabul to Ghuznee and Peshawar, is a rough and a harsh one; the latter, which is spoken in the districts of Herat, Candabar, and Quetta, is a soft one; this is probably owing to the proximity of these latter districts

to Persia, which has had the effect of softening the sounds, for the Pushtoo language is naturally a harsh and guttural one, for example, the letters **ر** and **ب** are pronounced hard in Northern Afghanistan, as "gey" and "khey," while in Southern Afghanistan they are pronounced as "zhey" and "shey."

Though the sounds conveyed by the letter **خ** are both represented by the same letter they must be carefully distinguished in practice. It will be noted that in such words as are incorporated in Pushtoo from Persian the sound "ts" represents the Persian **چ** and "dz" the Persian **ج**, as :

Push. **خاړه** = tsāra = Pers. **چاره**.

Push. **ځان** = dzān = Pers. **جان**.

There are three sounds of **و** :

1. "w" as **واړه** = wawra = Snow.

2. "u" as **لور** = lūr = Daughter.

3. "o" as **ورور** = wror = Brother.

This latter sound is distinguished by the sign **◌̄** placed over the vowel.

THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

The Article does not exist in Pushtoo, it is either expressed by the indefinite Numeral "one" or by the Demonstrative Pronouns.

The Noun is of two Numbers, Singular and Plural, and of two Genders, Masculine and Feminine.

The Cases are formed by the pre- or post-position to the Noun in its inflected state of the following particles :

Gen. "of" **د**. Dat. "to" **له**, **لرې**, **ته** . . . , **و**, **ته**. Abl. "from" **څخه**

The Accus. and Agent are simply the inflected form of the Noun ; beyond this inflection there is no alteration in the termination of the Noun from that of the Nominative Case Singular or Plural as the case may be.

Adjectives always precede their Nouns and agree with them in Gender, Number, and Person.

The Genders and Inflexions of the Noun can only be learnt by a careful study of the termination of the Nominative Case Singular.

Feminine Nouns are formed from Masculine Nouns on the same principles as the Feminine of the Adjective is formed.

GENDERS AND INFLECTIONS OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES WITH
EXAMPLES OF EACH.

I.—MASCULINE TERMINATIONS.

TERMINATION.	NOM. SING.	INFLECT. SING.	NOM. PLUR.	FEM. NOM. SING.
I. <i>Consonant.</i>				
(a)		unchanged	adds <i>ان</i> , <i>ونه</i>	
	مار	مار	ماران	
	كُور	كُور	كُورونه	
(b)		adds <i>ه</i>	adds <i>ه</i>	adds <i>ه</i>
	دك	دكه	دكه	دكه
	غل	غله	غله	غله
(c)		adds <i>ه</i> with vowel change		
		vowel lengthened		shortened
	خُورب	خاربه	خاربه	خربه
	شپون	شپانه	شپانه	شپنه
2. <i>ي</i>		changes	<i>ي</i> into <i>ي</i>	into <i>ي</i> or <i>ي</i>
	سري	سري	سري	
	سپي	سپي	سپي	سپي
	ستري	ستري	ستري	ستري
3. <i>ه</i>				
(a)		unchanged		changes to <i>ه</i>
	ويښته	ويښته	ويښته	
	گته	گته	گته	گته
(b)		unchanged	drop <i>ه</i> and add <i>ان</i> , <i>انه</i> , <i>ونه</i>	changes to <i>ه</i>
	ليوه	ليوه	ليوان	ليوه
	زده	زده	زرونه	
4. <i>ي</i>		unchanged	adds <i>ان</i>	adds <i>ه</i>
	اشنای	اشنای	اشنایان	اشنایه
	سوي	سوي	سويان	سويه
	لوي	لوي	unchanged	لويه
5. <i>ي</i>		unchanged	adds <i>ان</i>	
	بندي	بندي	بنديان	

6.	ا، و، و،	unchanged	add گان، ان
	گدا	گدا	گدایان
	میلو	میلو	میلوگان
	پیشو	پیشو	پیشوگان

EXAMPLES.

1. *Nouns terminating in a Consonant.*

(c)	adds x with vowel change			
		lengthened	shortened	
Life	ژوندون	ژوندانه	ژوندانه	
Pathan	پښتون	پښتانه	پښتانه	پښتنه
Prayer	نمونځ	نمانځه	نمانځه	

Adjectives.

TERMINATION.	NOM. SING.	INFLECT. SING.	NOM. PLUR.	FEM. NOM. SING.
Fallen	پړوت	پراته	پراته	پرته
Ripe	پوخ	پاخه	پاخه	پخه
Soft	پوست	پاسته	پاسته	پسته
Fat	خوږب	خاربه	خاربه	خربه
Scattered	خوړ	خواره	خواره	خوړه
Heavy	دروند	درانه	درانه	درنه
Rotten	روست	راسته	راسته	رسته
Bright	رونډ	رانده	رانده	رنده
Blind	روند	راندې	راندې	رندې
Old	زړې	زاوره	زاوره	زړه
Mounted	سور	سواره	سواره	سوره
Cold	سړ	ساره	ساره	سړه
Crooked	کړې	کاره	کاره	کره
Deaf	کونډ	کانده	کانده	کنده
Damp	لوند	لاندې	لاندې	لنده
Sated	مژر	ماره	ماره	مړه
Small	وډ	واړه	واړه	وړه
Sweet	خوږ	خواره	خواره	خوړه

Adjectives Irregular in Formation.

Red	سور	سره	سره	سره
Green	شین	شنه	شنه	شنه
Dead	مړ	مړه	مړه	مړه

Tall	لَوْد	لَوْدَه	لَوْدَه	لَوْدَه
Bitter	تَرْخِج	تَرْخَه	تَرْخَه	تَرْخَه
Sour	تَرْبُو	تَرْوَه	تَرْوَه	تَرْوَه
Joined	مِل	مِلَه	مِلَه	مِلَه
Conquered	بِر	بِرَه	بِرَه	بِرَه
Hot	تَوْد	تَوْدَه	تَوْدَه	تَوْدَه

2. Nouns terminating in ي.

TERMINATION	NOM. SING.	INFLECT. SING.	NOM. PLUR.	FEM. NOM. SING.
Star	سَتَوْرِي	سَتَوْرِي	سَتَوْرِي	
Cat	بِشِي	بِشِي	بِشِي	بِشِي
Summer	اَوْرِي	اَوْرِي	اَوْرِي	
Winter	زَوِي	زَوِي	زَوِي	
Dish	لَوْبِي	لَوْبِي	لَوْبِي	
Slave	مَرْبِي	مَرْبِي	مَرْبِي	
Wood	لَرْكِي	لَرْكِي	لَرْكِي	
Youth	زَلَمِي	زَلَمِي	زَلَمِي	
Stone	كَانَرِي	كَانَرِي	كَانَرِي	

Adjectives.

Alive	زَوْنْدِي	زَوْنْدِي	زَوْنْدِي	زَوْنْدِي
Strange	پَرْدِي	پَرْدِي	پَرْدِي	پَرْدِي
First	وَرْنَبِي	وَرْنَبِي	وَرْنَبِي	وَرْنَبِي
Fast	گَرَنْدِي	گَرَنْدِي	گَرَنْدِي	گَرَنْدِي
Former	پَخَوَانِي	پَخَوَانِي	پَخَوَانِي	پَخَوَانِي
Recent	اَوْسَنِي	اَوْسَنِي	اَوْسَنِي	اَوْسَنِي
Last	وَرَسْتِي	وَرَسْتِي	وَرَسْتِي	وَرَسْتِي
Truthful	رَبَهْتِينِي	رَبَهْتِينِي	رَبَهْتِينِي	رَبَهْتِينِي

Irregular Adjectives forming Fem. in ي.

Alone	يَوَاخِي	يَوَاخِي	يَوَاخِي	يَوَاخِي
On foot	پَلِي	پَلِي	پَلِي	پَلِي
Thirsty	تَرْبِي	تَرْبِي	تَرْبِي	تَرْبِي
Hungry	وَرِي	وَرِي	وَرِي	وَرِي
New	نَوِي	نَوِي	نَوِي	نَوِي
Crazy	خَوَشِي	خَوَشِي	خَوَشِي	خَوَشِي

3. Nouns terminating in ه.

Heat	غَارَه	غَارَه	غَارَه	غَارَه
------	--------	--------	--------	--------

Adjectives.

Handsome	نبایسته	نبایسته	نبایسته	نبایسته
So also—				

Nouns.

Grass	وانه	Marriage	واده	Flour	اوره	Food	خواره
Villainy	دروه	Bird	مرغه	Breath	ساة		

Adjectives.

Apparent	میکاره	Preferable	غوره	Extraordinary	شنده	Asleep	اوده
Loose	ایله	Angry	خپه	So much	دومره	As much	هومره
Both	دواړه	All	واړه				

Masculine Abstract Suffixes.

TERMINATION.	ROOT.	ABSTRACT NOUN.	TERMINATION.	ROOT.	ABSTRACT NOUN.
ت great	لوي	greatness	توب	سري	manliness
تون separate	بيل	separation	والي	سور	redness
					سريتوت سوروالي

II.—FEMININE TERMINATIONS.

TERMINATION.	MEANING.	SING. NOM.	INFLECT. SING.	PLUR. NOM.
1. Consonant			adds ي	
	Road	لار	لاري	لاري
	Day	ورځ	ورځي	ورځي
2. ي			changes ي into ي	
	Maid-servant	سپيلي	سپيلتي	سپيلتي
3. ئي			unchanged throughout	
	Girl	جينې	جينې	جينې
4. ه			changes ه into ي	
	Word	څېره	څېري	څېري
5. آ			unchanged throughout	
	Weeping	ژړا	ژړا	ژړا
6. ي			unchanged adds گان, ان	
	Bride	ناوي	ناوي	ناويان
7. وړو			unchanged adds گاني	
	Bear	ميلو	ميلو	ميلوگاني

EXAMPLES.

1. Consonant	Coverlet	برستن	Month	مياشت
	Doorway	دُرشل	Work	چار
	Skin	څرمن	Regiment	پلتن

2.	ي	House	مانري	Purse	همياني
		Poverty	خواري	Cold	يخني
		Stumble	بُدري	Treachery	درغلي
		Defeat	ماتي	Feud	بدي
3.	ئي	Bread	دودي	Boat	بيري
		Milk	پيئي	Tail	لکي
		Storm	سيئي	Mound	ديري
		Fireplace	دوهني	House	کوتنري
4.	ه	Valley	دڙه	Branch	خانگه
		Water	اوبه	Spring	چينه
		Fear	ويره	Dust	دوره
		Slave-girl	وينشه	Bank	غار
5.	آ	Canal	واله	Earth	خاور
		Fort	قلا	Religious war	غزا
		Loins	هالا	Side	خوا
		Light	رڻا	Staff	همسا
		Back	شا	Speech	ويتا

Feminine Abstract Suffices.

TERMINATION.	ROOT.	ABSTRACT NOUN.
1. ي	Pleasant	خويني
2. اى	Light	رنڻائي
3. ه	Knowing	پڙهه
4. تيا	Avaricious	شومتيا
5. ولي	Tribe	قامولي
6. وي	Own	خپلوي
7. گره	Good	نبيگه
8. گلي	Knowing	پيژندگلي

Declination of Masculine Nouns.

TERMINATION.	SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. Consonant	N. آس a horse	آسونه horses
(a)	G. ڌ آس of a horse	ڌ آسونو of horses
	و آس ته } to a horse	و آسونو ته } to horses
	D. آس ته } to a horse	آسونو ته } to horses
	آس له لڙه } to a horse	آسونو له لڙه } to horses
	Acc. آس a horse	آسونو horses

		Voc. اي آس	O! horse	آي آسونو	O! horses
		Abl. له آس نه		له آسونو نه	from horses
(b)		N. غل	a thief	غله	thieves
		Infl. غله		غلو	
(c)		N. شيون	a shepherd	شپانه	shepherds
		Infl. شپانه		شپانو	
2.	ي	N. سري	a man	سري	men
		Infl. سري		سرو = سريو	
3.	د	N. ويښته	a hair	ويښته	hair
(a)		Infl. ويښته		ويښتو	
(b)		N. زړه	a heart	زړونه	hearts
		Infl. زړه		زړونو	
4.	ي	N. سوي	a hare	سويان	hares
		Infl. سوي		سويانو	
5.	ي	N. بندي	a prisoner	بنديان	prisoners
		Infl. بندي		بنديانو	

Declination of Feminine Nouns.

TERMINATION.		SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
1. Consonant	N.	لار	a road	لاري	roads
	G.	د لاري	of a road	د لارو	of roads
	D.	ولاري ته لاري ته لاري له = لره	to a road	ولارو ته لارو ته لارو له = لره	to roads
	Acc.	لاري		لارو	
	Voc.	اي لاري	O! road	اي لارو	O! roads
	Abl.	له لاري نه	from a road	له لارو نه	from roads
2.	ي	N.	مانري	مانري	houses
	Infl.	مانري		مانرو or مانريو	
3.	ي	N.	جني	جني	girls
	Infl.	جني		جنيو	
4.	د	N.	خبره	خبري	words
	Infl.	خبري		خبرو	
5.	آ	N.	غوا	غوا	cows
	Infl.	غوا		غواو	
6.	ي	N.	ناوي	ناويان	brides
	Infl.	ناوي		ناويانو	

Declination of Adjectives.

1. Consonant

		MASC. SING.	FEM. SING.	MASC. PLUR.	FEM. PLUR.
(a)		N. سم	سمه	سم	سمي
		Infl. سمه or سم	سمي	سمو	سمو
(b)		N. خورب	خره	خاربه	خربي
		Infl. خاربه	خربي	خاربو	خربو
2.	ي	N. پردي	پردي	پردي	پردي
		Infl. پردي	پردي	پرډو	پرډو = پرډيو
(b)		N. تربې	تربې	تربې	تربې
		Infl. تربې	تربې	تربو	تربو = تربو
3.	ه	N. غوره	غوره	غوره	غوري
		Infl. غوره	غوري	غورو	غورو
4.	ي	N. لوي	لويه	لوي	لويي
		Infl. لوي	لويي	لوږو	لوږو
5.	ي	} indeclinable throughout.			
6.	آ				
7.	و				

Declination of Substantives with Adjectives.

MASCULINE.		FEMININE.	
SINGULAR.		SINGULAR.	
Nom.	سم لږگي a straight stick	سمه لار	a straight road
Infl.	سمه or سم لږگي	سمي لاري	
PLURAL.		PLURAL.	
Nom.	سم لږگي straight sticks	سمي لاري	straight roads
Infl.	سمو لږگو	سمو لارو	
SINGULAR.		SINGULAR.	
Nom.	خورب آس a fat horse	خره غوا	a fat cow
Infl.	خاربه آس	خربي غوا	
PLURAL.		PLURAL.	
Nom.	خاربه آسونه fat horses	خربي غوا	fat cows
Infl.	خاربو آسونو	خربو غواو	
SINGULAR.		SINGULAR.	
Nom.	پردي سپي a strange dog	پردي ښځه	a strange woman
Infl.	پردي سپي	پردي ښځي	
PLURAL.		PLURAL.	
Nom.	پردي سپي strange dogs	پردي ښځي	strange women
Infl.	پرډو سپو	پرډو ښځو	

SINGULAR.			
Nom.	غَوْرَه لَوْنِي	a nice dish	غَوْرَه جَنِي a charming girl
Inf.	غَوْرَه لَوْنِي		غَوْرَه جَنِي
PLURAL.			
Nom.	غَوْرَه لَوْنِي	nice dishes	غَوْرَه جَنِي charming girls
Inf.	غَوْرَو لَوْنِيو		غَوْرَو جَنِيو
SINGULAR.			
Nom.	لوي سَرِي	a great man	لويَه چَاړه a big knife
Inf.	لوي سَرِي		لويي چَاړي
PLURAL.			
Nom.	لوي سَرِي	great men	لويي چَاړي big knives
Inf.	لويو سَرِيو		لويو چَاړو

PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

SINGULAR.			PLURAL.	
Nom.	زه	I	مونږ	we
Gen.	خما	of me	څه مونږ	of us
Dat.	وما ته	to me	و مونږ ته	to us
	ما ته		مونږ ته	
	ماله لره		مونږ لره لره	
Acc.	ما	me	مونږ	us
Abl.	له ما نه	from me	له مونږ نه	from us
Agent.	ما	by me	مونږ	by us
Nom.	ته	thou	تاسو	ye
Gen.	ستا	of thee	ستاسو	of you
Dat.	و تا ته etc.	to thee	و تاسو ته etc.	to you
Acc.	تا	thee	تاسو	you
Abl.	له تا نه	from thee	له تاسو نه	from you
Agent.	تا	by thee	تاسو	by you
Nom.	هغه	he, it	هغه	they
Gen.	د هغه	of him	د هغو	of them
Dat.	و هغه ته etc.	to him	و هغو ته etc.	to them
Acc.	هغه	him	هغو	them
Abl.	له هغه نه	from him	له هغو نه	from them
Agent.	هغه	by him	هغو	by them

Feminine Form.

Nom.	هغه	she	هغي	they
Infl.	هغي	her	هغو	them
Nom.	دغه	} declined throughout as هغه.		
Infl.	دغه			

ABBREVIATED FORMS OF THE PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

No. 1.	خما = م	ستا = د	ن هغه = يي
	خمونږ = مو	ستاسو = و	ن هغو = يي

These forms also indicate the Agent and are equivalent respectively to ما, تا, هغه, etc. the Agent cases of زه, ته, هغه

as	پلارم =	خما پلار =	my father
	پلار د	ستا پلار =	thy father
	پلار يي =	ن هغه پلار =	his father
and	م وليده =	ما وليده =	I saw
	د وليده =	تا وليده =	thou sawest
	يي وليده =	هغه وليده =	he saw
	مو وليده =	مونږ تاسو وليده =	we saw
	يي وليده =	هغو وليده =	they saw.

No. 2. را, در, و are inflected forms of زه, ته, هغه and are equivalent to ما, تا, هغه but are used only with prepositions signifying "to" "from" "upon"

په ما باندې =	را باندې =	upon me
ما ته =	را ته =	to me
له ما نه =	را نه =	from me.

It will be observed that when these latter forms are coupled with Prepositions composed of two words, one preceding and the other succeeding the word governed, the preceding portion is invariably dropped; it would be impossible to say

له را نه or ورا ته or په را باندې.

No. 3. پرې ترې; these forms are equivalent respectively to

له هغه نه =	ور نه =	ترې =	from him
په هغه باندې =	ور باندې =	پرې =	upon him
as			

نه هغه نه واخله =	ور نه واخله =	ترې واخله	take from him
په هغه باندې کېږه =	ور باندې کېږه =	پرې کېږه	place on him.

For هغه he, it, دغه = this, the forms دا and دي are frequently substituted respectively, the former is only used in the Nom. Sing.; the inflected form Sing. of the latter is دۀ. The Plural of both forms is دوي inflected دويو. There is also a form دي used rarely as the inflected form of دا. When it is intended to place special emphasis upon the Agent the forms ما, تا, ده or more rarely هغه are used instead of م, د, يي.

PRONOUNS.

Nom. Masc.	خپل	Fem.	خپله	} etc. etc. as سم = own, self
Inf.	خپل		خپلي	

خپل خان is also used for "self" and frequently combined with خپل for emphasis, as خپل خان = his or my, etc., own self. From خپل is derived the Adv. پخپله = of his, my, etc., own accord, spontaneously.

Nom. څوک } for both genders = who? or someone, there is no Plur. for this form in the sense
Inflect. چا } of "who?" but in the sense of someone the following Plural form is used.

Nom. څني } for both genders = "some ones" or "certain ones"
Inflect. څنو }

څني څني = some others

This form must not be confounded with the preposition څني = "from" or "from, her, it," as

څني پښتنه وکړه = ask him, her, them

Nom.	کوم	Fem.	کومه	Plur.	کوم	Fem.	کومي
Inflect.	کوم		کومي		کومو		کومو

THE AUXILIARY VERB.

1. *Infinitive Obsolete.*

PRESENT.

SINGULAR.				PLURAL.	
	زه	ام	I am	مونږ يو	We are
	ته	يي	Thou art	تاسو يي	Ye are
	هغه	دي	He or it is	{ هغه هغي }	They are
	هغه	ده	She is		

The two forms of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. are sometimes combined for the sake of emphasis, as هغه شته دي = he (certainly) is.

PAST TENSE.

	زه	وم	I was	مونږ وو	We were
	ته	وي	Thou wast	تاسو وئ	Ye were
	هغه	و	He or it was	{ هغه هغي }	They were
	هغه	وه	She was		

FUTURE.

زه به یم I shall be
 ته به یی Thou shalt be
 هغه به وي He or she will be

مونږ به یو We will be
 تاسو به یی Ye will be
 به وي { هغه } They will be
 { هغې }

OPTATIVE.

زه، ته، هغه وي = were I, thou, he, etc.

SUBJUNCTIVE.

زه به وم I would be
 ته به وي Thou wouldst be
 هغه به وه He would be
 هغه به وه She would be

مونږ به وو We would be
 تاسو به وي Ye would be
 به وو { هغه } They would be
 { هغې به وي }

2. Infinitive.

شول to be or become

PRESENT.

زه شم مونږ شو
 ته شي تاسو شي
 هغه شي { هغه }
 { هغې شي }

FUTURE.

زه به وشم I will be

AORIST.

زه وشم I may be
 هغه د شي He, they may be

IMPERFECT.

زه شوم مونږ شوو
 ته شوي تاسو شوئ
 هغه شه { هغه شول }
 هغه شوه { هغې شولي }

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به شوم I used to be

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

زه ته شوي Were I, thou to be

INFLECTED INFINITIVE,

شولو

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

شوني being

3. Infinitive.

کیدل to become

زه کیرم مونږ کيرو
 ته کيري تاسو کيرئ
 هغه کيري { هغه }
 { کيري هغې }

زه به کیرم I will become

wanting

زه کیدم مونږ کیدو
 ته کیدی تاسو کیدئ
 هغه کیده { هغه کیدل }
 هغه کیده { هغې کیدلي }

زه به کیدم I used to become

زه ته کیدی Were I to become

کیدو

کیدونکي کیدونکي becoming or one who becomes

PAST PARTICIPLE.

شولې having been

کیدې کیدلې having become

The following tenses are wanting in کیدل

PERFECT.

زه شوي یم = I have been

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه شوي به یم = I may or shall have been or become

PLUPERFECT.

زه شوي وم = I had been or become

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه شوي به وم = I should have been or become

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

زه ته شوي وي = Had I, thou, etc., been or become

IMPERATIVE.

وښه be thou

وښي be ye

د هغه وښي let him be

د وښي { هغه let them be
هغی

The Auxiliary Verb شول when joined with the Past. Part. of another Verb has a twofold meaning.

1. It forms the Passive Voice of all tenses if the Verb be Intransitive, and of all but the Past Tenses if the Verb be Transitive.

2. It forms the Potential Mood of all Verbs, as زه تړلي شم would mean either (1) 'I am tied or (2) I can tie.

The Verb کیدل conveys the meaning of a more continuing state of things than شول which means simply "to be."

4. Infinitive.

اوسیدل = to be or to exist, to remain.

PRESENT.

زه اوسم	مونږ اوسو
ته اوسي	تاسو اوشي
هغه اوسي	هغه اوسي { هغی

IMPERFECT

زه اوسیدم	مونږ اوسیدو
ته اوسیدی	تاسو اوسیدئ
هغه اوسیده	هغه اوسیدل { هغه اوسیدله
	هغی اوسیدلي

FUTURE.

زه به اوسم I will be

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به اوسیدم I used to be

IMPERATIVE.

اوسه	اوسي
هغه د اوسي	هغه د اوسي { هغی

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

زه ته هغه Were I, thou, he,
اوسیدلي etc., to be or remain

This verb conveys the idea of a continuous state of thing, consequently in its Past Tenses it is restricted to the meaning of "remain, exist."

PERFECT.

زه اوسيدلي يم = I have remained, stayed, etc.

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه اوسيدلي به يم = I may or shall have remained

PLUPERFECT.

زه اوسيدلي وم = I had remained

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه اوسيدلي به وم = I would have remained

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

كه زه اوسيدلي وي = Had I remained

ACTIVE PARTICIPLE.

اوسيدونكي = remaining, one who remains an inhabitant = باشند

PAST PARTICIPLE.

اوسيدلي = having remained.

THE VERB.

Observations on the construction of the Past Tenses of the Transitive Verb.

There are in reality *no* Past Tenses in the Active Voice of the Transitive Verb in Pushtoo, the Tenses which are usually denominated as such *are in fact* the Past Tenses of the Passive Voice.

In Pushtoo in consequence such a mode of expression as :

I beat him .	} does not exist
You beat me	
He beat you	

the meaning is rendered by

He was beaten by me	} etc., etc.
I was beaten by you	
You were beaten by him	

in which the Verb agrees with the Subject in Number and Person, while the Agent is put in the Instrumental Case, the above sentences being rendered thus :

هغه مې ما وواهه = He by me was beaten
 زه دې ته ووهلم = I by thee was beaten
 ته يې هغه ووهلي = Thou by him wast beaten

According to all analogy those sentences should mean respectively,

He me beat	}
I thou beat	
Thou him beat	

The following is a good sentence to commit to memory with a view to mastering this peculiar idiom :

He did not see me but I saw him = زه يي و نه ليدلم ولي ما هغه وليده

to do = کړل گول

PRESENT.

زه کړم، گوم مونږ کړو، کوو
ته کړي، کوي تاسو کړئ، کوي
هغه کړي، کوي هغه کړي، کوي

FUTURE.

زه به وکړم

AORIST.

زه وکړم، کم
هغه وکړي، کاندې، کي

IMPERFECT.

کړم کړو
کړي کړئ
کړه، کاوه کړل، گول }
کړه، کړله، گوله کړلي، گولي }

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

به کړم

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که ما، تا، هغه، کړي

IMPERATIVE.

کړه، گوه، که do thou
let him or them do

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

گونکي

Remarks.

کړل or گول is a Transitive Verb, consequently all its Past Tenses are Passive in their construction.

The subject is invariably in the Nom. Case. The Agent is in the Instrumental Case. The Verb agrees with the Subject in Number, Gender, and Person, as

زه يي تالا کړم	} = he plundered us	me
ته يي تالا کړي		thee
هغه يي تالا کړ		him
مونږ يي تالا کړو		
تاسو يي تالا کړئ		you
هغه يي تالا کړل		them
هغي يي تالا کړلي		

PAST.

وکړم

CONDITIONAL PAST.

که وکړم

PERFECT.

کړي يم

PLUPERFECT.

کړي وم

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

کړي به وم

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که ما، تا، هغه، کړي وي

PAST PARTICIPLE.

کړي، گولي

Where in any one of the persons for the Agent **يې** either one of the Agents **مو د م** may be substituted as

زه د تالا کړې به يم = You will have plundered me
ته م تالا کړې به يې = I will have plundered you
هغه د تالا کړې به وي = You will have plundered him
مونږ د تالا کړې به يو = You will have plundered us
تاسو م تالا کړې به يې = I will have plundered you
هغه د تالا کړې به وي = You will have plundered them
 or
که هغه م تالا کړې = Were I to plunder him
که زه د تالا کړې = Were you to plunder me
 or
زه د تالا کړې وم = You had plundered me
ته م تالا کړې وي = I had plundered you
هغه يې تالا کړې وه = He had plundered him

تلا to go

راتلل }
 راغلل } = to come

PRESENT.

زه شم	مونږ خو	زه را شم	مونږ را خو
ته ځي	تاسو ځي	ته را ځي	تاسو را ځي
هغه ځي	هغه ځي	هغه را ځي	هغه را ځي

FUTURE.

زه لار به شم	مونږ لار به شو	زه را به شم	مونږ را به شو
ته لار به شي	تاسو لار به شي	ته را به شي	تاسو را به شي
هغه لار به شي	هغه لار به شي	هغه را به شي	هغه را به شي

AORIST.

زه لار شم etc.

زه را شم etc.

IMPERFECT.

زه تللم	مونږ تللو
ته تللي	تاسو تللي
هغه ته } هغه تلله }	هغه تلل } هغه تللي }

زه را تللم etc.

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به تللم etc.

زه به را غلم etc., or زه به را تللم

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که زه تللي etc.

که زه را غلي etc.

PAST.

مونږ لارو زه لارم
تاسو لارئې ته لاري
هغه لارل }
هغه لاري }

مونږ راغلو زه راغلم
تاسو راغلئې ته راغلي
هغه راغلل }
هغه راغلي }

CONDITIONAL PAST.

که زه لارم

که زه راغلم

PERFECT.

زه تللي يم

زه راغلي يم

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه تللي به يم

زه راغلي به يم

PLUPERFECT.

زه تللي وم

زه راغلي وم

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه تللي به وم

زه راغلي به وم

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که زه ته هغه تللي وي

که زه ته هغه راغلي وي

IMPERATIVE.

لار شي، ځه، لار شه
هغه لار شي
هغه ږځي

را ځي را شه
را ږځي

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

تلوني تلونکي

را تلوني را تلونکي

PAST PARTICIPLE.

تللي

راغلي

Remarks.

The Verb راغلل is in fact only a compound of the abbreviated form را of the First Personal Pronoun with غل an obsolete form of تلل and means literally only "to come to me;" by the substitution of the abbreviated Pronominal forms در or ږ for that of را the meaning of "going" is assumed as

راځه = "come to me" or "come" generally

ږځه = "go to him"

It is difficult to explain the meaning of the compound of در with غل as it is quite idiomatic, this sentence will give an idea: پښتو ژبه در ته درځي = does the Pushtoo language come to you = can you speak Pushtoo?

The form را has, however, become so intimately associated with parts of the verb that it is in some places apparently inseparable from it, whence come such anomalous constructions as هغه ور ته راغلي = he came to him.

The forms *در* and *ور* can be substituted for *را* only in the following tenses of the Verb *غلل*, viz., Present, Future, Aorist, Imperfect, Habitual Imperfect; in the other tenses it is so intimately associated with the verb *غلل* that it is inseparable.

The forms *در*, *ور*, and *را* may be added to all tenses of the verb *تلل*, except the Future and Past, which require *راته*, *درته*, and *ورته*.

THE PRIMITIVE VERB.

Transitive.

INFINITIVE.

خَوَزِيدَل = to move.

PRESENT.

مونږ *خَوَزِيږو* زه *خَوَزِيږم*
تاسو *خَوَزِيږئ* ته *خَوَزِيږي*
هغه *خَوَزِيږي* هغه *خَوَزِيږي*

FUTURE.

زه به و *خَوَزِيږم* etc.

AORIST.

زه و *خَوَزِيږم* etc.

IMPERFECT.

مونږ *خَوَزِيډو* زه *خَوَزِيډم*
تاسو *خَوَزِيډئ* ته *خَوَزِيډي*
هغه *خَوَزِيډل* هغه *خَوَزِيډل*
هغه *خَوَزِيډله* هغه *خَوَزِيډله*

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به *خَوَزِيډم* etc.

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که زه ته هغه *خَوَزِيډلي*

PAST.

زه و *خَوَزِيډم*

CONDITIONAL PAST.

که زه و *خَوَزِيډم*

PERFECT.

زه *خَوَزِيډلي* يم etc.

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه *خَوَزِيډلي* به يم

PLUPERFECT.

زه *خَوَزِيډلي* وم

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه *خَوَزِيډلي* به وم

Intransitive.

خَوَزَوَل = to move.

مونږ *خَوَزَوو* زه *خَوَزَوَم*
تاسو *خَوَزَوئ* ته *خَوَزَوِي*
هغه *خَوَزَوِي* هغه *خَوَزَوِي*

زه به و *خَوَزَوَم* etc.

زه و *خَوَزَوَم* etc.

خَوَزَوو *خَوَزَوَم*
خَوَزَوئ *خَوَزَوِي*
خَوَزَوَل *خَوَزَوِي*
خَوَزَوله *خَوَزَوله*

زه به ډ يي *خَوَزَوَم*

که ما تا هغه *خَوَزَولي*

زه ډ يي و *خَوَزَوَم*

که زه ډ يي و *خَوَزَوَم*

زه ډ يي *خَوَزَولي* يم

زه ډ يي *خَوَزَولي* به يم

زه ډ يي *خَوَزَولي* وم

زه ډ يي *خَوَزَولي* به وم

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که زه ته هغه ځورېدلي وي

که زه ډ يي ځورولاي وي

IMPERATIVE.

و ځورېږي و ځورېږه

و ځوروي و ځوروه

هغه ډ ځورېږي

هغه ډ ځوروي

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

ځورېدونکي

ځوروونکي

PAST PARTICIPLE.

ځورېدلي

ځورولاي

This is the typical form of the Intransitive Primitive Verb, but in many cases a deviation occurs by which the *پر* of the Imperative and tenses derived from it is dropped, as

پاڅېدل = to rise Imperat. و پاڅه Pres. پاڅم etc. etc.

تېښتېدل = to flee و تېښته Pres. تېښتم etc. etc.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE VERB.

The Verb in Pushtoo is very irregular in its construction, so much so that it is almost impossible to lay down any general rules for its conjugation beyond those regulating the actual terminations of the different tenses and persons; a knowledge of the various forms which the Root of the Verb may assume throughout its conjugation can only be acquired by practice or by an effort of memory; a few general observations are all that can be offered here.

(a) *The Root.*

The Infinitive always ends in *ل*; by dropping this the Root of the Verb is found; any variation from this which may occur in the course of its conjugation will be found only in the Present and its derivative tenses, viz. Imperative, Future and Aorist; the Past Tenses almost invariably adhere throughout to the original form of the Verb, as shown in the Infinitive, with the exception of the 3rd Pers. Sing. Masc. of the Past Tense itself, which is very irregular in the form which it takes.

N.B. The 3rd Pers. Plur. Masc. of the Imperfect is identical in form with the Infinitive.

(b) *The Terminations.*

These vary only in three Tenses.

The Present.

م و
ي ئي
ي ي

The Imperative.

ه ئي
ي ي

The Imperfect.

م و
ي ئي
ه } ل }
له } لي }

(c) *The Distinctions of the Tenses.*(1) *The Present and its Derivative Tenses.*

The Aorist is formed from the Pres. by adding the prefix , to all persons of the Sing. and Plur. preceded by the particle َ in the case of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur.

The Future is formed from the Present by adding the prefix , preceded throughout by the particle َ.

The Imperative varies from the Present by substituting َ for َ in the 2nd Pers. Sing. and adding the prefix , to the 2nd Pers. both Sing. and Plur. ; in the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. it adds the prefix َ to those forms of the Present.

(2) *The Imperfect and its Derivative Tenses.*

The Past is formed from the Imperfect by adding the prefix , throughout.

The Habitual Imperfect is formed by adding the particle َ before the different persons of the Imperfect, as

1. Present	زَهْ وَيَرْبِرْ	I am afraid
Aorist	زَهْ وَيَرْبِرْ	I may be afraid
3rd. Sing.	هَغَهْ َ وَيَرْبِرْ	
Imperat.	وَيَرْبِرْ	Be afraid
	هَغَهْ َ وَيَرْبِرْ	Let him be afraid
2. Imperfect	زَهْ وَيَرْبِرْ	I was afearing
Past	زَهْ وَيَرْبِرْ	I feared
Habitual Imperf.	زَهْ َ وَيَرْبِرْ	I used to fear, or I kept on fearing

N.B. *The Prefix ,* almost invariably immediately precedes the Verb, but the particle َ, though preceding, may be separated from the Verb to which it is attached by several words or even a whole sentence.

The Regular or Typical Verb, whether Primitive or Derivative, may in its Transitive and Intransitive forms respectively be considered to be a Compound of a Pronoun, Noun or Particle with the Verb كَوَّل or the Auxiliary Verb كِيدَل; in the case of the Primitive this Pronoun or Noun, etc., has become obsolete and so inseparable throughout from the Verbal termination with which it is combined as in the case of خَوَزِيدَل, وَيَرْبِدَل, اَوْرِيدَل, وِدْرِيدَل, رَسِيدَل, نَرِيدَل, لَوِيدَل.

In the case of the Compound or Derivative Verb the Verb is in certain tenses, viz. the Aorist, the Future, the Imperative and the Past, frequently dissolved into its Root combined respectively in the case of Transitive Verbs with كَوَّل, in that of Intransitive Verbs with شَوَّل, which supplies the corresponding tenses which have become obsolete in the Verb كِيدَل, as

Intransitive.

Infinitive	تیرکیدل = تیریدل	To pass
Present	زه تیرکیرم = زه تیریم	I pass
Imperf.	زه تیرکیدم = زه تیریدم	I was passing
Aorist	زه تیرشم	I may pass
Future	زه تیر به شم	I will pass
Imperative	تیرشه	Pass thou
Past	تیر شوم	I passed

Transitive.

Infinitive	تیرگول = تیرول	To cause to pass
Present	زه تیرگوم = زه تیروم	I cause to pass
Imperf.	تیرگولم = تیروم	I was being caused to pass
Aorist	زه تیر وکرم	I may cause to pass
Future	زه تیر به وکرم	I will cause to pass
Imperat.	تیرکړه	Cause thou to pass
Past	تیرکړم	I was caused to pass

It will be noted that in the case of the Intransitive Form the prefix و, which in Regular forms is the characteristic of the Future, Aorist, Imperative, and Past Tenses, is in these dissolved forms invariably dropped, and that in the case of the Transitive Verb in the dissolved form the prefix و and the particle به are attached immediately to the Verb; the latter particle, however, still retains its liberty to precede the Verb to which it is attached by several words, as one could say زه به و تیرکړم or زه تیر به وکړم but one could not say زه به تیرکړم.

The Adjective in the dissolved form agrees in Number, Gender and Person with the Subject, as

هغه سړي تیر شول = those men passed.
 هغې ښځې تیرې شولې = those women passed.

PARADIGM OF THE COMPOUND OR DERIVATIVE VERB.

	<i>Intransitive.</i>	<i>Transitive.</i>
INFINITIVE.	تیریدل = to pass	تیرول = to cause to pass
PRESENT.	زه تیریم	زه تیروم
FUTURE.	زه تیر به شم	زه تیر به کړم
AORIST.	زه تیر شم	زه تیر کړم

<i>Intransitive.</i>	<i>Transitive.</i>
IMPERFECT. زه تيريدم	زه د، يې، تيروم
HABITUAL IMPERFECT. زه به تيريدم	زه د، يې، به تيروم
PAST. زه تير شوم	زه د، يې، تير کړم
PERFECT. زه تيريدلي يم	زه د، يې، تيرولي يم تير کړي يم
PLUPERFECT. زه تيريدلي وم	زه د، يې، تيرولي وم تير کړي وم
IMPERATIVE. تير شي تير شه	تيروي تيروه تير کړي، کړي
CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT. که زه ته تير شوي	که ما، تير کړي
CONDITIONAL PAST. که زه، ته تير شوم	که زه د، يې، تير وکړم
SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT. زه تير شوي به يم	زه د، يې، تير کړي به وم
SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT. زه تير شوي به وم	زه د، يې، تير کړي به وم
CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT. که زه، ته تير شوي وي.	که ما، تا، تير کړي وي.
PRESENT PARTICIPLE. تيرېدونکي	تير کوونکي
PAST PARTICIPLE. تير شوي	تير کړي

ON THE COMPOUND OR DERIVATIVE VERB.

One of the chief peculiarities of the Pushtoo language is the facility with which it forms Verbs from various Roots such as Nouns, whether Substantive or Adjective, Pronouns and Particles.

There is some analogy to this in English, for from the Noun Substantive "water" is derived a Verb "to water," and from the Noun Adjective "dry" is derived a Verb "to dry"; but the Verbs thus formed in English have mostly a Transitive or Causal meaning, whereas in Pushtoo the Verbs formed in a corresponding manner have alike a Transitive or Intransitive meaning as the case may be. In English, however, we may, though it is not strictly grammatical, use either of the words "to water," "to dry," above mentioned as examples in an

Intransitive as well as a Transitive sense; as, for instance, we may say of an Engine that "it is watering,"—as we may also in the same way say of a Steamer that "it is coaling,"—and of clothes that "they are drying"; and this is a form precisely similar to that so prevalent in Pushtoo, the following are instances:

Substantive	اوبه = water
Intransitive Verb	اوبيدل = to water, <i>i.e.</i> to drink
Transitive Verb	اوبول = to water, <i>i.e.</i> to cause to drink = to irrigate.
Adjective	وچ = dry
Intransitive Verb	وچيدل = to dry, <i>i.e.</i> to become dry
Transitive Verb	وچول = to dry, <i>i.e.</i> to make dry.
Adjective	ډک = full
Intransitive Verb	ډکیدل = to fill, <i>i.e.</i> to become full
Transitive Verb	ډکول = to fill, <i>i.e.</i> to make full.
Preposition	گوز = down
Intransitive Verb	گوزيدل = to descend
Transitive Verb	گوزول = to cause to descend.

و. ON THE USE OF THE PREFIX

(1) The following Verbs do not take this Prefix in the Future, Aorist, Imperative, or Past Tenses.

- (a) Verbs already compounded with a Prefix such as نن, کښي, پري.
- (b) All Compound or Derivative Verbs.
- (c) The following Verbs:

بايلل بيول بوتلل ږدل يوئسل

This rule applies equally to the Auxiliary Verb شول when used with any Noun, etc., which might form the basis of a Verb, as

هغه به خپه شي = he will be angry:

though such a Verb as خپيدل = to be angry does not actually exist,—still و is here omitted, as though خپه شي were the dissolved form of such a Verb.

(2) When the prohibitory م is used with the Imperative, the Prefix و is dropped, except the Verb be in the Passive Voice, when it may sometimes precede the Participle, م immediately preceding the Auxiliary Verb; in the dissolved form of the Compound Verb م is frequently inserted between the Root or Basis of the Verb and the Imperative of the Auxiliary Verb شول or the Verb گول according as the former is Intransitive or Transitive, as

داسي م کړه = do not do so

وليدلي م شه = do not be seen

تير م شه = do not pass.

ON THE POSITION OF نه RELATIVE TO THE VERB.

(1) In Verbs compounded with a Prefix such as *نن کښې پرې جار*, it is always inserted between the Prefix and the Verb itself, as

هغه پرې نه ووت = he did not fall.

(2) In the Passive Voice and in Compound Verbs it is always placed before the Auxiliary Verb, as

هغه به وهلې نه شي = he will not be beaten

هغه تیر نه شه = he did not pass.

(3) In the Aorist and Future it always precedes the Verb immediately, and follows the Prefix و in the case of the former, and the Particle به, and the Prefix و in the case of the latter, as

زه به ونه پاڅم = I will not rise.

IRREGULAR AND INCOMPLETE VERBS.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	AORIST.	IMPERATIVE.	IMPERFECT.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To come	راغلل	راځم	راشم	راشه	راتلم	راغلم	راغلي
To go	تلل	ځم	لاړشم	ځه؛ لاړشه	تللم	لام	تللي
	ايښل	—	—	—	—	—	ايښي
	کښيښول	—	—	—	کښيښوم	کښيښوم	—
To place	کښيښول	—	—	—	کښيښوم	کښيښوم	—
	کښيښول	—	—	—	کښيښوم	کښيښوم	—
	کږدل	کږدم	وکړدم	کږده	—	—	—
	پرېښل	—	—	—	—	—	پرېښي
To leave	پرېښول	—	—	—	پرېښوم	پرېښوم	—
	پرېږدل	پرېږدم	وپرېږدم	پرېږده	—	—	—
To take away	ورل	—	—	—	ورلم	ورلم	وري
(of inanimate objects)	يوړل	يوړسم	ويوړسم	يوړسه	3rd Sing. وړ	يوړوړ	—
To take away	بيول	بيايم	—	بيايه	بيولم	—	بيولي
(of animals)	بوړل	بوړم	وبوړم	بوړه	3rd S. بيوړ	بوړت 3rd Sing. بوړتم	—
	کتل	—	—	—	کتلم	وکتلم	کتلي
To see	گورل	گورم	وگورم	وگوره	3rd S. کاته	وکاته	—
	ليدل	—	—	—	ليدلم	وليدلم	ليدلي
	وينل	وينم	ووينم	ووينه	3rd S. لیده	ولیده	—
To eject	يوستل	—	—	—	يوستم	ويوستم	يوستلي
	پاښل	پاښم	وپاښم	وپاښه	3rd S. يوست	ويوښت	—

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	AORIST.	IMPERATIVE.	IMPERFECT.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To show	ښوول	—	—	—	ښوولم	ښوولم	ښوولې
	ښيول	ښييم	ښييم	ښييه	3rd Sing. ښوؤ	ښوؤ	
To lie down	ځملاستل	—	—	—	ځملاستم	ځملاستم	ځملاستې
	ځملا	ځملم	ځملم	ځمله	3rd Sing. ځملاست	—	—
To roll up	نځيبتل	—	—	—	نځيبتلم	نځيبتلم	نځيبتلې
	نځاړل	نځاړم	نځاړم	نځاړه	3rd Sing. نځيبت	—	—
To run	زغليدل	زغلم	وزغلم	وزغله	زغليدم	وزغليدم	زغليدلې
	زغاښتل	—	—	—	زغاښتلم	زغاښتلم	زغاښتلې
To draw or to write	کښل	—	—	—	کښلم	وکښلم	کښلې
	کارل	کارم	وکارم	وکاره	3rd Sing. کښي	—	—
To rub	مښل	—	—	—	مښم	ومښم	مښلې
	مړل	مړم	ومړم	ومړه	—	—	—
To burn (Intrans.)	سوول	سوځم	وسوځم	وسوځه	سووم	وسووم	سوي
To burn (Trans.)	سيزل	سيزم	وسيزم	وسيزه	—	وسيزم	—
To bring (of inanimate things)	راوړل	راوړم	راوړم	راوړه	راوړلم	راوړلم	راوړلې
To bring (of animals)	راوستل	راولم	راولم	راوله	راوستم	راوستم	راوستې
To put on clothes	اغوستل	—	—	—	—	واغوستلم	اغوستلې
	اغوندل	اغوندم	واغوندم	واغونده	واغوندم	—	—

COMPOUNDS OF ښستل.

	INFINITIVE.	FUTURE.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To overthrow	پريستل	—	پريستم	پريستلې
	پريپاسل	پريپاسم	—	—
To thrust in	ننيسل	—	ننيستم	ننيسلې
	ننپاسل	ننپاسم	—	—
To throw back	جارپستل	—	جارپستم	جارپستلې
	جارپاسل	جارپاسم	—	—

COMPOUNDS OF وتل.

To fall	پريوتل	پريوزم	پريوتلم	پريوتلې
			3rd Sing. پريووت	
To enter	ننوتل	ننوزم	ننوتلم	ننوتلې

	INFINITIVE.	FUTURE.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To turn back	جاروټل	جاروژم	جاروټلم	جاروټلي
To fall into	کښيوټل	کښيوژم	کښيوټلم	کښيوټلي
To fly	الوټل	الوژم	الوټلم	الوټلي

N.B.—There is another and irregular form of the 3rd Pers. Plur. of the Compounds of ټل, which is formed from the 3rd Sing. as though the latter were an Adj. as

پريوټ = he fell پريواته = they fell, cf. پروټ = fallen پراته = fallen (plur.).

- There is also a Verbal Noun of the same form, derived in a similar manner, as

ننوټ = he entered ننواته = entrance.

PARADIGM OF SOME OF THE PUSHTOO VERBS OF MOST FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

I. *Intransitive.*

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(1) To be or exist	اوسيدل	اوسم	واوسيدم
To rise	پاخيدل	پاخم	پاخيدم
To flee	تښتيدل	تښتم	وتښتيدم
To run	زغليدل	زغلم	وزغليدم
To leap	غرزيدل	غرزم	وغرزيدم
To turn	گرزيدل	گرزم	وگرزيدم
To ask	پښتيدل	پښتم	وپښتيدم
To graze	څرپدل	څرم	وڅرپدم
To tremble	رپريدل	رپرېدم	ورپرېدم
(2) To ascend	ختل	خيژم	وختم
			3rd Sing. وخوت
To divide	لوټل	لووم	ولوتيم
			3rd Sing. ولوتيت
To split	چاودل	چوم	وچاودم
			3rd Sing. وچاود
To sit	کښيناستل	کښينم	کښيناستم
			3rd Sing. کښيناست
To be entangled	نښتل	نښلم	ونښتم
			3rd Sing. ونښت
To dig	کنوټل	کنم	وکنوټم
			وکنوټ

(3) Almost all other Intransitive Verbs are Regular and follow خوژيدل in their Conjugation.

II. *Transitive.*

(1) Regular Form.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(a) To throw	اچول	اچوم	واچوم
To send	استول	استوم	واستوم
To light	بلول	بلوم	و بلوم
To raise	خيژول	خيژوم	و خيژوم
To dress	اغوستول	اغوستوم	واغوستوم
To throw	غرژول	غرژوم	و غرژوم
To put to flight	تنبستول	تنبستوم	و تنبستوم

N.B.—This form corresponds to the example *خوزول*, and may be formed from any Intransitive Verb in the same way, it is generally derived from the form taken by the Present and Derivative Tenses if any deviation from the form of its Root occurs in the course of the Conjugation of the Verb, as

Intrans. *ختل* = to rise. Pres. *خيژم* whence.

Trans. *خيژول* = to cause to rise = to raise.

Intrans. *نبتل* = to be entangled. Pres. *نېلم*.

Trans. *نېلول* = to entangle.

(2) The 3rd Pers. Sing. of the Past Tense of this form always ends in *اوه*, as

Inf. *اچول* 3rd Sing. Past = *واچاوه*.

„ *استول* „ *واستاوه*.

„ *خيژول* „ *وخيژاوه*.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(b) To drink	خېل	خېم	و خېم
To bite	چيچل	چيچم	و چيچم
To reap	ريبل	ريبم	و ريبم
To wash	وينخل	وينخم	و وينخم

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(c) To cultivate	کرل	کرم	و کرم } و کاره } 3rd Sing.
To gain	گتل	گتم	و گتم } و گاته } 3rd Sing.
To possess	لرل	لرم	و لرم } و لاره } 3rd Sing.
To lick	ختل	ختم	و ختم } و خاته } 3rd Sing.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
To drive	شرل	شرم	و شرم } و شاره } 3rd Sing.
To stuff	مندل	مندم	و مندم } و مانده } 3rd Sing.
To sew	گندل	گندم	و گندم } و گانده } 3rd Sing.
To bear	زغمل	زغمم	و زغمم } و زغامه } 3rd Sing.

(2) Irregular Forms.

(a) To take	اخذل	اخذم	وا اخستلم } وا اخست } 3rd Sing.
To read	لوستل	لولم	ولوستتم } ولوست } 3rd Sing.
To scatter	لوستل	لونم	ولوستتم } ولوست } 3rd Sing.
To find	موندل	مومم	و موندلم } و موند } 3rd Sing.
To call	بلل	بولم	و بللم } و باله } 3rd Sing.
To open	پرانتل	پرانزم	و پرانتم } و پرانت } 3rd Sing.

ADVERBS.

1. *Of Place.*

Here	دلته، دلي	There	هله
Up	پورته	Down	ښکته
Before	وراندې	Behind	ورستو
Upon	باندي	Beneath	لاندي
This side	{ دې خوا دې پلؤ	That side	{ هغه خوا هغه پلؤ
On this side	راهیسته	On that side	ورهیسته
Outside	{ دباندي باهر	Inside	دنده
Near	نژدې	Far	لري
Where	{ چري	Nowhere	هیڅ چرته
Somewhere	} چرته		

Everywhere	}	هر چرته	Elsewhere	بل چرته
Wherever				
So far		تر هغه پوري	All round	چاپيره
Shut		پوري	Open	لري
Back again		بیرته، بيا		

2. *Of Time.*

Now	اوس	Then	هاله
When	کله	Sometimes	کله کله
Always	}	Repeatedly	وار په وار
Whenever		Continually	تل
Instantly	سم د لاسه	Successively	پلا پسي
Before	په خوا	After	پس
Slowly	ورؤ ورؤ	Quickly	زر زر
How often	خوځله	Once	يوځله
For ever	تل تر تل	Every time	هرځله
So long as	خوچه	Till now	تراوسه پوري
Ever	چري	Never	{ هېچرته هېڅ کله

3. *Conjunctions.*

Perhaps	گندي	In short	جزو
God knows	خداي زده	Indeed	خو
By God	خداي بو	Forsooth	نو
However, but	ولي	So, therefore	ځکه
Notwithstanding	سره د دي	Therefore	ترو
If	که	When, that	چه
Thus, i.e. this way	داسي	Thus, i.e. that way	هسي

Prepositions.

In, inside	په، په کښي	With	سره
Below	د لاندي	Above	د پاسه
In front	د وړاندي	Behind	د ورستو
Together with	{ څخه	For the sake of	د پاره
Close by		In the midst	په مټينځ

Until	} تر ;	Like	غوندي
So far as			
Of	تر . . . پوري	From	له ; له . . . نه
To	{ ته ; و . . . ته		

THE NUMERALS.

CARDINAL.		ORDINAL.	
1	يوه ; يو	First	ورنبي
2	دوه	Second	دوېم
3	دري	Third	درېم
4	څلور	Fourth	څلورم
5	پنځه	Fifth	پنځم
6	شپږ	Sixth	شپږم
7	اووه	Seventh	اووم
8	اته	Eighth	اتم
9	نه	Ninth	نهم
10	لس	Tenth	لسم
11	یولس	Eleventh	یولسم
12	دوه لس	Twelfth	دوه لسم
13	ديارلس	etc. etc.	
14	څوارلس		
15	پنځه لس		
16	شپاړس		
17	اووه لس		
18	اته لس		
19	نه لس		
20	شل		
21	یوونځست		
30	دیرش		
40	څلوېښت		
50	پنځوس		
60	شپيته		
70	اويا		
80	اتها		
90	نوي		
100	سوه ; سل		

VOCABULARY OF A FEW WORDS OF COMMON OCCURRENCE.

ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.	ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.
A man	نارینه ; سړي	A woman	ارتينه
A husband	څښتن	A wife	ښځه
A master of a house	مېرمن	A mistress of a house	مېرمن
A male slave	مړي	A female slave	وښځه
An old man	سپينږيري	An old woman	سپينسره
A boy	هېلک	A girl	جونه - جنې - جنکي - جل - جلکي
A youth	زلمې	A maid	پيغل
A child	وروکي	An infant	معصوم
A relation	عزیز	A stranger	پردي

Terms of Relationship.

ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.	ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.
Father	پلار Plur. پلارونه	Mother	مؤر Plur. میندي
Son	زوي Plur. زامن	Daughter	لور Plur. لونړي
Brother	ورور Plur. ورونډه	Sister	خويندي Plur. خور
Uncle	تره Plur. ترونه	Aunt	تريندي Plur. ترور
Brother's son	ورارونه Plur. وراره	Brother's daughter	وريره
Sister's son	خوړي	Sister's daughter	خورزه
Grandfather	نيکه	Grandmother	نيا Plur. نيگانې
Father-in-law	خسر	Mother-in-law	خواينه
Son-in-law	زوم	Daughter-in-law	نگور Plur. نګيندي
Brother-in-law	اويشي	Sister-in-law	ندرور Plur. ندرندي
Grandchild	نمسي		
Cousin	تربور		

NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. *Domestic.*

Bull	غوايه	Cow	غوا
Horse	اس	Mare	اسپه
Colt	بهانډ	Filly	بهانډه
Camel	اوين	She-camel	اوينه
Ram	گد	Ewe	گده
Goat	وز	She-goat	وزه
Buffalo-bull	مينښ، سندوا	Buffalo-cow	مينښه
Dog	سپي	Bitch	سپي
Cock	چرگ	Hen	چرگه
Cat	پيشو		
Calf	سخي، خسي	Camel-calf	چوگي
Buffalo-calf	کتي	Kid	چيلي
Chicken	چرگوري	Lamb	گدوري

Drove of cattle	گوهار
Herd of horses	گله
Flock of sheep or goats	کنډک . رڼه
Any entire animal	مينډه
Any gelded animal	خسي
Any animal used as a beast of burden	خاروي

A herd of cattle	دنگر
General name for sheep	پسه
Fat-tailed sheep	لمؤر
Thin-tailed sheep	ایروي
Any animal in foal	بلاربه
Any animal that has just given birth	لنگه

2. *Wild.*

Tiger	زمری	Stag	گاؤز
Bear	میلو	Déer	هؤسی
Wolf	شرمبن ; لیوه	Fawn	کبلی
Leopard	پرائگ	Musk-deer	راموسی
Boar	سرکوزی . خرییشوی	Wild Sheep	غرشنی
Jackal	گیدر		
Fox	لومبره		
Monkey	شادو		
Hawk	تپوس	Vulture	گرس
Owl	گونگی	Crow	قارغه
Starling	بنارونی	Sparrow	چمچنره
French Partridge	زرکه	Grey Partridge	تنزری
Wild Duck	هیلی	Snipe	ککوی - نرغزی
Quail	مرز ; نوڈز		
Fly	مچ	Rat	میره
Bee	مچی	Mouse	مرگوری
Mosquito	ماش		
Scorpion	لرم	Rock-snake	نهامار
Lizard	خرمبشی	Worm	چینجی

PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Hair	ویشتنه	Nose	پوزه	Tooth	غالب
Eye	سترگه	Nostril	سپیرمه	Lip	شوندده
Eyebrow	وروخه	Ear	غور	Tongue	ژبه
Eyelash	بانره	Cheek	انگی	Palate	گومی
Forehead	تندی	Mouth	خوله	Throat	ستونی

Moustache	بريت	Elbow	څنگل	Leg	لښکي
Beard	بريره	Wrist	مروند	Thigh	ورون
Brows	وچولي	Hand	لاس	Knee	زنگون
Tear	اوښه	Finger	گوته	Foot	پښه
Neck	غارډه	Waist	ملا	Heel	پړکي
Nape	څټ	Back	شا	Skin	خرمن - پوستکي
Shoulder	اورډه	Belly	خميته - گيډه	Blood	وښه
Chest	تقير	Heart	زړه	Bone	هډوکي
Bosom	غبر	Intestines	لري گلمه	Pulse	نبض
Armpit	مخړک	Liver	لږمون	Shin	پنډي
Arm	ليچي	Rib	پښتني	Chin	زنه
Nipple	تي				

PARTS OF ANIMALS.

Horn	ښکر	Beak	مښوکه	Claw	منکلي
Feather	بنډه	Crop	ججوره	Tail	لکي

NATURAL FEATURES.

Sky	اسمان	Ferry	پتنر	Plain	ميره
Sun	نمر	Marsh	جبهه	Abyss	گړنگت
Moon	سپوږمي	Hollow	تهنه	Precipice	گپت
Star	ستوري	Mud	خټه	Valley	دږه
Cloud	ورښ	Drop	خاڅکي	Ravine	کنده
Rain	باران	Low-ground	ژوره	Pass	غابني
Hail	برلي	Briar	کرکنډه	Cliff	کمر
Snow	واوړه	Thorn	اغزي	Dry bed of torrent	خور
Ice	يخ	Earth	خاوره	Mountain-peak	خوکه
Dew	پرخه	Ground	زمکه	Stony-ground	کانډيزي
Water	اوبه	Dust	دوړه	Forest	بنډ
Spring	چينه	Stone	کانډي	Cavern	سمخ
River	سيند	Wood	لږکي	Hillock	غونډي ; ديري
Canal	واله	Grass	واښه	High-ground	لوړه
Ford	گدر	Mountain	غر	Bramble	غنه
Rivulet	لښتي	Skirts of ditto	لمن	Pit	دوغل

SEASONS.

Summer	اَوَرِي	Spring	پسرلي	Rainy Season	پشكال
Winter	ژمي	Autumn	مڼي	June-July	اهار

DIVISIONS OF TIME

Morning	صبح ; ښوخته	Day	ورځ
Evening	نماښام	Night	شپه
About 4 a.m.	چرکټ بانگ	Dawn	سپیدی چاود
Sunrise	نمر خاته	About 8 a.m.	څانگه
Noon	غرمه	About 2 p.m.	نماز پښم
About 5 p.m.	نماز دیگر	Sunset	نمر پریواته
After sunset	نماښام		
Three days ago	لاورمه ورځ	Day before yesterday	ورمه ورځ
Yesterday	پرون	To-day	نن - نن ورځ
To-morrow	صبا		
Three years ago	لاورمه کال	Year before last	ورمه کال
Last year	پروس کال	This year	سړ کال
Next year	مځي کال		

POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

North	قطب	East	نمر خاته
South	سپیل	West	نمر پریواته

METALS, ETC.

Iron	اوسپنه	Gold	سره زر	Sulphur	گوگر
Steel	پولاد	Brass	زیر	Charcoal	سکاره سکور
Lead	سیکه	Quicksilver	سیماب	Glass	ښیښه
Silver	سپین زر	Saltpetre	ښوره		
Branch	څانگه	Leaf	پانړه	Pebble	گټه
Stem	موند	Stump	خند	Round stone	تیره
Roots	ولي	Gravel	شکه	Clod of earth	لوټه

HOUSEHOLD TERMS, ETC.

House	کډور	Oil-press	ګانږي	Trousers	پرتوک
Mansion	مانږي	Jar	منګي	Cloak	خلقه
Cottage	کوټنږي	Dishes	لوښي	Purse	هميانې
Hut	جونګره	Light	ډيوه	Staff	همسا
Tent (of Nomads)	کیردې	Spark	بخري	Rope	رسي - پري
Room	خونه	Ember	سکروته	String	مزي
Door	ور	Matting	پوزي	Thread	تار
Verandah	منداډ	Bedding	بچاونه	Needle	ستن
Pillar	ستن	Quilt	بستن	Yarn	سپنږسي
Court	انګنږ غولي	Blanket	شرې	Shoe	پنډه
Handmill	ميچن	Articles of dress	کالي	Peg	موري
Waterskin	شنار	Clothes	جامي - زړوکي	Leather	خرمن
Pitcher	مېټ				

AGRICULTURAL TERMS, ETC.

Road	لار	Millet	غوښت	Harvest	درمند
Field	پټي	Mustard	اورې	Landed property	دفتر
Ploughing	پوي	Cotton	مالوچ	Landholder	دفترې
Plough	پوه	Rice	شولي - ورثي	Cultivator	چريکار
Ploughshare	سسپار	Wool	وړي	Verdure	زرغونه
Goad	چوکه	Fur	پشم	Drought	سوکړه
Irrigation ridges	پوله	Coarse cloth	خامتا	Depth of soil	ژور والي
Ear of corn	وړي	Muslin	خاصا	Shoot	ډکي
Furrow	کيل	Felt	لمخي	A cold	دومي
Bridle	واکي	Headstall	ترسري	Fever	تبه
Reins	ملونه	Traces	سرياندي	Small-pox	ننګي
Wheat	غنم	Bit	قيضه	Cholera	وبا
Barley	اوربوشه	Threshing-floor	غوبل		

TERMS RELATING TO FOOD, ETC.

Bread	ډوډي	Rice and Milk	کیر	Vermicelli	مياچي
Meat	غوښه	Stew	فرمه	Cooked peas	پيتي
Milk	پي - شوده	Soup	ښوروا	Dry bread	سپوره ډوډي
Butter	ګچ	Curds	ماسته	Egg	هاګي
Ghee	غوړي	Buttermilk	شلونبي	Honey	شات

Well cooked	خوب پخته	Satisfied	مؤثر	Tasteless	بی‌مزه
Food	خوار	Hungry	دیرین	Grain	غله
Drink	خشبک	Thirsty	تیر	Salt	مالک
Flavour	مذازه	Thirst	تند	Mouthful of food	نورین
Chewing	شخوند	Hunger	لوزه	„ of water	گوب
Fasting	نهار	Sour	تیر	Stinking	سخت

COLOURS.

White	سفید	Yellow	زرد	Spotted	برکت
Black	تور	Red	سور	Pie-bald	تور برکت
Green	سبز	Grey	سپید	Skew-bald	سور برکت

QUALITIES.

Hard	کلیک	Wet	لوند	Lame	گد
Soft	پوست	Damp	نوجن	Toothless	کنداس
Rough	زبر	Luke-warm	تدم	One-eyed	کانی
Smooth	هوار	Blind	مروند	Blair-eyed	لیچن
Hot	تود	Dumb	گنگ	Lazy	ناراست
Cold	سور	Deaf	گونر	Unclean	ناولی
Dry	وچ				

EXTREMES OR OPPOSITE QUALITIES.

Elder	مشر	Younger	کشر
Awake	ویبش	Asleep	اوده
Fine	نری	Coarse	غمت
Tall	نور	Short	وفر
Long	اورد	Short	لند
Broad	پلن	Narrow	تنگ
Heavy	دروند	Light	سپک
Fat	غمت	Thin	خوار
Straight	سم	Crooked	کژ
Standing	ولاد	Fallen	پرؤت
Full	دک	Empty	تش
Ripe	پوخ	Raw	اوم
Much	دیر	Little	لر
Sharp	تیره	Blunt	پخ

Fresh	تازه	Stale	وروست
Sweet	خوږ	Sour	تريخ
Right	ښه	Left	کينډ
Dried up	سوکړه	Watered	خړوب
Inhabited	ودان	Deserted	وران
Liberal	سخي	Miserly	شوم
Successful	وړ	Unsuccessful	پړ
Dense	گنډ	Scanty	رنکي
Compact (tight)	ټينک	Loose	خوشي
Enclosed	خوندي	Open	خوشي
Protected		Unprotected	
Upper	پاسني	Lower	لاندني
Tame	ايل	Wild	ياغي
Coagulated	خيم	Melted	ويلي
Light	رونډ	Dark	تور
Clean	پاک	Dirty	خيرن

MILITARY TERMS.

Sword	توره	Battery	مورچه	Flank	ډډه
Scabbard	تيکي	Trench	خندق	Engagement	مقدمه
Gun	توپک	Palisade	سنگر	Night-attack	چپاو
Pistol	تمانچه	Supplies	خرڅ	Raid	ډاډه
Bow	لنده	Spoils	اولجه	Ambuscade	پسوني
Arrow	غشي	Explosion	ډز	Feud	بدي
Spear	نيزه	Arrow's flight	پر تاب	Reprisals	برمه - برمتا
Javelin	شلگي	Horse-trappings	برگستوان	Fugitive	ماتي
Dagger	چمدر	Warrior	مړني	Suppliant	ننواتي
Quiver	شخولي	Heavy-armed	پټ سپاهي	Wounded	ژوبل
Barbed arrow	شتي	soldier		Cut	غوڅ
Bullet	گولي	Soldier	تورزن سړي	Bruised	خوږ
Rocket	بان	Vanguard	هراول	A wound	پرهار
Cannon	توپ	Rear-guard	چنداوول	Archer	غشي ویشتونکي
Battle-axe	گرز	Main body	ميشخني صف		

TERMS USED IN CIVIL ADMINISTRATION.

Tribe	اؤلس	Headman	ملک - کدخدا	Fine	ناغه
Family	خيل	Wandering tribe	کؤچي پيونده	Bribe	بدېه
District	تپه	Disturbance	پسات	Tax	قلنگ
Household	عيال - تير	Insurrection	بلوا	„ (on cattle)	کؤشي
Belongings	کده	Prisoner	بندي	„ (on property)	ماليا
Neighbour	گواندي	Fetter	خولانه	Swindling	درغلي

IDIOMATIC EXPRESSIONS.

To conquer a country.	ملک لاندې گول	To say in jest.	په توقو ويل
To pacify a country.	ملک پخولا گول	To swim.	لاندې وهل
To muster an army.	د لښکر سان اخستل	To be delayed.	ايساريدل
To join battle.	جنگ نښکول	To launch a boat.	بيري په اوبو گډه گول
To form into line.	پړه تړل	To track a deer.	د هوسي پل اخستل
To retreat.	په ستنه کيدل	I go at once.	زه دغه يم لارم
To wheel round.	په بمرتې پير کړل	That man will not re-	هغه سړي د جوړيدو نه
To start out of an am-	د پسوني له ځاي پوري	cover.	دي
buscade.	کيدل	We do not think that	مونږ دا کار کيدونې نه
To draw sword.	توره له تيکي نه ټستل	possible.	گنډو
To fire a shot.	دز گول	It seems best to me to	په نه ويل راته خير
To be seized with panic.	توريدل	say nothing.	ښکارېږي
To fire a volley.	بار چکول	He is waiting outside the	
To cross a river.	له سيند نه پوري وتل	house.	هغه کور نه باهر ايسارېږي
To shy (of a horse).	تيندک خوړل	He could not stir from	له ځاي خوړيدلي نه
To stumble (of a horse).	بدري خوړل	the place.	شه
To trot (of a horse).	په دچکو تلل	I am convinced that	زه په دا باندې قايل يم
To buy on credit.	په نسيه اخستل	what he says is not	چه هغه څه وايي
To borrow money.	پور اخستل	true.	رښتيا نه دي
To lend money.	پور ورکول	Your trouble is in vain.	ستاسو رږر عبث شه
To give gratis.	وېر يا ورکول	This man is taller than	دغه سړي له هغه نه
To select.	په غوره اخستل	that.	لوړ دي
To pawn.	گانډه گول	A deer is swifter than a	هوسي له سپي نه
To take in pledge.	په گانډه اخستل	dog.	گرندې دي
To stretch out one's hand.	لاس غزول	He is the skilfullest of all.	هغه له ټولونه مړني دي
To imitate a person.	د چا پيښي گول	He is sunk in the mud	هغه په خټو کښي تر ملا
To laugh at a person.	چا پوري خندا گول	up to his waist.	پوري بوخت شوي دي

How deep is the water په هغه سیند کښې اوبه
in that river? څومره ژوري دي
Run on in front and see په دووړاندي روان شه او
who that man is. وگوره چه هغه کوم سړي دي
Have you seen any one څوک په دي لاري باندې
passing this way? تیریدونکي د لیدلي دي
Go straight on for one تریو کړوه پوري سم نیغ
koss, then turn to the روان شه بیا بې لاس
right and then to the ته وگرزه ورستو کینر
left. لاس ته

Come to my house early سبا د وخته څمونږ کړه
to-morrow morning, راشه مونږ به سره
we will go out shoot- ښکار له خو
ing together.
The boy used to bathe هلک به په سیند
in the river. کښې لنښده
Why do you talk such ولي داسې خوشي
nonsense? خبرې کوي
That horse wanders about دا آس چرته خوشي
loose. گرزي

COMMON SENTENCES.—GREETINGS.

Come always. هر کله راشه
Long life be yours. هر کله اوښه
May good befall you. در شه نیکی
Welcome. په خیر راغلي
May you not be tired. ستړي مه شه
May you not be dis- مه خوارېږي ; خوار
tressed. مه شي
God be with you. خدای د مل شه
May good be before you. په مخه د ښه
Who are you? ته څوک ئي
What sort of Pathan په اصل کښې کوم
are you? پښتون يي
Whence are you come? له کوم ځاي نه راغلي
Whither are you going? چرته ځي
What brought you here? دلته په څه طمع سره
راغلي يي
Is there any news from په غرونو کښې نوي څه
the mountains? حال کيږي
I hear that in the border ما اورېدلي دي چه په
country there are ياغستان کښې ډير
great disturbances. پساتونه کيږي
How far is your home ستاسو کور له دي ځاي
from here? نه څومره لري دي

It is a long way off and لري لار ده ته به هلته
you could not go نه شي تللي
there.
Is your village on this ستاسو کلي د سیند
side of the river or on راهسته دي يا ور
the further side? هيسته
Can one cross the river له سیند نه څوک په
by a ford or by a گذر يا په پتڼ پوري
ferry? وتي شي
It has been raining for له خو ورځو نه باران
some days, I expect اورېږي گمان م دي
that the river will be چه په سیند کښې به
very full and there ډيري اوبه راغلي وي
is no boat. او بېرې هلته نشته
ده
What time is it? څو بجې شوي دي
It has just struck six. اوس شپږ غږېدلي دي
Are you married or no? واده د کړي دي که نه
I was married but my واده م کړي وه ولي
wife is dead. تېرم مړ شه
My father is alive but پلار م ژوندې دي ولي
he is now an old اوس زور سپينږيږي
man. شوي دي

Are there any places in the road for pitching tents or encamping an army?	په لاري کښې څه خيمې ودرولو يان لښکر اړولو دپاره خو ځايونه دي	The fog is dense and there is a thick haze.	لږه گنډه ده او دند ډير دي
I wish my tent to be pitched under those trees in the shade.	زه غواړم څه خيمه م څه هغوونوک لاندې په سوړي کښې ودرولي شي	I am tired and cold and hungry and thirsty, let us go there.	زه ستړي ستومان و سوړ و وړي و ترې شوي يم هلته مونږ لاړ شو
Choose an open space and level the ground.	ارت ځاي غوره کړه او زمکه هواره کړه	Collect wood and light a fire that we may warm ourselves.	لږکي ټول کړه او اور بل کړه څه مونږ ځانونه تاوده کړو
I will do all I can to please you, Sir.	هرڅه څه د لاس کيږي زه به وکړم څه صاحب خوښ شي	Now snow is falling and the water is frozen, how shall I melt it?	اوس واوره پريوزي و اوبه خيمي شوي دي څنگه به يې ويلي کړم
Boil some water and cook some meat.	اوبه يشوه او غوښه پخه کړه	If you had not come to my assistance I should have died of hunger and thirst.	که ته څمونږ په هډه نه وي راغلي له لوړي اوله تندي به مړ شوي وم
Unroll my bedding and spread it on the ground.	بچونډه م وسپره او په زمکې باندې وي غوړوه	Why have you come so late, come in the morning and I will talk with you.	ولي داسي نا وخت راغلي يې صباح له راشه درسره خبرې به کوته
Fold up my trousers and hang my clothes on a peg.	پرتوگ م ټټ کړه او جامي م په موږي سره څوړندي کړه	Is that horse quiet or vicious?	هغه اس اصيل دي يا کم اصل
I shall stop here all night, and if the rain lessens go on to-morrow.	زه به ټوله شپه دلې تيره کړم صبا له که باران کم شي روان به شم	That horse kicks, I will not ride him.	دا اس لتي وهي پري نه سوړيږم
The clouds are very thick and there is a strong wind, I think there will be a hurricane.	ورځي ډيري گنډي دي او باد ډير الوزي گمان م دي څه سيلې به راشي	Tie him up to that tree and spread some bedding.	هغې ونې سره يې وتړه او لوڅه ورته وغوړوه
There is no use in light rain, the ground is not wetted by it.	رنګي باران هېڅ فايده نه لري زمکه پري نه لونديږي	Have you seen any snipe in those rice-fields?	په دې شولگرو کښې څه ککوي ليدلي دي
I see smoke rising from the valley; there must be a village near.	لوګي را معلومېږي څه له درې نه راخيږي يو کلي به نژدې موندلې شي	Gird up your loins and take my gun and follow me, perhaps we shall find some game here.	ملا و تړه ځما ټوپک واخله او راسره روان شه گنډي به دلته ښکار مليا شي
		Hold my horse, lest he should run away.	ځما اس ونيسه څه و نه تښتي

TRANSLATION OF SELECTIONS

FROM THE POEMS OF

KHUSH HAL KHAN KHATAK.

TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

Evil were my dreams until I saw the dawn,
My eyes I could not close, restless I lay upon my bed ;
Then I rose from my couch, my head was aching sore,
So distraught was I that I could see neither the door nor my way.
I went to bathe and came back ill at ease,
My ablutions I performed as directed by the Prophet.
All my people were asleep and snoring in their slumber,
No one knew of my trouble, but I told Ashraf Khan ;
All the advice which should come from a father,
In a book, I wrote down briefly for him.
I prepared to go to Peshawar, and took up my sword,
It was the day of Friday, when the spirits walk the earth ;
My way lay towards the West, but of that what care had I ?
How can one turn aside the irresistible order of Fate,
However great may be one's understanding, wealth, and armies ?
I went then to the Mosque and said my morning-prayers.
I mounted, and like a whirlwind dashed forth upon my road ;
I went on the wind as the Tempest howls along,
Alone and solitary I went. In Naushahra rose the sun.
It was not yet midday when I reached Peshawar,
Forthwith to the Moghal sent I my messenger ;
I said, " Here have I arrived as you wrote, as you desired.
" When shall I be present, what duty have you for me ? "
This answer I received, that " Well have you done in coming,
" To-morrow in the Durbar do you present yourself. "
Three days passed ; that foolish ass held no Durbar ;
In ambush against me was he, and I quite unaware of it.
His deputy was a certain Sheikh of Gujerat,

From head to foot a traitor, evil was his face.
 Said he to me, "Come hither, let us take counsel together;
 Then I will repeat to the Nawab your words in full."
 I went to him clear in my own estimation,
 My traitorous uncles took part with the Moghals in their villainy;
 All around me came the Moghals in their cunning;
 It was God's decree that I should fall helpless into their hands.
 A tumult arose in the city, spread was this report,
 Not a man but was enraged, yet it was the will of God.
 Down they brought me from my fort, when I fell into their hands;
 Quickly the Kotwal placed shackles on my feet, ten pounds was their weight.

Spread the news through the country, alike through town and village,
 There were none but were distressed, most of all Pathans, alike friends and foes;
 All those, too, who were mighty in office or in title;
 All the world was in suspense when they saw this deed.
 They went in the morning and assembled in Durbar,
 Said they, "How loyal was this man to the Emperor!"
 "That he should be seized in this fashion, will the Nawab approve of this?"
 Tied was his tongue, no answer would he make.
 They rose then from their seats, dispersed were all the Nobles.
 Three days had passed when came my uncles base;
 They came, and to the Moghal they offered congratulations,
 Horses and robes of honour gave the Moghal to them in turn;
 My country he gave to them, a villain he made its chief.
 My house and family and tribe, when they heard of this,
 All the Khataks, too, forthwith prepared to slay them,
 Their courage fled from them, and with terror were they seized.
 I said to my tribe and family, "Be careful,
 "Let there no blood be shed or other opposition shown,
 "For glad would be the foe that I should be ruined by my own people;
 "And, again, if a tumult arise, lost will be the Emperor's trust."
 Then my whole tribe collected at the shrine of Sheikh Rahimkar:
 On such deeds, by my persuasion, they turned their backs;
 Foolish were my sons, great the error that they made;
 Had there been no bloodshed, I should have been released with honour.
 Said my uncles in their hearts, "However much we strive,

Should he become released, the gallows will be our Fate."
 No other thought had they, for their lives they were afraid;
 Bent they were upon my death, whether by night or day.
 Past had now been by me almost two months in prison,
 Deserted was my country, its people had fled to the mountains.
 The Governor then demanded of me fifty thousand rupees;
 I answered, "I will not give thee not one Pice, not one Dinar."
 Both parties made agreement together on this,
 On one side the treacherous Moghal, on the other my uncles shameless,
 "Now there is no resource but that in Hindustan he should be placed,
 "Quickly must we arrange this with all speed and haste."
 I, too, was quite satisfied to go to the Emperor,
 All my life I had been loyal, my hope was for honourable treatment.
 To Hindustan then they despatched me, Mustajab my escort,
 A Noble and Chief was he, the head of the Gori Khel.

They despatched me from the city with all speed and haste,
 Slowly marching on I came to the Inn of Shahbaz Khan.
 All the night was the guard of the Muhib Khel over me,
 Besides another band of the followers of Misri Khan Daozai.
 I came to Naushahr in the morning in the same fashion;
 Weeping were the people, all struck with horror at the sight.
 How shall I tell the tale of the night I spent there?
 The night was spent in uproar, alike of Hindoos and Mussalmans;
 In the morning they set out in fear, alike Moghals and Pathans.
 All around were armed forces, in the midst my escort.
 A message I had sent to my tribe, to Ashraf Khan,
 "Make no preparations for disturbance or resort to arms,
 "Of the Emperor the old and faithful servants are we;
 "One reason, too, that I am bound by honour; another that by this slain will be Pathans."
 I came on to Surai, in a moment was Surai deserted,
 Thou wouldst have said that never had been dwelling there mankind.
 What, indeed, shall I say? How many changes has life?
 How can any one be able to oppose fate by force?
 Many troubles come on us men while in this world,
 God alone grant us the power to bear each grief.
 Hard indeed was the time when I saw my son Osman,

Again came to me Zainoo and other youths of my tribe.
 They came to me lamenting, and with sorrow did we part,
 Weeping were they and I and the very trees and rocks of Surai.
 We came then to Narraie; spectators, both men and women,
 Were standing helpless in grief, like idols without life.
 Winding along the road then came we to Garrai,
 On either side of the river all the people were looking on,
 All those that were with us were overcome with fear;
 Thought they, "Who was he that said that the Khatak will not come out to fight?"
 I, indeed, had sent a message, for doubtful of this was I;
 Were but a flag displayed from one quarter or other,
 Such a fight would ensue as though the end of the world had come.
 See what count would there have been on either side of the slain?
 Neither fight nor strife was there by order of the Almighty,
 I crossed over the river, and in Attock I arrived.
 All my tribe in tumult was scattered and confounded;
 Wailing was there in my houses, and weeping amongst my sons,
 Such was then the time as came upon the Khataks,
 Thou wouldst have said on the world had the day of judgment come.

From the Attock onwards they bore me, such was my state;
 They bore me to the camping ground of Babā Hassan Abdal,
 Again from thence to Pindi with haste and expedition,
 Then from thence was our march to Rabat.
 In Rabat came there a letter to us from the Nawab,
 Again to Pindi they brought me back forthwith.
 Again in Pindi came there a letter to this purport,
 "Take him on to the Monarch without further delay."
 In the middle of the night I went on from Pindi to Kukartal;
 I went on to Lahore, march by march on my road.
 The son of Meer Jamal, who was paymaster of the troops,
 Kind was he to me, great the encouragement he gave,
 Said he, "Go thou on to the Sovereign, O Khush-hâl!
 Then thou wilt be honoured, not annoyed is he the least."
 I, in the midst of the month Ramzan, marching, marching along,
 Came to the Monarch's Court, a thousand and seventy-four the year.
 Great was the disputation and arguments that followed then;

In brief there came the order for my relief on giving a pledge.
 The Kotwal gave me a place in his own house by his own side,
 Preparing for my bail was Syad Shams, son of Jalal.
 We were full of this thought when, in the month of Shawal,
 A request came from Sayad Meer with these contents :
 "Loose ye not Khush-hal ; his release will occasion disturbance."
 Again there rose between us great quarrels for my freedom.
 My country, my titles, my lands, all these changed their masters,
 Twelve of my officers were there who all were ruined.
 Against all justice, on the writing of villains and traitors,
 The tyrant Monarch chose to treat me with violence.
 Here was I in prison, there my family and children
 Scattered amongst the mountains in trouble and in distress.
 Such deeds ensued as would occur to no one in mind,
 No trust will there be ever in the justice of Aurangzeb.
 Spread upon all sides were the armies of Anti-Christ,
 But no Mahdi is there to oppose him by his perfection.

It is the time of the end of the world, on all sides are troubles,
 All the world is at war with another, every house with house.

God it is who brought upon me all these griefs and woes,
 Of the causes that gave them rise now I tell the story.
 One that I was proud in my honesty and devotion,
 Another the Mogul's greed and my habit of giving no bribes ;
 Again my unthankfulness, again the folly of my brethren,
 Again that mistaken in their counsels were my sons,
 And that not only once but repeated were the blunders
 Of all the leaders of my tribe, Ashraf Khan, Bahram Saadat.
 To Ashraf Khan I gave the signal that the sword he should unsheathe,
 But no action did he take on the counsel that I gave.
 What of Khudayar, of Khalil, what shame or respect is theirs ?
 What of Jagram, the Hindoo ? What conscience have the Hindoos ?
 Every warrior knows what is the procedure of our foes,
 Well he knows to mingle poison amidst sweets and sherbet.
 Worthy is the son who is capable and wise,
 He will be awake to his enemy's tricks and wiles,
 He will take for his guide generosity and courage.

Those of lofty minds spare neither themselves nor their fortune ;
 Alas ! O Ashraf Khan, no such resolution was thine ;
 All the tribe was at thy call, but thou hast neither skill nor boldness.
 To the Moghal they betook them, great the dishonour of Ashraf,
 Great was my misfortune, great was that of each one else's.
 While the country was deserted, great the fear of the Moghals ;
 Again when it was peopled, great their need of that same land.
 They wrote then to the Emperor of the course Jagram had taken.
 Quickly to Cabul did he bear away Ashraf Khan.
 Then at this was roused to Bahram his sense of injured honour ;
 All my tribe did he collect to Narai and there he stood,
 'Tis not the nature of the Falcon that fruitless swoops he should engage in ;
 No real Falcon he, though like one he appeared.
 A captive I in Delhi was in the bonds of so much trouble,
 Five months, a little more, passed, and I yet remained in prison.
 Then the son of Meer Jamal to the Emperor in private
 Presented my petition on the strength of Meer Khan's favour,
 Thus said the Emperor, that " that man will I release,
 His wife and children if with speed he summon hither."
 This order he gave, then Amir Khan wrote a letter.
 I remained a prisoner, but my household they brought to me.

Heard was that order by Saadat and Meer Baz,
 One by one they came and told me of the fact.
 It was the month of Safar that all three like hawks
 Took their flight to their own land at my dismissal.
 They went to their own land in twenty days straight on end,
 But one of them never reached it, my confidant was he ;
 Though to the West was turned their faces, to the East they said their prayers.
 Their way was to Kerbela for closed to them the path to Mecca.
 How shall I relate these long and tedious stories ?
 Sad indeed the facts, short the summary should be.
 All, both men and boys, whom I had well protected,
 All whom the Kings of Persia had carefully looked after,
 Scattered were they on all sides, afflicted with sore troubles ;
 It was the will of Heaven that companions they should be of woe.
 Day by day fresh the treatment which is devised by Fate,

No confidence is there in its fondling or favour ;
 At one moment it to the ground dashes down the mighty,
 Again, him lying in black dust it promotes to lofty place.
 In the stream it founders him whose boat is stout and strong,
 Yet from the midst it bears him who knows not yet to swim.
 What can I do? To whom complain? No confidant is there of mine;
 To whom shall I now call? There is none to hear my cries ;
 Do I change my path, my way is still stopped by Fate.
 Would no fate were there, or that I were not thus noted.
 The manly are in misery, the base are now in favour ;
 The mistress is in tatters, the maiden in full dress ;
 He who is a fool now eats the baker's cakes,
 While the wise and true have not an onion even for a relish.
 In the house of the loyal there is hardly an old carpet,
 Scarlet are the cushions in the homes of the liar and the spy.
 While other birds wander in the gardens midst their sports,
 A prisoner is the one endowed with plumage or with song.
 The horse's back is galled with the saddle and hard riding,
 The ass braying prances at ease within its stall.
 How shall I tell you if it is truth or imagination?
 Stop these speeches, Khush-hal ; and shorten thy narration.

I know not what to do since Heaven protects the base,
 Would that my hand could reach him, then soon would my wrath be cooled.

- • Twice was my home at Surai broken up ; once when I was imprisoned.
 Again when Saadat, and when Mir Baz arrived.
 Once defeated and pursued they fled to Hangal,
 And again they took refuge in Sekra of the Akozaies.
 Yet their swords were not red with blood, nor were sword cuts on their heads.
 Abandoned by my sons were my country and my tribe,
 I in Hind, a prisoner, and Ashraf Khan in Cabul.
 All my wives and children were put to shame in Sekra.
 Came then to the Emperor from Cabul a written message,
 " Devastated is the land of Surai, great the ruin that has been wrought it ;
 " Everywhere are your forces encamped as guards throughout the country,
 " The road to Surai is seized, on the passers-by we fire."
 Joined were Usufzaies against the Khataks to raid in Surai,

Some ponies they collected and mounted in the morning ;
 Good God ! What a ride was that, its like was never seen ;
 Good God ! What a fight was that ; where were the wounded then ?
 Gone was my fame and honour from the confidence of the Moghal ;
 " Disloyal " was the name they gave me who had ever been loyal to them.
 The lands that had been given me on the frontier of the Punjaub
 The Emperor's edict went forth that resigned they should be from thence.
 Is it the weary march, or the battle, or the victory ?
 Everything befalls man as is ordered by the Fates.
 Whilst these were the deeds of the present, another concern was mine ;
 Let no one injure another, but leave him alone to his fate.
 I, in the food of the Usafzaies, had been as the bitterest poison ;
 No other object was mine in the service of the Moghals.
 Many their chiefs and warriors whom I had slain by the sword ;
 Alas ! for the time that is past, no profit is there in regrets,
 How could these things or misfortunes occur to the mind of a man ?
 Yet it was God's will that things should be as they were.
 Shabash Khan attempted to retrieve his tarnished honour ;
 Then came the Usufzaies, and sore were the straits he was in,
 With them were the Baezaies and the Raurazies, they marched together.
 My tribe, both great and small, fled to the other side of the river ;
 They betook them thence to Sekra, in number a hundred houses,
 But the other Khataks of mine remained undismayed in their homes.
 What calamity God has wrought me to separate me from my house,
 And that my brothers and friends were divided amongst themselves.
 All were in lamentation, in tears were the young and the old,
 Astounded was all the world at the evils that befell the Khataks.

God is of that aware which to no one else can be known ;
 A prisoner am I, may I never be freed if that which I say is false.
 Whether my own people or strangers, whether my friends or foes,
 On none had I evil design, nor thought I of injuring them.
 Whatever I was to their face, behind their backs such was I.
 No such a thought was ever mine as of flattery or deceit ;
 Never had it been my policy to oppress or injure another ;
 Nay ! sharp had been my warnings to those that were tyrants known.
 Whoever was my subject, whether poor or a stranger,

My conduct towards him was such that no trouble should be from me.

Whether gold or ornaments mine, or land, or other wealth,

All have I bestowed amongst my family and my friends.

The enemy I of those who were heretics or untrue ;

Filled was my heart with good will towards the learned and the devout,

Ill the designs I had upon the faithless and the rebellious ;

Filled was my heart with anger at the enemies of the Emperor ;

Passed as had been my life in loyalty and honour :

• In no one action of mine was any treachery to the Moghals ;

My father and grandfather had sacrificed themselves for the sake of their honour to them.

No other Pathan was there whose honour was equal to mine,

And yet my son was in prison, and I from my country an exile ;

And how many ills fell upon me without fault or error of mine.

Scattered and dispersed, where has my family gone ?

All plunged in distress, parted and scattered are they,

My country is in confusion, my cities are inhabited but by name ;

Wandering through the whole country my people are filled with laments.

In Delhi was I imprisoned for months in sore distress,

Now in Rantipur a lonely captive I lie.

No concern has the Emperor Aurangzeb upon my state ;

What though his people are ever in groans at his tyrannous ways ?

Not mine alone these tears, there are many that are bitterer than mine.

• Twenty the Provinces of Hind, in them on every side is trouble and grief.

All who are Nobles or Chieftains in each province,

• • Some are captives and in bonds, and others are full of distrust.

In Rantipur alone two hundred are there in restraint,

Many the other fortresses in which the prisoners are without number.

The first of all upon whom his vengeance he wreaked was his father,

Now after him he pursues others, what matter whether great or small ?

Pale be the faces of those who say that the truth is a lie,

There is not a soul in the country who wishes the tyrant well.

When coming here from the Deccan his standard he raised aloft,

By his violence and treachery many had he brought to ruin.

First with Murad Bakhsh an oath and engagement he made,

Then to Oojein he came, and Jeswant Singh he defeated ;

Then he came to Agra, and dark was the day for Dara.

Shahjehan he imprisoned, and deprived him of all his retinue ;
Again Murad Bakhsh he reconciled to Shahjehan,
And then to Mooltan he bore his standard in pursuit of Dara.
Then came he back again, and trouble he brought on Shuja.
It was in the battle of Kajwa that put to flight was he.
Then again Dara fought with him in Ajmere, more or less ;
With his face then to the West Dara Shah fled in fear and confusion.
He was taken by the Chief of Jun to his house for design of his own.
Thence was he sent to Delhi where his head from his body was severed.
Again Suleman Shekh, the honoured son of Dara,
The Rajputs gave up to him, and trouble thus fell upon him.
His eldest son fled to Shah Shujah, and then in terror was he,
But he separated them from one another by many a wile and deceit.
Next in intrepidity to Shah Shujah was his brother Muazzim,
But him he expelled from his home, now who knows where he draws breath ?
Such is the grief that he brought on the house of his own father,
Arabia and Persia alike were confounded at his deeds.
All these disturbances occurred within only about two years,
Then upon him was confirmed the Sovereignty of Hindustan.
The year that this took place was two years less than 1070,
When he on the throne of Delhi placed his steps.
It is either the retribution of his father, or else the decree of fate,
Or from pride in his rank, his nature has been perverted.
There is nothing but cries and lamentation on his tyranny and oppression.
Were there many more years like this, the whole world would be stript of life.
Thus, to all appearance, determined is he on deceit,
Yet by all professions a very patriarch is he.
If you consider but his actions, his designs, it is to destroy yet more, the tyrant !
Who has heard of such deeds amongst the descendants of Adam ?
His own father he imprisoned and then slew, such mercies his,
And ever all his thoughts are bent upon his own advancement.
No question does he make of the state of the poor and oppressed,
It is alike to him in judgment, whether one is guilty or blameless,
Such is our Emperor, such his justice, such his conduct ;
Yet, please God, no favour may be shown the tyrant on this earth.

All the story that I tell you is carefully considered by me ;
 There is nothing befalls us but by God's will and our own fate.
 Where is Dara Shah ? Where his splendour and his treasure ?
 Where his thundering at Delhi, his armour and his shields ?
 What of Aurangzeb ? What his security ?
 What of his equipment and his armies all disordered ?
 He came into Agra with a shroud upon his head,
 Scattered were his armies, and Delhi in confusion.
 When fortune favours one, then verdant are his fields,
 Bloom alike the roses in the meadow and the desert.
 When fortune favours one, though he were enclosed in steel,
 Wealth will enter to him through the doors and through the windows.
 When fortune turns his back, though the wisest of the age,
 All his wisdom profits is to burn the proceeds of his harvest.
 If fortune turns his back, not even the pearls of Aden
 Are worth in the market the seeds of the Bramble-bush.
 The action of the stars is not proved to any one,
 Through the twelve worlds he wanders, but nowhere finds he rest.
 Either part he plays alike whether that of thief or watchman,
 Some he frights to death, and some he slays with the sword,
 How can I relate to you all his treacheries and wiles ?
 None are free from molestation, whether young or old.
 When I overlooked him, as I did, from head to foot,
 He is all nothing but empty vanity, in this I tell no lie ;
 He is all one thought of self, " I " and " we " are all his words,
 Every word is full of treachery that comes forth from out his mouth.
 May evil be his end, and the fate of Yezid upon him !
 May the curse remain upon him as of Hussein and Hassan's death !
 Fixed indeed will be a period to his waywardness and wiles,
 But boundless through all time will be the hatred he has gained.
 What though wealth and fortune wait upon his skirts ;
 When has ever the base been the master of high place ?
 He who by disposition has been born of filthy nature,
 Never will he be clean, though all day he wash his body.
 What though the raven flies from forth the Eagle's eyrie,
 A Raven he remains, however sharp his claws.

He who counts his nature pure and noble in its essence,
 God forbid that such an one should rejoice in his father's ruin.

May God promote those objects on which my heart is set.
 In some deeds was I mistaken that my treacherous uncle I exalted.
 Again that I his daughter to a mighty Noble betrothed,
 Again that for myself I kept neither silver nor gold,
 And again that for myself I built not a strong fort upon a mountain,
 And again that I was proud of my valour and my service,
 And again that by bribes I did not dupe the Moghal,
 And again that when I could I did not seize more land,
 And again that to the Usufzais I fresh strength bestowed,
 And again that I imagined that the Ghorikheyls were true Pathans.
 Yet to bestow one's all upon one's people is wise nature.
 God will guide the current through the natural streams of water.
 These words which I have now uttered from my mouth
 Let all of them be written in men's hearts.
 Be it Draughts, or Chess, or Backgammon, say I,
 If all these and such be learnt, there is good in it.
 Whoever in such matters is raw and inexperienced,
 He yet in course of time may change his ignorance for knowledge.
 Be thou not self-confident in thy own skill and wisdom.
 But learn from every one who is abler than thyself.
 They tell how Buali was full of confidence in his wisdom,
 And yet in many matters a fool was he called by men.
 No man indeed is he who is guided by every one's words,
 One must work with trust in God and not watching each man's eyes.
 However dear the Mistress whose eyes reflect your own,
 Be thou not misled to trust her in her friendship.
 How sweet the sight of loving eyes with their fringes of dark lashes,
 But fail thou not to blind them if they look askance from thee.
 A comrade may he be called who goes not beyond his friend,
 No companion he who goes now in front, now behind.
 When once a man's mouth is accustomed to bitters,
 The bushes of the cactus and the radish seem to him sweet.
 There are some who by continual reading gain their information,
 Some in their mother's wombs are taught, and then are born.
 Two hundred and twenty are my verses, eleven are their stanzas,
 With these in Rantipur I solaced my heart's anguish.

Great was the splendour and beauty of Delhi ;
On all sides magnificent its buildings ;
Splendid the Bazaars within the City ;
Every luxury was there procurable :
From great canals were streams to every house ;
Its market covered not less than near an acre.
Of the Monarch's Audience Hall what shall I say ?
For his sleeping-room was such that my mind was quite astounded.
When Shahjehan held open audience of his subjects,
In his Durbar were the Seventy-two peoples represented.
Had it but the breezes of Irak and Khorassan,
Jealous, indeed, would Paradise have been of Delhi's rivalry.
That glory which Shahjehan gave to Delhi,
When had any other Sovereign bestowed on it such glory ?
The foundations of Delhi, from whose hands they were,
Time after time, too, who exercised Sovereignty in it,
Each one will I now by name relate to you,
According to what his nature and his character was.
The Chohans first laid Delhi's foundations :
Three hundred years did they reign over it ;
The first Mahommedan King of Delhi was Mauzuddeen,
Whose stay in Delhi was but for one year,
When Delhi he took from Pathora,
Great the trouble that this labour cost him ;
When Pathora's head he severed from his body,
Five hundred and eighty were the years of the Hijra.
Then after him came Kootubuddeen, his slave,
Whom in Hind he had left as his Viceroy.
After him came Shamsuddeen, who was his son,
Famed was he for justice amongst his people.
After him came Feroze Shah, son of Shamsuddeen,
Whose equal in liberality was not found in Hindustan.
After him came Razi, daughter of Shamsuddeen,
And happy with her were soldiers and subjects all alike.
After her came Mauzuddeen, son of Shamsuddeen ;
Great was ever the fear his enemies had of him.
After him came Nasruddeen, son of Shamsuddeen,

Who was famed for his humanity and kindness.
Then was Alauddeen, the grandson of Feroze Shah ;
Great his character for justice and devoutness.
Again the Sultan Jelalooddeen ascended the throne,
Who by descent was of the country of the Ghilzais.
After him was Kootubuddeen, son of Alauddeen ;
Devoted to folly and luxury was he.
After him came Tughlak Shah, greatest of all ;
Nurtured had he been by the Ghiljie rulers.
After him came Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Tughlak Shah,
In whose times the peoples dwelt in ease.
Then Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Feroze Shah,
Who seized the Kingdom from his brother.
Then the Sultan Ghayasuddeen, son of Feroze Shah,
Who ascended the throne in the lifetime of his father.
After him came Secunder Shah, son of Mohammed Shah,
Who remained on the throne but a month and a half.
Then his brother Nasruddeen ascended the throne,
Great need had he of hardy warriors.
After him upon Hind burst Timur Shah,
To Khizr Khan he gave the Sovereignty.
After him was Sultan Mubarik Shah, son of Khizr Khan,
Whose sanctity was apparent from his brow.
After him Sultan Mohammed Shah, who was his nephew ;
During his reign Pathans were held in honour.
Then the Sultan Alauddeen, who was his son ;
All whose time was spent amongst his women.
Then Bheilole Lodi became the King of Delhi,
Who remained on the throne for twenty-nine years.
After him Secunder, Bheilole Lodi's son,
Whose practice was in accordance with the faith.
After him came his son Ibrahim,
Who fought with Baber at Panipat.
After him was Baber King of Delhi,
Who was indebted to the Pathans for his place.
After him Humayun, Baber's son,
Whose armies and wealth were without bounds.

After him Shah Alam, son of Hassan Soor ;
 Defeated at his hands was Humaun.
 After him Islam Shah, son of Shah Allum,
 Whose daring was even greater than that of his fathers.
 After him came Adil Shah, who was his cousin ;
 Disgraced were the Pathans during his reign.
 After him came Akbar, son of Humaun,
 Whom victory accompanied wherever he went.
 After him Jehangir, son of Akbar,
 During whose reign Hind was like Paradise.
 Now the King is Shahjehan, son of Jehangir,
 Who had been formerly in Balkh and Badakshan.
 I Khush-hal have narrated this, yet I am no Poet.
 Employed in it I tried what I could do :
 Had I art of Poetry and verses,
 Many are the praises of my Emperor I should have sung.
 When through Hind I wandered, then to myself I said,
 " It is long I have been thinking of this history in my mind."
 If of this story the date you ask of me,
 Hear by all account it is the year of Kurshat.
 This poem I began at midday prayer,
 And by evening prayer it had been completed.

To me the whole of Delhi's city was as a garden,
 While were with me Shahbaz and Saadat Khan ;
 But when they departed, and left me there alone,
 Hard indeed my lot, as death this separation.
 Since from their sight I have been cut off completely,
 Now I say indeed it is as though I were in a prison.
 My household is as a garden, and I the gardener ;
 It is not strange that in the garden the gardener should be happy.
 But when from the garden which he loves the gardener is divided,
 That separation on both sides is equally hard to bear.
 If but a flower of that garden should meet the sight of his eyes,
 To the gardener's heart comes joy every moment that he beholds it.
 See upon the paper the picture of Majnun's features,

I like him am now but skin and bone, an empty spectre.
To each one in the world one time comes the hour of dying,
I, without death, die not once, but every day.
Unjustly have I become Aurungzeeb's captive in prison ;
God is alone who knows what was my charge or crime.
In myself I know no crime, it is by God I swear it ;
But by others the tales that are told, many and lying are they.
The nature of my fault is by me unknown entirely,
But I see that my own excellence has been the cause of my ruin.
As I was firm and honest in deeds and in good intentions,
No other Afghan was there in the service of the Moghul.
To Sovereigns there should be compunction of heart,
Honour and self-respect, as well as justice and consideration ;
For to whom can one appeal against the decrees that they give,
If upon oppression the heart of the Sovereign is bent ?
Such trouble as on my tribe and family there fell,
May there never such happen to Hindoo or Mussalman.
When the discernment of their own honour is lost by them,
It is of their own power the ruin that Monarchs cause.
If Aurung Shah keeps on ever such course of action
As now he has taken in hand, God preserve us from its end !
Either it is in this year or next year that people will hear
That rivers of red blood will full and flowing be.
What indeed am I ? But there are others who will act like me,
Countless are their names, the lords of the mountain lands.
He who had no compassion on his father, nor yet on his son,
How will he stay his hand on any one else in the world ?
With pride is he intoxicated, and standing erect in his folly,
On high is fixed his gaze, as though the Heavens were his goal.
He that seeks of him justice, his answer by sword or by club,
What time that in his court the injured appeal for redress ;
Never so much does he ask as why are your actions thus ?
What though the Chiefs in his country are murdering great and small ;
A Governor's word is worth more than twenty witnesses,
To their decrees do his Judges forge his signature ;
His procedure is all by bribes, without interest is there nothing,
If one would gain for one's object some result ;

Is there any one whose nature is ill-suited to these means?

Midst his court he wanders helpless in despair.

To the Physician yet say nothing, O Khush-hal!

For it is God the all-powerful who alone will cure thy ills!

When the time for the bloom of the roses comes,
Gentle are the showers that are falling on the meadows ;
Whose fortune is there that can rival his,
Whose steps lead him to wander through the gardens?
To-day good luck is on my side :
May my destiny be ever so friendly to me,
That my stay should be in such a lovely spot,
As famed like it is none other in Hindustan.
Had the Abdal's eyes but lit upon this place,
All other regions would they have forsaken for it.
Midst its meadows the waters wander wildly,
Through its turf the streams run ever on ;
With such pure and limpid waters,
How it triumphs over Cashmere's Shalinar.
Men's eyes brighten, and their hearts rejoice,
As the water of its fountains sprinkle round.
As the water rises now, then falls again,
One would say that round it pearls are strewn about.
Where the fountains of white marble are found planted,
Lovelier far that spot than Iran's vaunted scenes ;
Thou wouldst say it was the thundering of the Heavens,
Where the river pours its waters down the falls :
If there be that cross the bosom of the lakes,
They would say that on a mirror is their way.
On the waters are the wild-fowl ever diving,
Before the Palace seated one enjoys the Falcon's sport.
One would say they are the flames of Nimrod's fire,
So scattered are bright Tulips through the mead.
The Roses there their charms have wove together ;
Like a warrior armed, their spears are by their sides.
All around are the meadows in full bloom

Of the Iris and the Lily, gallant show.
 In that garden flowers are there, they are not scanty,
 Of all their number, what tongue is there can take account?
 Be they Roses, or Violets, or Tulips :
 By their sight is my heart now soothed to rest.
 May I devote myself to the Creator of these works,
 Since from his mighty hands such beauties have been produced.
 All its trees rise as though in rivalry with the Heavens,
 Overtowering all is the lofty Deodar.
 Of countless natures are the tunings of the birds,
 When from the Deodars their concert loud is heard ;
 From the tuneful pipings of these minstrels,
 Not from the breeze, come the rustlings of the trees.
 In it of snowy plaster a mansion fine is placed,
 Through every room in which the splashing waters run.
 Three hundred are the paths that run amidst it,
 Each one whiter than the whitest linen robe.
 The mildness of its breezes is beyond all description,
 Were one ill for eighty years there, would one soon be well ;
 Were the old men to remain there, soon would they be youths,
 Such is my belief in the power of its breeze.
 A building such as this would find its place in Paradise,
 Were its guardians but aware of these delights.
 All its praises are far beyond all count ;
 Were I to relate them, it would take up a book.
 By Asaf Khan were its foundations laid,
 Now by Khurram's orders is the work proceeding.
 It was the thousand and fifty-ninth year of the Hejra,
 The twelfth day of the New Year, I wrote these verses.
 Since from Khush-hal has come such lengthy speech,
 Good sense forbids that extended it should be !

What though fed have I been on the salt of the Mogul's !
 My heart is bursting with Aurung's scorn and evil treatment.
 Unjustly into prison did he cast me for many years ;
 God knows what was my fault, of it no knowledge mine.

Black is the Mogul's heart towards all us Pathans,
Well am I acquainted with each one of their designs.
The true coin and the base to me are clearly known,
In their actions of their purport a touchstone true am I.
Was I an Eagle or a Falcon in the sight of Shahjehan,
That to Aurung as a Crow or Sparrow-hawk I should be?
The life that before it sees but its own dishonour,
He who leads it, at such a life astounded am I.
Fire take their titles and their service then I say,
Since in the Mogul's eyes and understanding I am despised ;
Maddened now am I that my name and honour are in question,
Though no care is mine for the gain or loss of countless wealth.
Who with the greed of food rushes on the hook,
Think not that I am such a foolish fish.
No remedy is there for any one against Fate's decrees,
And yet I am more cautious than an old wolf.
To those who can discern I am as true as the ruddy golden mohar,
By the test of the undiscerning I am valued as a straw.
The world as yet knows nothing of my merits,
But I speak truth, as the apple of the eye am I ;
Far greater my worth than the flowers of the Champu,
To the ignorant as the Sunflower devoid of scent I seem ;
Like the falcon is my eye on noble quarry ;
No Sparrow I that feeds on worms and grubs ;
A Tiger I whose feast is on his victims ;
No bullock I that grazes on the plains.
My beard is growing white, dear to me are faith and honour ;
Were I to deal otherwise, a pitiable creature I should be.
If people turn their back on me, no care is mine ;
For many have been blistered with my true speeches.
All that happens is by Fate, no profit in belief or knowledge,
Thus it is like a kite I am driven by the wind.
Every Pathan that takes the Mogul's service,
More experience mine than ever can be his.
When in the Mogul's service, my title was that of Lord :
Now that no title is mine, as an Angel free am I ;
No care is mine for his decrees or his permission :

Praise be to God that my will is now my own !
 No care is mine for his Court nor yet for Council ;
 No longer is my watch at his upstart nobles' gates,
 No witnessing, no signing, no reporting mine,
 No care is mine for bonds or yet decrees.
 Every fool that made me bow my head,
 His head have I well bowed with blow of sword and mace.
 If to the evil I am niggardly, what can they do me ?
 Like a bright star fortunate is my destiny ;
 Every day is to me a holiday of independence,
 What though others weep ? I am mad with joy.
 Enough for a Pathan his rug and blanket ;
 No care is mine for couches or for cushions.
 Freedom is mine, though plain and coarse my clothes ;
 Relieved now am I of velvet and of brocade ;
 A grass-built hut is now so dear to me,
 I had rather be seated there than in Palaces of stone.
 What though my food is only soup and curds ?
 With the wealth of the Moguls my chests are full.
 The opposition which I have resolved it is for faith and honour :
 Were I to waver in my design as a girl, I should be doomed.
 By none have I been wounded, by guns or yet by arrows,
 I that have been struck, by my own rifle has it been.
 Cut to pieces are the Buttikheyls, who were as the pinions of my wings.
 Now with the clipped wings of the Baraks is my flight ;
 The feathers of my flight have I shed like the Falcon,
 Yet think not I am as a bat with no feather in my wings.
 My true brothers indeed are the Turis, such is our relation,
 From the Bolaks am I removed hardly a finger's breadth :
 With lying deceitful words whose object is dissension,
 They are betraying me, for they think me as a boy,
 I spit upon the beards of every one amongst the Baraks,
 And on my own too if of such am I.
 This day has my tribe dealt very hardly with me,
 But yet no yielding mine, whatever God's will may be ;
 On me have the Khataks turned their backs, for this may their faces be blackened !
 For I alone am their champion, in the support of God is my trust ;

Yet were there any ties of brotherhood or kindness betwixt us,
 Great should be my hopes from the parentage of every one.
 The Mohmunds should be the feet and hands to assist me as I am crippled ;
 Well pleased am I with support from the Afridis.
 Many streams when joined together will make a river ;
 Now to all appearance I am helpless as a bubble.
 There are the Karlanrai and Sarbunni, many Pathans are there,
 I, in the cause of honour, am associate with them all.
 That so much favour has been accorded me by the Heavens,
 Grateful indeed am I that such its decrees should have been ;
 For now my age is passed beyond three-score years and more,
 Yet in pursuit of a foray as an Usbeg staunch am I.
 It is for the Afghan honour that my sword I have bound beside me,
 I Khush-hal Khatak am the only proud Afghan of the day !

Come and listen to my story,
 Good and bad is told in it ;
 Warning it contains and counsel,
 Let the wise take note of this.
 I am Khush-hal, son of Shahbaz ;
 Of a warrior race I am sprung.
 Shahbaz Khan was Yahya Khan's son,
 Few so active and so bold.
 Akoray's son was Yahya Khan,
 Master of the sword was he ;
 Skilful was he with the sword,
 With the bow excelled he more.
 Once his eye had marked his foe,
 Soon his place was in the grave.
 Ready ever for fight or banquet,
 Kind was he and generous.
 Under the constellation was he born
 Which gives birth to noble men.
 Not yet entered in the world
 The priests had long foretold his birth.
 In the Emperor Akbar's reign

He became chief of his clan.
 Those who sat with him at table
 All like lions were fierce and bold.
 Stained with blood the grave received them,
 All his officers and chiefs.
 Numerous was his family with him,
 All brave hardy warriors they ;
 Of one mind in all their actions,
 Jealous each of fame and name.
 The thousand and twenty-second year of the Hejra
 It was that to this world I came.
 Fifty years had he completed
 When was martyred Shahbaz Khan.
 The Emperor of his time was he,
 That discerning Shah Jehan.
 To me he gave my father's place,
 Of my tribe was I the chief.
 Were it war or gifts they wanted,
 Lacking they found nought in me.
 Thirty thousand Khataks mine,
 Each one to my word intent.

All my wealth I spent on armies,
 Or the feeding of my guests.
 Had I a hundred in my house,
 A thousand went on feasts and sport.
 Every Khatak in my Chiefship
 Famous was throughout the world.
 Did I find one low in trouble,
 Raised I him aloft in joy.
 Every sort of entertainment
 To my fill I revelled in ;
 Were it horsemanship or hawking,
 Or the garden's peaceful joys.
 Gold I counted in my eyes
 As the dust of the desert.
 He whose thought is on his honour,

Soon that gallant becomes poor.
 Yet from the Emperor Aurungzeeb
 Full vengeance took I for his bonds.
 The sword's impress I printed clear
 Alike on Hind and Mussulman.
 Why should I, though, boast myself ?
 Others let them tell the tale.
 The Emperor's bitter foe am I,
 Whether my path through hill or plain.
 The Pathan's honour, dear to me,
 Though they have joined the Moguls ;
 Like the dogs they stray about
 Seeking for the Mogul's scraps.
 Now of seventy years I am
 In the month of Ramzan.

As before, in my heart of them no sign was seen,
 Now from forth it what deeds does the world behold ?
 Through Lachee and Choutra did I wander,
 But now is my way to Maidar, the Afridi's home.
 As the Falcon circling round surveys the mountain on both sides,
 Again is now my glance upon the mountains of Swat.
 When I gave up the titles of the Moguls, thus pleased was I
 As would be a captive from the bonds of long confinement.
 Such rare determination as is mine,
 No other Afghan will be born the same.
 Could I but find one other patriot at my hand,
 Far from my heart with him would fly all my griefs.
 To the Mogul then would I such deeds make known,
 That pleased would be the soul even of Farid Khan.
 In God's strength will I conquer, He will help me,
 What though in the battle Satan himself were my foe ?
 Whatever the work to which a brave man binds his heart,
 Though as a piercing thorn, as a flower it will result.
 Even if he were an angel, trouble would be his lot,
 Whoever's fate has made him companion of the base.

He whose intelligence is weak, it is well for him
 That to another's guidance he should bend his way.
 No longer now to-day's design will I defer until to-morrow,
 For what guarantee to man is there of to-morrow's life?
 He who sleeping laughs, waking finds good cause for weeping;
 In the friendship of the foolish the advantage is but loss.
 One spark alone is required to fire a village,
 It takes but one word to drive all trust away.
 Come, Cupbearer, pass the tankard, it is my turn to-day,
 See who knows to-morrow, whose turn it then will be.
 Aurungzeeb the Emperor has come raging to Lahore,
 See until to-morrow what the lot of all will be.
 As the meadows need the rain and the breezes' favouring influence,
 It is to those that show them kindness that the people will be true.
 Go, speak not of the changes of the month or of the seasons,
 Every day to us does Providence stranger changes show.
 Many are they to-day who boast to you of their friendship,
 But your life they seek to-morrow, for your foes they are become.
 In the world there are but two choices which honour offers,
 Either to lose one's life or to succeed in one's design.

I am looking for the struggle of the Falcon with the Raven,
 Streams there are of blood that 'twixt them will flowing be.

May none be so acquainted with the tyranny of fate,
 Many are the griefs that I bear now in my heart.
 They that formerly lay prostrate at my feet
 Now on my head do they plant their footsteps.
 They who had ever expectation from my kindness
 Rain now upon me their bounties and obligations.
 They who have recovered of the wounds of which I healed them,
 Laughing are they now that I am in need of cure.
 To what purport shall I ply them? Who cares for their merit?
 Burn them in the fire, those black pens of mine.
 And yet it is not I alone that regard my country's honour,
 For many are the Pathans on the mountains and the plains.
 Let them then all give up the Mogal's treasures,

Or I, too, in my turn, will offer my hand to his bribes.
 He that eats the Mogul's pottage, a dog indeed is he ;
 How can I make mention of the names of such as these ?
 Are they Khataks ? Are they Bangash ? Are they Wurrakzais ?
 May their houses ne'er be free from their mournings for the dead.
 Would that I had vengeance taken for my rage and my distress,
 Or that I had abandoned all hope for my own honour.
 With my enemies what fault have I to find,
 When from beneath my feet my own people draw the props ?
 May an unnatural son never grow old in any one's house,
 Who would vie against his father in his schemes.
 The Poet has no eyes to his own faulty verses.
 It is thus that with mistakes his writings must abound.
 Surprised indeed am I at how it leads me on,
 This strange art of mine they call devilry and magic.
 When the time comes for the grave I will lay me down with weeping,
 Such have been the griefs of this heart of thine, Khush-hal.

Gone have thy companions, they have marched to their last halt ;
 Still how sound asleep thou stayest, Q ! that careless heart of mine.
 From non-existence into being, and from life again to death,
 Hasten on the Kaffilas, band succeeding band.
 The road through bogs and quicksand, on a sorry steed thou'rt mounted,
 See than thee those better mounted have failed to make their way.
 Plunged in this world's torrent, no hope thine of finding footing,
 Many those that sought to stem it, but they never found the shore.
 From the fury of its waters to the bank thou ne'er wilt reach,
 None are there who know its margin but the dwellers on that side.
 All the profits of this world are vain and empty burdens,
 Whose is greatest do thou not consider him a gainer.
 To its decrees bring resignation, whatever thy lot may be,
 Nothing can be averted by prayers or incantations.
 Look at thine own hands and feet and consider well,
 All these are proofs of the knowledge of God.

Say thou ever, "Well do I recognize God's Unity."
 If in God thou place thy trust, have no regard for follies.
 Besides God, come tell me, who is there that has created
 Human beings from black dust, with such form and qualities?
 Be not like the beasts who live but for food and sleeping ;
 In the world of action be not less than thy inferiors.
 In the matter of thy interests how alert and watchful art thou !
 Yet in that of thy religion how drowsy and careless !
 Be not proud of thine own beauty, though handsome as a flower,
 Time will in a few days wear away thy face.
 Let no one hope for good of those of evil nature,
 No one will taste the sweets of honey from the bitter of the Nightshade.
 The words of the man who takes no action on them
 Are like a horse that is parted from its rider.
 The man who acts not on his words is as it were an ass
 Laden with precious books, all his labour is in vain.
 He whose words and actions correspond together,
 Then every word of his has effect whenever he speaks.
 In the good sense of what thou sayest no lack is there, Khush-hal,
 Were thy actions but as sensible, why shouldst thou have been thus troubled ?

What is man, and what his fortune ?
 Everything is ruled by Fate.
 Were all the world a sharpened sword,
 All men on thy death intent,
 Without fate thou wilt not die
 By the sword nor yet by bullet.
 Without fate there comes not death !
 Wield the sword then, have no fear ;
 As the youthful warrior's actions,
 Such are not wrought by the old.
 The soldier martyred for the faith

Has no fear for Hell hereafter.
 The Rose is ever the Bee's prey,
 Whether in Cabul or Cashmere.
 A hero he whose deeds are chanted,
 Whether in songs or funeral dirge.
 The sword's lot is thine, Khush-hal,
 By descent thou art used to it.
 For seven generations before thee
 Died thy sires by sword and bullet.
 Thus I do not wish to praise myself,
 True my speech, as all well know.

Art thou wearied in thy search
 That from this life's hopes thou'rt parted?
 Countless blessings round thee spread,
 Ask but and thou shalt receive.
 As thou seekest, thus thou findest!
 Nay yet more shall be thy share.
 Who would ere taste honey's sweetness
 If the bee's sharp sting he feared?
 Still more early seek the Healer

For thy cure from this world's wounds.
 In no Faith is now my trust,
 Though each Faith and Creed I know.
 Wounded by each shaft I saw
 By myself the bow was drawn.
 No fear have I of harm from others,
 So no harm comes from myself.
 Where's the good in promised blessing?
 Has ten now with thee my meeting!

In wealth and joy are many friends,
 In grief and trouble where are they?
 Spring nor autumn last for ever.
 Mark well Destiny's previous course!
 Heard my prayers and freed my troubles,
 Heaven fresh ones brings on me.
 Trust thou not in this world's friendship,
 Time will change the choicest friends into enemies.
 Those whom I scarce looked at, so high my rank,
 Now from them insulting speeches I hear.
 He who has been fed on sugar and honey,
 To his taste the Ber will never equal the Date in sweetness.
 Never will he attain to the dignity of the royal turban,
 However much a man place ruby-studded slippers on his feet.
 While I live, O! teach me to forget it,
 In the grave I will think over thy treatment.

Many are they that I remember,
 Who have come and passed like wind;
 Still others come and pass on,
 There are none that stay behind:
 Wonderful indeed is this workshop
 Which the great Artist has produced.
 Look thou well upon that bubble,
 What its lasting and its stay.

Thus art thou, didst thou but know it,
 In the dust thy pattern see.
 Naught dost thou know of thyself;
 Ah! how sad the thought to me!
 What art thou concerned about?
 Be thou just as glad thereafter.
 What troubles hast thou seen, Khush-hal?
 Sure thy heart is made of steel.

If but once thou receive kindness from any one,
For that once put twenty injuries of his behind thy back.
A traitor yet deserves no pardon,
Though forgiveness is becoming towards the true.
The fault of a brother is no fault at all,
Mercy is befitting to the mistakes of one's friends.
If from thy friend thou receivest bitter words,
Do thou give him smiling a sweet and pleasant answer.
Make no acquaintance or friendship with a mean man,
From such wilt thou never obtain real friendship.
From the disturber of thy country do thou never stay thy hand,
However much the priests may entreat in his favour.
A true man will keep his faith as long as he is alive,
The word of the unmanly to-day is, to-morrow is not.
They are counted as beasts, no men are they,
The herdsmen and shepherds, who lead flocks and herds.
He who tells thee thy faults, a true friend is he,
And talks not to others of the faults that are thine.
What though men and fiends would slay thee? Thou wilt not die
Until the day of thy fate has arrived.
There is not one that is dependent on my will,
With words of friendship in their mouths all do their own wish.
They who desired my death have all died themselves;
I, behold! am yet alive and remain in this world.
The warrior thinks not of his own deeds of valour,
Yet the blind man is convinced of his own beauty.
Discernment, respect, and modesty become a man—
It is these three qualities that distinguish him from a beast.
He who is born of noble nature from his father and his mother,
In him will no real baseness be seen.
If one bring up a kid on the milk of a dog,
Like a dog in the end will his bleat become a bark.
Tell thou every one this saying of mine,
However sweet the grass, sweet soup it will not make.
However much one may counsel and advise him, it is no use,
Who is born so from his parents, ill-advised will he remain.

The wise man conceals many faults by his wisdom,
 The fool by his folly shows his few to the world.
 He that lays not his own burden on others, but bears theirs,
 Such is the man that is deserving of praise.
 He in whose heart the torch of wisdom is lighted,
 To him day and night are both alike bright.

Repentant am I of my sins, O God !
 Ashamed of all I have committed.
 Disgrace me not now that my beard is white,
 Though when my hair was black sinful was my nature.
 Give me now the power and grace for prayer,
 No hope have I but in thy mercy and compassion ;
 From thee ever proceedeth favour and pity,
 Tortured am I now at the thought of my offences.
 The world is not acquainted with the nature of my actions,
 It is I alone that know what my deeds have been.
 No Jew or Infidel is there whose behaviour is so vile
 As I know myself to have been in word and deed.
 The Hindoo even rises at midnight for adoration,
 Yet feebler am I than he in the practice of devotion.
 With a thousand other thoughts in my heart I bend my knee in prayer :
 All through my life it is thus my devotions have been said.
 Naught have I gained by worship, nor yet by pious actions ;
 In those I could not avoid how listless have I been.
 I have never cared for right or wrong so that it pleased me.
 When have I had concern for the lawfulness of my food ?
 Many are they whom I have consigned to the grave,
 Even now am I eager to slay yet more.
 My passions make right wrong and wrong right to me,
 I remain ever helpless against their promptings.
 My nature is as that of the seventy-two heresies from the Faith,
 Though in my professions I am of the band of the True Believers.
 In the torrents of my lusts I plunge myself,
 In the fortress of desire have I myself secured.
 If in observance of rites consist true Muhammadanism,
 Happy for me, for then perchance I am a good Mussulman.

Satan and my passions are in ambush at every breath,
 Till my last breath shall I ever remain in terror of them.
 My virtues scarce as gold, my vices are like pebbles ;
 Black dust upon my head, what though some gold is mine ?
 The faith of his own chosen has God bestowed upon me.
 However much in practice of my deeds I am ashamed.
 Whatever messengers or books have come from Heaven,
 With all the prophets I agree to them.
 He who produced both worlds is without associate,
 Firm is my faith in that article of belief.
 Convinced am I there will be a Day of Judgment,
 I know well that from Thee comes good and bad.
 After death comes life for human creatures ;
 On all these points from heresy I am free.
 My prophet is Mahomed, son of Abdullah,
 Devoted am I to his Companions and four friends.
 The Imams of the desert all were in their rights
 Until the Mahdi comes, of all I am the servant.
 They who are the enemies of his Companions and offspring,
 Root and branch am I prepared to destroy them with the sword.
 The masters of the religion are four, they are not five.
 A Hanafi of the Suni faith I am in my belief,
 I cannot bear Thy punishments, pardon me !
 To Thy threshold have I come, and there I wait.
 What though I am full of sin and swollen with pride ?
 Of Him whose attribute is mercy am I, Khush-hal the slave.

O God, do Thou not rend the curtain from my soul,
 Display not Thou my faults before the eyes of all the world.
 On the path that is that of virtue and good name,
 On that path do Thou lead me straight.
 Whatever actions are for the good of the world and of the Faith,
 On such actions do Thou ever keep my mind intent.
 In this world may my heart ever contented remain,
 May all trouble abide far from it.
 My passions and the Devil are ever at my side,

Show Thou to me clearly these two traitors.
 However great the faults my hands commit,
 When I repent, do Thou remove it from me.
 Grant unto me such sincerity of repentance
 That never may I go back again from it.
 May mortal sin be forbidden me as the flesh of swine,
 And venial as that of mouse or rat.
 My evil dispositions do thou take from out my heart,
 For such it is that drain my heart of blood.
 Grant me Thy power and Thy guidance for devotion,
 I am Thy slave, of earth am I and helpless.
 In my account with Thee no claim is mine for freedom,
 Yet do Thou resign me for one moment to Thine own mercy.
 When parts my soul from forth my body,
 Do Thou bear me away to the sight of Paradise.
 Such that both the heavenly writers may be satisfied with me.
 To such a grave do Thou consign me.
 Keep Thou ever ruddy my face with the spirit of independence,
 Let not my cheek be ever pale in expectation from any one.
 The walls of my faith surround me on all sides,
 Guard Thou in safety its fortresses and towers.
 Keep me in Thy favour ever while in this world.
 Give me no family or descendants void of honour.
 Time for Thee is ending, be no more careless, O Khush-hal,
 Few are the days and nights that now remain to thy account.

Of Thee I seek for aid, O single and undivided God!
 Be but Thou my helper, then will all my work succeed.
 Thy helpless slave am I, yet Thy mercies I will praise,
 Ever will I repeat Thy praises while remains with me the power.
 Thy praises are without number, more numerous than the sand of the desert,
 Who is there that can count the sand or reckon its number?
 Neither Age is Thine nor Youth, as Thou wast so Thou remainest,
 As Thou wast, Thou wilt abide through all Eternity.
 The earth, the seven heavens, the two worlds, human creatures,
 All hast Thou alone created without any help from others;

All the worlds hast Thou created by Thy simple order ;
 The Creator of all these worlds art Thou, yet has none created Thee.
 Whether white or black all is witness to Thy unity,
 For Thou encompasseth all, whether white or black.
 All thy works are lovely, in beauty and goodness are they fashioned,
 Whilst such as are wrought by us are sometimes good and sometimes bad.
 Our misfortunes are our own fault, for hard is to us right conduct,
 Yet art Thou not such as closest Thy door to mercy.
 Thou askest of my conduct, does it agree with my speech?
 Ah no! but Billal's stammering confession of faith was more acceptable than that of others.
 Untutored is my speech, unfit medium for Thy praises,
 By Thy grace will it become fitter, O Eternal Single God.

When from Libra moves the Sun,
 Winter then displays his banner ;
 See his flag the Star Canopus
 Which now stands forth in the skies.
 Weakened by the summer's heat,
 Fresh and strong becomes the world ;
 Keen desire for food returns,
 Sweet the taste that water gives.
 Side by side with arms entwining,
 Lip by lip, the lovers sit.
 Welcome now is heavy clothing,
 The prancing steed the saddle takes ;
 Yet the youth feels not his armour,
 Nor the steed his trapping's weight.
 He whose heart is for the chase,
 Glad is he this time has come.
 From the north the wild-fowl trooping,
 To the south their way are making.
 From Swat now returns the Falcon,
 Like travelled Jogis coming home.
 By the radiant moonlight marching,
 Scream the Herons in the skies.

Geese and ducks are all around us,
 Countless are the water-birds.
 Leaves his hills now the rock-partridge,
 On the peasant's grain to feed.
 Is it falcon, hawk, or kestrel?
 On each the sportsman lays his hand.
 Some are forth in search of hunting,
 Others seek the garden's show.
 The Cent-foil opens wide its blossoms,
 Brighter than Safron's tints are they.
 Many are the colours of the Abasi,
 White and yellow the Arghawan.
 The flowers of the Champa spread their scent
 To the top of every bush.
 Bright as is their show of verdure,
 Still greater that of the sweet Basil.
 With its young and tender branches,
 Mottled show each tree presents.
 The Bulbul now and Parrot too,
 Call with joy from every side.
 Than this season's joys wilt thou
 Greater hardly find in Heaven ;

To me in truth I say this season
Takes the prize from that of spring-tide.
Before me now for months lies freedom,
Beyond spring nothing but restraint.

Welcome art thou to Khush-hal,
O Yaman's star, I live by thee.
When thou showest forth thyself,
Then my happiness is full.

Two things are there that I love most in this world and in myself;
In myself my two eyes, and in this world all fair creatures.
From the perfume of their tresses I am as one distracted;
Ever will he that has been snake-bitten be thus beside himself.
Looking at the beauty of fair women I have found my God,
Short is the distance between metaphor and fact.
When I gaze at a lovely face my eyes are never sated,
Every hair upon my head becomes as though an eye with looking.
Those of evil nature know nothing of love's troubles;
What knows the fly of the torments of the moth?
Hope not to escape from the slaughter of her sword,
Hers is no more compassion even for those that she has slain.
The punishments of God are, each one, charges brought against us,
Many are the sufferings this world has brought on me from love.
A lovely face is as a rose, my heart forthwith becomes a bulbul,
The bulbul in distraction hurries wherever the rose may be.
Give me tears of blood, O! my heart, when I would weep,
Such have been my sorrows that no other tears are mine.

If thou consider poetry in its nature is no harm,
The only fault in it is that some make foolish verses.
He who makes verses without rhythm and without measure,
No poet is he, his are howlings of the dogs.
Persian poetry have I learnt, I have the taste for all;
Pushtoo poetry I prefer, each one thinks his own the best.
In measure, in meaning, in nicety, in metaphor,
Have I the Pushtoo language made to rival with the Persian.
The Pushtoo tongue is difficult, its measures hard to find;
Few are they that have come to me, though great has been my labour.
There is no one that has taught me the art of Pushtoo poetry,
The Mirza who wrote verses, it is long since he was dead;

The book of Akhund Darweza I have read from end to end.
 In this there is no measure, nor are verses to be found ;
 The wise know well their value, what should the fool know of them ?
 Pearls of speech are they which I, Khush-hal, have strung together ;
 Liars are all who say that such as I have written in Pushtoo,
 There are any other such verses, or ever have been before.
 I am not always pleased at my own verses, yet what can I do ?
 My heart drives me against my will, at times I am impelled to it.
 For twenty years past the cauldron of my poetry has been seething,
 Not till now is it fit for use, that my life has past sixty years.
 If my rival on my verses place his finger in criticism,
 Whatever faults he finds I forgive him for them all.
 In poetry any purport if there be, it is this,
 That under cover of it, the poet may tell of noble actions,
 Plain may be the overcoat that hides the brightest dresses,
 Like gold-washers have I brought gold from simple earth.
 Two stanzas and two measures have these verses if you see,
 In the month of Safar, one thousand and eighty-one it was I wrote them.

Are there two hearts that are united, they will part in two a mountain,
 To the union of two natures how many joys succumb ?
 Black must be her tresses, dimples she must have and jewels ;
 The face that is a fair one all men love to gaze upon it.
 They who sincerely in this world love one another,
 Trouble and good fortune to them are all alike.
 People curse the Devil as the source of every evil,
 Yet it is their own passions that rule all in their actions.
 A hundred troubles round, the result of our own passions,
 Two hundred our cupidity prepares before our face.
 He who portions sugar, many those that flock around him,
 Each one as he takes his share puts the other to one side.
 Blest indeed is concord, where hearts and wills are joined together ;
 Where there are disputes two-fold troubles will be theirs.
 Let each mortal's prayer be, " May I need nought from another !"
 Yet is there no Monarch that has not his times of need.

Give a man a rose and a simple flower will please him,
 What cares the bullock or ass if his load be made of flowers?
 Khush-hal's follies have become thus conspicuous in the world
 As the call of the Muazzin from the lofty steeple's summit.

Surely those are not thy cheeks which thy raven tresses cover!
 Rather these are fresh shoots of the hyacinth lying amongst roses;
 Long has been my search for thee, at last fortune has favoured me,
 Such a mistress have I found that all men's tongues are in her praise.
 Was it Kais or Wamak? Was it Farhad or Khusru?
 All who knew love's troubles, a thousand blessings on each.
 Mortals are but fleeting, there are none but those remaining
 Whose names amidst this passing world are told in future stories.
 Tales of others! What are they? To thyself they warning give.
 Look thou at the candle, how it weeps at its own laughter!
 See then, wheresoe'er I be, in whatever part I wander,
 Cut from thy dark tresses lie these locks upon my heart.

He who in his old age longeth after youth,
 Say to him, "What dost thou that thou mockest at thy shame?"
 He whose years are many and joins youth and age together,
 Better than his case is that of the wild rue.
 Now so gorged at table that his power is gone of eating,
 Yet insatiable he turns his eyes on the food that is before him.
 In their designs, in their behaviour, in their deeds,
 Suspicious are all men of one another.
 Now my beard is white, why should I fear death?
 Gone have all my friends, though their hair was black, before me.
 They whose orders the whole earth lay under,
 Come and look at them now beneath the earth!
 Man is but shifting sand if thou look well at him,
 Thus it ever changes, rolling round and round.
 Fate's furnace many times have I with my own eyes witnessed,
 I, Khush-hal, know well that it burns both green and dry.

I was going on my way, when a lovely being met me,
 Coquettish were her glances, and her smiles were bright as day.
 Sure her form was of a woman, but her nature of a fairy,
 Like silver was her body, but her heart was hard as stone.
 To the town we entered, hand in hand with one another,
 Then from me she parted, now I seek her to Bokhara.
 Many are the tokens of the beauty of her person,
 How can I tell you by what signs she may be known.
 Tall and bright-complexioned, in her stature like the Cypress,
 Brighter than the roses is the colour on her cheeks ;
 Her teeth are pearls and diamonds, her lips sugar, arched her eyebrows ;
 Her dark eyes are as javelins striking death from both her eyes ;
 Her nose is like a rosebud, as the jasmine white her chin,
 Like musk are the moles on the sweet face of my fair one.
 Of jewels she wore a necklace and a double string of pearls,
 Raven were her locks, and her hair's perfume like Ambergris ;
 Rose-coloured, gold-embroidered, is the raiment that she wears,
 Like a light her beauty shineth ; has no one seen her ? Tell me, pray.
 Favour me, O my good fortune, as thou didst when she came with me,
 Show me now the footsteps of my loved one that is lost.

I said, " If I come to thee, wilt thou greet me with a kiss ? "
 Said she, " Hast thou a thousand heads that thou askest this of me ? "
 I said, " Thy raven tresses are like so many black cobras. "
 Said she, " Why trust thyself within the cobra's reach ? "
 I said, " In what fashion then shall I approach thee ? "
 Said she, " Without sword can head parted be from body ? "
 I said, " I ever wander in distraction in thy search ! "
 Said she, " Wise art thou, why then thus disgrace thyself ? "
 I said, " But for a moment let us two be happy together. "
 Said she, " Where are those others in whose company thou wast pleased ? "
 I said, " Proud as thou art, know that there is God that sees thee. "
 Said she, " If I am proud, what to thee ? Why talk so loudly ? "
 I said, " I am the lover of that lovely face of thine. "
 Said she, " For God's sake why thus thrust thy love on me ? "

I said, "If I die at thy door it is thy doing."
 Said she, "Would that thou diedst so my dogs would cease from barking."
 I said, "It is nought thou knowest of the love that I bear to thee."
 Said she, "What care for love the men of the Khatak tribe?"

Like thee is there no other fair one in this world,
 Thy gait is of the partridge, thy eyes are like the peacock's.
 Now is the time of early spring, all the meadows are in bloom,
 It is the Creator's unseen power that has all these flowers produced.
 Thou art like a falcon, go not forth to prey my heart on,
 As drinks the hawk its victim's heart-blood, thus dost thou, or as the Leopard.
 Other men are free from trouble, I am ever plunged in grief,
 No love is that, but torment, yet I feed on it by stealth.
 Wine there is, the harp and pipe, bring hither, too, the tankard.
 Spring lasts not much longer when is passed the sign of Taurus.
 Here I sit beside the stream and watch the running waters,
 Like life's tide they flow so quickly, these are now my thoughts.
 If thy mistress keep her own faith, what matters that to thee?
 It is the test of true affection, take thou her faith for thine.
 The love of Majnun increased far more for Leila
 In proportion as the people hated him on her account.
 The hope of Khush-hal Khan is as from the gardener in his garden,
 Who gives to each one quickly the flower which he has chosen.

Come listen, thou hast heard it, famous is that saying,
 That which has gone from the eyes has gone from forth the heart.
 I die when thou art from me, my life thou art, didst thou but know it.
 Go thou not then from me, stay thou ever by my side,
 Lost is my good fortune when thou lookest upon others,
 Found again is it when on me thy glances light.
 Thy beauties without rival, greater each than those of Leila,
 Me have they made like Majnun by their sight, O thou enchantress!
 Many are the fair ones with eyes like deer and forms like fairies,
 Yet is there none like thee, so coy and yet so sprightly;
 Thy lips they are like rubies, thy teeth pearls, on hearts thou feedest,
 That little mouth of thine is as a casket of fine jewels.

“ L ” and “ p ” then lisper, that my lips may print it on thee,
 Happy times we spend together, let us thankfully enjoy them.
 Many monarchs are there who are slaves of their beloved ones,
 Thou it is, O God ! that this power hast granted to the fair.
 Ever with how much thought dost thou ridicule Khush-hal,
 Now thou makest peace, then war, now kind thou art, then angry !

Both her lips has she now parted,	I am waiting for our meeting.
Pearls she pours upon her lover.	Whether faithful they or false,
When I look upon thy face,	Breathe not once upon my rivals ;
No wish is mine for flowers or garden ;	Take one glance but in thy mirror
The Rose from shame forgets to blossom	If the choicest flower thou'dst see.
When it looks upon thy cheeks.	To whom complainest thou, Khush-hal ?
May good fortune now betide me,	Who is there that hears thy plaints ?

Since my sight fell on those dark eyes of thine,
 Never can I forget those lovely eyes of thine.
 Of the hawk's are they ? The peacock's or the falcon's ?
 Or of the soft-eyed antelope ? the glances of thine eyes ?
 As the lambs crouch hidden in the pasture,
 From the shade of those loose tresses look those gentle eyes of thine.
 As the armed trooper stands, his lance in hand beside him,
 Thus are standing the long lashes round those warring eyes of thine.
 As one who has drunk wine, thus intoxicated my being
 When I gaze upon those languishing eyes of thine.
 Whether they be Priests, or Devotees, or even Recluses,
 On each one's heart they feed, those cruel eyes of thine.
 Whatever thou wouldst gaze on, look thou well upon it,
 O Khush-hal ! while there is power of seeing in thine eyes.

I am a drinker of wine, why does the Priest quarrel with me ?
 Our natures are made by Fate, would that I could make his like mine !
 Well dost thou say, my adviser, blessings upon thy speech ;
 Well dost thou mean, but by words hast thou ever yet turned the torrent ?

Those have gone to Heaven who had neither knowledge nor sense,
 Others have gone to Hell whose excellence was their boast.
 Of what profit to Abujahal the words of the Prophet Mahommed?
 Who will polish the mirror that God has covered with rust?
 The Monk who sits in his cell, tell me what thereby is his gain?
 Why dost thou thus straiten this spacious world for thyself?
 I would have love's troubles whatever may be my religion.
 They are but thine own words that thou tellest thus to me.
 Hither come quickly, minstrel, and raise the New Year's song,
 Sweet heart-soothing strains bring from the lute, the pipe, and the harp.

On every side are flowers, the Anemone, Narcissus, and Hyacinth.
 Foolish in his design who would go elsewhere than to the garden.
 Some there are who with ample provision set out in search of Thee.
 Others are they who seek Thee with but a cloth girt round their loins.
 In Judgment mayest Thou, O God, test severely each man's practice.
 For now Thou art kind to my foes, but to me Thou art hard as stone.
 All the armies of Delhi have come intent upon my death,
 Yet art Thou not yet resolved on Khush-hal's death : Thou hast compunction.

The minstrel now attunes his lute afresh,
 New tales he tells us with each chord he strikes.
 Let the Monk stay in his cloister, I will wander through the garden ;
 See the flowers of Spring are calling loud to me.
 The beggar's mind is full of thought to stay his hunger,
 On the Monarch weigh the troubles of his State.
 What will be her kindness when she once comes to love me,
 Now that in her coyness such gentleness is hers ?
 When with her I am Khush-hal, yet am I saddened
 As one who is grateful to yet injured by another.
 If this be no sign of my good fortune, what else is it?
 That to my rivals she shows such dislike.
 If delight in gazing on the fair ones be a fault,
 Then is Khush-hal a criminal throughout his life.

How deftly has she curled those two long tresses,
 Forthwith all men's affections are distraught.
 Her black locks are as a chain, her face the Kaaba,
 With both hands seize those locks if thou wouldst make the Haj ;
 If but once it be that chain fall in thy grasp,
 Ever will it bind thy heart in happy state.
 Boast thou of the blessings of true affection,
 When from thy heart thou hast expelled all strange desires.
 My fame and honour I have squandered in thy cause,
 In return what wilt thou grant me for my pains ?
 If I speak of sweetmeats, this is my intention,
 That though with hard words thou shouldst give me yet some kisses.
 Now has Khush-hal's heart completed its desire,
 Since thy glance's sword has pierced it through and through.

Praise be to God from me who from nothing brought me into being,
 Other of his creatures He made made me not, of Adam's stock am I sprung.
 In descent from father to son a follower of Mahomet am I,
 In the mission of the Four Friends I am a firm believer.
 Full rightly do I know that there are four divisions of the Faith,
 On the sect of the Hanafis firmly my hopes I bind.
 Great is the regard in my heart which he has implanted for the learned,
 And but little heed has He granted me for the religious teachers of the day.
 No Drunkard or Gambler or Debauchee am I,
 Nor yet Judge or Lawyer, whose only thought is for gain.
 The lot of the sword He gave me, by birth a Pathan am I ;
 Of no lineage I, lacking wealth or following,
 Gory was the shroud in which my father went to his grave, and all my ancestors ;
 Many there were that died with them, spread o'er the world was their blood.
 My father Shabbaz Khan, liberal as Hatim was he ;
 His heart like that of a Tiger, more skilled in the sword than Rustam.
 Steadfast was he in the Law, and upright in every deed ;
 No reader or writer was he, yet wiser than they that are learned.
 How shall I praise my grandsire, Paradise is now his abode.
 Sound like Joseph was he from head to foot.
 Were another mounted, he on foot was level with him ;

Such was his form and stature, and his valour was in proportion ;
 My other grandsire was Malik Ako, who in the land of the Khataks
 First gained for us the mighty place that is ours.
 Thirty years have passed that my father died a Martyr,
 Slain by the Eusofzaies, but with fire I harried their homes.
 Other Pathans there are many, but their chiefest warrior am I ;
 I seize, I grant, I bind, I loose, as my pleasure moves me.
 Many there are of the clans that with me have waged feuds,
 But not till their head before me they had bowed did they escape from mourning ;
 Alone amongst all it is the Yusufzaies that have put me under obligation,
 Still among the Akozaies dwells the true old Afghan spirit.
 When I in the year of Aghad fell into Aurangzeb's bonds,
 My family and household was left very helpless amongst them,
 For many years was I imprisoned in Hindustan,
 I reached my home uninjured and from the tyrant's oppression was I freed.
 All who sought my death in prison every one
 Have died or been ruined and impoverished, from ill have they not escaped ;
 Like Joseph freed from bondage, the ruler of all I became,
 Unalloyed gold did I prove, the fire did not lessen my value.
 Ashraf Khan is my son, who collected my scattered household,
 For when I was led prisoner, my family was dispersed,
 Four-and-twenty others are mine, but the greatest of all is he,
 May they all prosper, God preserve them from every evil !
 Already have I five grandsons, there is Afzal and Ashraf Khan,
 May God prosper them, great are my hopes from them.
 One real brother had I, he has passed on his way to heaven ;
 Two other brothers are mine, one gallant, another a coward.
 My home is in Malikpur, which people call Surai,
 To Lakhi on hill and on plain are scattered my house and my clan,
 Twenty thousand warriors are mine, all of one blood,
 All with one accord with their backs bent in my service.
 What of Shamsher Khan Turin whose following is only five thousand,
 No more is he to me than an unripened Turnip,
 How will he rival with me on the strength of only his title ?
 What is the power of the Lamb to rival the might of the Lion ?
 Bad luck to the Yusufzaies that a Tarin holds rule among them.
 Were the Teal now to harry the Hawk, what fault would be found with him ?

Most trusted friend was I of the Emperor Shah Jehan,
 Folly was it in Aurangzeb that he dealt so hardly with me.
 I can scarcely draw my breath, yet there is none that can lessen my pain ;
 For a wound I have in my heart that no Doctor or Ointment can heal.
 How many thousand warriors have been idle for how many years,
 Had my heart not been ill at ease my purpose had never thus failed me ;
 Should twenty years yet pass, still that object will not be accomplished,
 As things are now going on, see what will result from this trouble.
 That which Shumsher Khan in so many years brings about,
 I in as many months would have settled right firmly the matter.
 That treachery and deceit which Hayat Khan's art is,
 What is there manly in that ? the wiles of a woman are such,
 Where is there knowledge and discernment ? blind is the world indeed,
 Since thus it honours a woman with the title of Chief.
 This writing and letters which Hayat Khan calls the work of the Devil,
 Shall ever pour curses on him from tablet and from pen ;
 The honest truth speak I which is well known to all,
 If I am indeed no poet, what value in praise or in blame.

From whence has to us this Spring-tide returned,
 Which on all sides has spread us a garden.
 See the Anemone, sweet Basil, the Lily, the Hyacinth,
 The Jasmine, Narcissus, Wild Rose, and Pomegranate ;
 Many are Spring's flowers, of all kinds are they,
 But conspicuous amongst all is the Tulip.
 The maidens place bouquets of flowers in their bosoms,
 With bunches of flowers are the youths' turbans dressed.
 Come, Minstrel, draw the bow across the violin,
 Come, Cup-bearer, bring tankards brimming over,
 That with the joy of wine I may be filled.
 The Pathan youths again have dyed their hands,
 As dyes his claws the Hawk in the blood of his prey.
 Blushing are now their pale swords with red blood,
 In Summer how strangely the Tulip bed has blossomed,
 Acmal Khan and Darya Khan from death God preserve them,
 Never have they failed me at the time of need.

Khaibar's pass have they reddened with the blood of the foe,
 In Krappa is the roar of their cannon still heard,
 To Krappa to Bajore straight the mountains
 Have been seized with quakes and trembling time after time.
 Five years now are passed that in all these regions
 Of bright swords every day the flashing is seen ;
 The first fight was in the lofty ridge of Tahtar,
 When scattered were forty thousand Moghal foe,
 Their sisters and daughters became captives of the Pathan,
 Their horses, camels, elephants, and baggages.
 The second battle was with Mir Hussein in Doabah,
 Where crushed was his head as of a snake.
 Again after that was the fight of Naushahr,
 When drunk with the slaughter of the Moghals was I ;
 Then came the fights with Jeswant, Singh and Shujaa Khan,
 On whom Acmal brought destruction in Gandab.
 The sixth fight was with Mukarram Khan and Shamsher Khan,
 Whom in Khapash Acmal scattered to the winds.
 These are the fights worthy of men that I remember,
 Of the contests of boys on all sides is no account ;
 Every victory has been ours up to now,
 For the future we must trust to the Omnipotent.
 Now is a year that Aurangzeb is camped against us,
 Haggard in his features and wounded in his heart ;
 Year after year it is that fall his nobles,
 Of his armies destroyed what account is there ?
 The Treasures of Hindustan have been scattered before us,
 Swallowed by the mountains has been his ruddy gold.
 Still of the Emperor's folly there is no lessening,
 It must be that from his father is this infatuation ;
 Between him and us there is no result apparent,
 Save that either the Moghals be removed or else the Pathans ruined.
 The Pathan who holds any other idea, it is futile,
 Except from the sword no other relief is there ;
 The Pathans are more skilled in the sword than the Moghals,
 Would only a little more understanding were theirs,
 Would the tribes but be of one mind amongst themselves,

Emperors would prefer to bow down before them ;
 I alone amongst them am concerned for my nation's honour.
 At ease are the Yusufzaies cultivating their fields
 The Afridis, Mohmunds, Shinwaris, what are they about ?
 Spread is the Moghal army in Nangrahar,
 With calls for succour to them am I wearied,
 Deaf are they, no attention is paid to my cries,
 While all the other Pathans from Candahar to Attock,
 Are openly or secretly combined in honour's cause.
 Sweeter to me far is death than such a life,
 As is passed from day to day without honour.
 Ever in this world will he not be living,
 But yet of Khush-hal Khan will the memory abide.

Until his vengeance he has wrought upon his foe,
 Neither sleep, nor food, nor rest knows a true man.
 Who has no concern for his own honour,
 Little respect will be paid to such an one.
 If ability and honour and pride be in him,
 Consider even a slave better than his lord.
 Slowly his steps planting he mounts upwards ;
 With one bound no one mounts up to the roof.
 By careful search, if thou relax not, believe me,
 The water of life wilt thou find in thy pursuit.
 Every day is not quite like another,
 Sometimes time brings pain, sometimes its cure.
 Twixt manliness and meanness is no sympathy,
 Distinct from one another are they in thought and action,
 What is within another's reach is his own ;
 A man himself holds the reins of his own fancy.
 Who by birth from his ancestors wields the sword,
 Well befits him the trade of the unbending glaive.
 My grief at Gunbut came from forth my heart,
 When at Doda God granted me my desire of victory.
 Abad Khan is one to whose face victory hastens,
 In every place his father's name has he renewed ;
 May God grant he rival his father in life and name and deeds,

May his hands over the enemy ever be victorious ;
 Let his enemies beware of him if they be wise,
 For his sword is a Dragon blood-drinking ;
 Since God has given them such a valiant brother,
 Let all his brothers make their boast of him.
 The work of armies is no such easy task,
 That by every man it can be ordered well ;
 He who has but a few lucky hairs on his head,
 Ever will victory hasten to his face.
 Who truly spends all in gifts and feeding,
 Before him ever bow their heads mankind.
 The Tiger's share is the neck of the blue Bull,
 The Jackal, Fox, are feasted with the scraps.
 The deer of the plain by a single hound is captured,
 The yelping cur wanders through the village in search of food.
 The Fort of Doda he made all red with blood,
 In Doda was there slaughter of great and small.
 The Fort of Doda was no such easy task,
 That the thought of its conquest entered people's heads ;
 Right on the top of a mountain was it firmly planted,
 Stronger than those of Kohat were his fortifications.
 By God's order such a victory was his,
 That accomplished in two days was his object ;
 The work of seven forts was by God's order
 One after another completed in a week.
 From terror on the Heavens trembling fell,
 When of Bahram's sword the clashing was heard,
 From the smoke of the slain by the rifles
 An eighth heaven there appeared grey in hue ;
 The spears of the Khataks thus pierced the chain-armour,
 As runs the Tailor's needle through the tent cloth.
 The lance-armed horsemen of the Khataks
 Overthrew the Bangash riders root and branch ;
 Many youths were twined in wrestling in that fight,
 No lack was there of swords and arrows ;
 Sadar Khan till then a fight had never seen.
 In that fight his spear he dyed red with his foes,
 Of Gunbut all the grief went from my heart.

Were it of defeat, wounds or reproaches,
 Stinking was the earth with the stench of the slain,
 Who were cut to pieces in Doda by the sword.
 The lot of the Bangash is the Peaks of Pali;
 Now let them put their swords within their sheaths.
 He who leaves his own trade for that of others,
 Than him no greater fool will ever be.
 What though the stag is fierce in battle, he forgets to fight
 When from the Lion his head a blow receives.
 Had the Bangash had any honour, never would I have cut
 Out of their full garden a single almond.
 Of the dishonour of the Bangash this was the punishment,
 That on their flesh are feasting the wild beasts.
 Every man who quarrels with his master
 Will at length meet the punishment of his deeds.
 Such grief and lamentation came upon them,
 That bright day to the people of Kohat became as night.
 In the fight of Doda again was filled with wine
 That goblet which in Gunbut had emptied been;
 In that fight countless plunder became ours,
 Of lovely maidens, fine horses, and valuable treasures;
 With their black armour, bows, and sheaves of arrows,
 Every man of us was fitted out with arms.
 There were six or seven thousand Khataks in that fight,
 Every one of us was rejoiced with booty.
 The reports of this fight will spread through all the country,
 With its glory will every Pathan be rejoiced;
 When of this victory the report reaches Hindustan,
 Loud will be the Emperor's plaint to great and small,
 That when Pathan honour is disgraced he is delighted—
 Such a King of Islam is Aurangzeb.
 In the change from the constellation of the Lion in the year 1091, in the month of Rajab,
 On the third day after the fight, I began this poem:
 Words written on paper remain,
 That is why I have committed this story to writing.
 Mayest thou ever have such victory over thy enemies,
 As in that fight was mine, God be with you!

Astounded am I with my view of human nature,
 What deeds they are capable of, for their passions such dogs are they ;
 Such actions proceed from their nature
 That the Devil himself would neither think nor mention.
 Ever the Koran spread before them are they reading,
 But little is their practice according to the Koran.
 Whichever way I go in search of them,
 Like the Elixir undiscoverable are the wise.
 A good man like a Ruby or Sapphire is not easily found ;
 Like other stones no lack is there of the worthless.
 It may be, in other nations good men are found ;
 But few and far between amongst Afghans are they.
 What good is it to say words of advice to one ?
 Even to his father's counsel he will scarcely hear.
 Every deed of the Pathans is better than that of the Moghals :
 Concord is what they lack, the pity of it !
 From Bahlul and Sher Shah's words I hear
 That formerly the Pathans were Kings of Hind ;
 For six or seven generations was their Empire thus,
 That all the world was confounded at them.
 Either these Pathans are different or something else has happened,
 Or else God's orders have been such as they are ;
 If only the Pathan could find the blessing of concord,
 Old Khush-hal would again a youth become.

What greatest of all blessing is,
 No else can it be than sound health.
 He whose lot this blessing is,
 From head to foot is favoured he.
 If thou its value knowest not,
 The greatest fortune is good health.
 In thy frame thy life alone
 Than all the world more precious is.
 Hadst thou no life, but ownedst the world,
 Nonentity would be its meaning.
 This world is like a mystic phrase,
 The interpretation of which is thine existence.

That they should be interpreted,
Of mystic phrases is the purport.
Of the happiness of thy body
The pivot is all centred in health.
He, whose body enjoys not health,
To him his wealth as rubbish is.
Illness in one's home's a trial,
How much more in exile !
My foot pains me so severely,
The moment that passes is as an hour.
My horse is going slowly on the road,
A fall from it is grievous luck.
Since though my head's injury has fallen on my leg,
In this some comfort is for me :
Even for this must I be grateful,
For than every evil there is a worse one.
I said the worst is over, but now I see
That worse ills yet remain for me.
I said, Now indeed Fortune is kind,
Yet on me its violence falls.
Hindustan is now like Hell to me,
Which to others Heaven is.
A prisoner came I to this land,
For some few months I cheerful was ;
Hard for me as was imprisonment,
Greater trouble than that came on me.
Every day to be obliged to attend the court ;
Consider what a hardship that !
Another's orders are torture to him,
To whom his own will has been customary.
No kindly friends are here,
Nor pleasant intercourse with others ;
I can neither give nor seize,
Nor exercise authority.
No longing or desire have I for the chase,
Nor can I interest myself in anything else.
Here no one asks of other's welfare,
So ill-dispositioned this city is.

I reckon that there are only a few men
 Who are well disposed towards me.
 Akbar was one shared in my grief,
 But he is now engaged in his own pursuits.
 Whether it be Emperors or Nobles,
 Well know I what their condition is :
 No one wishes the other well ;
 So selfish they, it is like the confusion of the last day.
 I, that this poem composed,
 In Delhi was my stay ;
 The fourth of Rajab was the day,
 Of the Hijra the 1077th year.
 O Khush-hal! grumble thou no longer :
 If thou sayest more, disgraced art thou !

Saidst thou, " Grieve not, for I am thine, and thou art mine,"
 Me in truth hast thou waked to life, whether thou treat me fair or foul.
 What a lovely torment art thou, without rival is my loved one—
 Hadst thou not that one defect, that thy heart is hard as stone ?
 Were the world made up of beauties, on every side were fair ones ;
 Still were it astounding such a lovely one as thou shouldst be born !
 With so great slaughter art thou indeed not wearied ?
 What heeds the Executioner, if a thousand lives he takes ?
 When of thee I beg a Rose, of thy garden of thy border,
 If thou grant me but a weed, still I prize it as a Rose.
 So long as I thy slave live on, a captive of those locks am I,
 In a single hair of which a thousand hearts entangled lie,
 Whether they be boys or men, all in search of thee are wandering :
 In the city is there no one who is not in love with thee.
 Look thou at the Cypress ; in a moment it despised is,
 When thou movest in the garden with that lovely form and stature.
 Happiness is the Paradise to be alike, of Priest and Hermit ;
 Already from thy face in Khush-hal's grasp is Paradise !

Lo! the early Spring has come, I apart from my beloved one,
 Alas! Alas! Alas! without my sweet-heart goes the Spring-tide:
 Weep the Peaks and Mountains o'er the lot of parted lovers,
 No snow-born torrents those which now dash from rocky heights.
 It is the fire of wounded hearts which now kindles mountain forests,
 See the deep brown clouds of smoke which arise from Pine and Fir.
 Wouldst thou know the lot of lovers whom separation has divided?
 See the Crane who from the flock bewildered wanders.
 No such sad complaints are heard as are those of separation;
 Come, and list with me to the strains of bard and minstrel.
 No solace for my grief: far from that day each day adds to it;
 Quickly come, my healer, lest I die, for Heaven's sake!
 The death of those that rival is fresh life to those that love:
 By God! I swear these two things take place at the time of meeting.
 What though yet my breath remain, I am counted midst the living;
 The illness that is incurable, what hope is there for the sick?
 Human beings none are round me, but the wild beasts of the forest;
 Thus no fear have they of the groans of the distressed.
 Such the grief and pain that I, Khush-hal, for thee have suffered,
 That whether friend or stranger, no one looks at me for scorn.

Glad to me the time when I fly to my beloved one;
 It is to me as though to Spring's gardens I betook me;
 Her hair has she unbound, I am sprinkled with fragrant musk:
 How shall I now again to any perfumer ever betake me?
 May God grant me in my home that peerless black-eyed beauty,
 Now that she has favoured me; to Farkhar why should I betake me?
 The plaints of wounded hearts grieve those at ease and happy;
 My anxiety is in this, lest to my grief I now betake me.
 Wheresoe'er the thorn is, there's the place of blooming roses;
 Therefore with this hope to the thorn-bush I betake me.
 What witchery has she wrought me by her wiles, I am astounded:
 To my death should she be minded, yet to that cruel one I betake me.
 Countless are the tyrannies which she hath wrought upon me,
 Natheless, will I nill I, to that tyrant I betake me.
 Sweet indeed the loved ones which my eyes have gazed on,
 Now with bitter tears to their tombs I pay my visits.

Did fear but reach thy heart, how good it were !
 Hadst thou but pity on poor me, how good it were !
 I that for love of thee stand at the door lamenting,
 Did thy ears but hear my pleading, how good it were !
 Were they who blame me for my love of thee
 But acquainted with thy beauty, how good it were !
 Whoever to-day of purity boasts in this world,
 Did he but see thy face, pure indeed would he be and chaste !
 After death, were my grave in such a place,
 That o'er it lay my loved one's path, how good it were !
 At thy gateway many hounds and spaniels lie,
 Were I but one amongst them, how good it were !
 In thoughts of thee with this short life will I never be sated ;
 Were Khush-hal's life but longer, how good it were !

If but once her face shows from forth her veil,
 Lost will be for ever all claim of radiance to the Sun.
 The Tulips will borrow colours from her face,
 Shamed will be the Hyacinth at the sight of her tresses.
 Why do people lay charges against Fortune ?
 It is she that with her eyes the world hath desolated,
 Is it with the effects of wine that her eyes are thus flushed,
 Or has some one out of sleep awoken her too early ?
 The blood of hearts she quaffs in place of wine,
 Again for relish with it she takes broken hearts.
 The special fate of those slaughtered by my fair one
 Is that without question straight to Paradise they go.
 My heart is as a compass, fixed its bearing,
 It points ever to the Altar of thy eyebrows.
 Be not gladdened with her promises, Khush-hal :
 From the bubble what constancy does one expect ?

My grief is ended, now has come the time of gladness ;
 What time the flowers of Spring arrived, my garden bloomed :
 Quickly let us prepare to wander through it ;
 Go, tell the Nightingale that Spring has come.

Now too that of bright flowers it is the very season,
 Let the Minstrel tune his strains to rejoice me.
 It is his regrets and fears of Autumn
 That to the Roses now the Parrot discourses.
 Heavy was the load of Separation, God has lightened it,
 For now I rejoice again that the delight of my eyes has returned.
 Others have indeed their various festivals;
 For me my feast is then what time my mistress comes.
 All sorts of bright garments does Khush-hal put on, a merchant he,
 When he enters the Bazar wherein is his mistress's face.

What though with tongue strives with me my mistress,
 In her heart with many a kindness treats me my mistress :
 When she comes and throws her arms around my neck,
 Far from me all trouble dispels my mistress.
 No need to her of a sword, a cold look is enough,
 If on my death resolved be my mistress.

When the light of her beauty she displays to me,
 Just like a moth do I become before my mistress.
 A Beggar I, a monarch she, therefore it befits
 That to my devotion respect should pay my mistress.



With every one she jests with open heart,
 But to me her heart has closed my mistress.
 A studded nose-ring is all that adorns her face,
 Satisfied with a necklace of black cloves is my mistress.
 To my rivals is she softer far than wax,
 But to Khush-hal harder than stone is the heart of his mistress!

The sword that is sharpened for the blow, is it or not?
 The tresses that are curled for her own lover, is it or not?
 Why sayest thou to me, "Look not on the fair ones?"
 The eyes that are created for seeing, is it or not?
 Let the Priest fast and pray, let the Gallant grasp filled goblets:
 Every man that is created for his own part, is it or not?
 Saidst thou, "My lips' kiss is like a healing draught."

The draught I seek from thee, for my heart's wound, is it or not?
 She drinks my very heart-blood, that is not for any other;
 My heart that was created for that cruel one, was it or not?
 Why dost thou bewail the black locks of thy mistress?
 It is of thine own self thou sought that black snake, is it or not?
 Compared to thy face as weeds appear they,
 Both the Rose and Tulip, beside thy cheeks, is it or not?
 Here is Wine, the Harp, and Flute, with thy mistress;
 Thy tablets in thy hand, it is to the garden thou hastest, is it or not?

Hard of heart, a cruel mistress thou,
 Tyrannical and heart-oppressing art thou!
 What though I thus loudly cry,
 Pleased art thou with this my grief.
 It is thou that hast wounded me, to thee I complain;
 Well dost thou know the effect of thy blow.
 It is to thee I look for ointment;
 Yet to my wounds as salt art thou.
 Ever to thee will I pour out my complaints,
 If it is that my wailing please thee.
 Let them their hearts for grief prepare,
 Who have fixed their hopes on thee.
 What can any one say against me,
 Since thou such a lovely idol art?
 Who herself her lover slays,
 Then makes lamentation over him.
 What fault has the lover committed,
 That thou art eager to plunder him?
 Sometimes pain comes, sometimes pleasure;
 Now art thou as a thorn, now as a Rose-garden.
 On Khush-hal hast thou brought distress,
 That by his rivals thou art seated.

The Tulip is unrightly compared to her beauty;
 The Musk of China is ashamed at the fragrance of her tresses;
 Her black eyebrows are a bow, their lashes are arrows,
 Every shaft amongst them has pierced the lover's heart.

Her two eyes in her body are as piercing swords,
 Ever are they warring with the hearts of those that love her.
 Thou wouldst call it a Negro selling sweets,
 That mole of hers which is on the side of her lips.
 The radiancy of her beauty is of a brilliant light;
 The poor Lover as the moth that hovers round.
 It is the earring that alone has ever touched her ear;
 It is the clove that alone has ever touched her nose;
 In her beauty there is no single point wanting,
 Except that one defect is hers, that of stone is her heart.
 Each one's struggles are after his particular object;
 Khush-hal's design is on her beauty.

My mistress has become reconciled again to my rivals, Alas! Alas!
 To the words of my enemies does she listen, Alas! Alas!
 Just for a few days kindness took its place in her heart;
 Now merciless and cruel has it become again, Alas! Alas!
 That Rose which I watered with my own heart's blood,
 Has become the companion of every weed and thorn, Alas! Alas!
 With design against me she looks towards my enemies,
 Assenting to my slaughter is she, Alas! Alas!
 Apart from thee my life's blood has been my food,
 Thus has my life passed, Alas! Alas!
 Unhappy Khush-hal was in eager hopes of meeting:
 The captive of separation now is he, Alas! Alas!

Though the maids of Cashmere are famous for their beauty,
 And those of China and Machin and Tartary,
 Yet the Pathan maidens whom with my own eyes I have gazed on,
 They would put all such to shame.
 On score of beauty, this is the sum of all their praises—
 That of Jacob's lineage and descent are they;
 No need have they of musk or of Rose-water;
 There is the fragrance itself of The Perfumer with their prayers five times a day.

What of Necklaces or Jewels or other ornaments?
 All such beside their tresses are of no account.
 What of brocaded veils and robes of scarlet muslin?
 Not to be compared are they to their white snoods.
 The beauty of their nature exceeds that of their appearance;
 Sweeter far are their secret charms than their external.
 All their time is spent in privacy and seclusion;
 Never are they seen in public with persons half-exposed.
 From modesty they can scarce raise up their eyes.
 No experience ever theirs of hard word or blows.
 I, Khush-hal, have but little told of much,
 Prate no further on this matter which is boundless.

The Adamkheyl Afridee maidens are red and white;
 Many and varied are the charms that are theirs,
 Great large eyes, long eyelashes, broad eyebrows,
 Sugar-lipped, rosy-cheeked, moon-like foreheads,
 Tiny mouths like a Rose-bud, even teeth;
 Their heads girt with dark tresses, fragrant as Amber,
 Their skins as smooth as ivory, bare of hair;
 Straight their figures, like Alif; fair their complexions.
 Like the Hawk has been my flight along the mountains,
 Many a partridge there has been my prey;
 The Hawk, whether young or old, seeks its quarry,
 But the swoop of the old Hawk is the most unerring.
 O! of Lundi's streams the water, and of Bari,
 Is sweeter to my mouth than any Sherbet.
 The Peaks of the Matari Pass rise straight up to the heavens,
 In climbing, climbing upward, one's body is all melted.
 I came to the Adamkheyls in Tirah,
 Then I parted with them at Khwarrah with sad heart.
 Love's troubles are like fire, Khush-hal,
 What though the flame be hidden, its smoke is seen.

O morning breeze, shouldst thou pass by Khairabad,
 Or should thy way lead thee by the side of Surai's stream,
 A thousand thousand greetings take from me:
 Thither from me countless good wishes bear—
 To mighty Indus shout them out with Fervour;
 But to the Lundi stream in whispers softly tell them.
 Perchance again my lot may let me quaff thee,
 I shall not ever dwell beside the Ganges and Junna:
 If of Hind's climate I complain, what shall I say?
 Still greater than on its climate is the curse upon its water;
 He who drinks its river water, it tears forth his bowels;
 Not without danger is the water of the wells.
 Since no cold mountain torrents are in Hind,
 Curses upon it! though it be filled with dainties.
 Yet will no man remain always without hope in the world;
 On the distressed will compassion at length be showed by the Merciful One.
 The wounded one is ever in expectation
 That of his wound the blood will staunch be.
 God grant that I again may meet my loved one,
 From whom apart from myself two-thirds are parted!
 Yet the wise bear no rebellious longings
 Anent the treatment which the Physician orders.
 Not for ever will Khush-hal remain in Hind:
 At last from Hell will find release the Sinner.

Blessings on my Grandsire, who took up his abode at Surai:
 Well do I know it now; no place like it, believe me.
 The dark mountains of Hodee stretch straight up to Tirah,
 The Nilab and Lundi have laid their heads below;
 Along them lies the road to Hind and to Khurassan:
 It is the crossing of the Attock that makes both Prince and Beggar tremble.
 Every abundance that one can think of comes thither—
 No lack of rain! What a freshness! Ah, indeed!
 What of Swat, or Ashnuggar, or Peshawar, or other countries,
 They all have recourse to it; in it are the delights of every clime.

On every side is the sport of the Hawk, and every other sport—
 Wah ! Wah ! Kalapani, what entrancing sport is thine ?
 Stout and strong are its youths, active in every deed,
 Bright-eyed, red and white, tall in stature ;
 Whether my son, or grandson, my family, or tribe,
 Whoever now abides there, may he live in God's protection.
Fate has separated me from it. Whose power is above Fate's ?
 Never would Khush-hal Khan of his own will from Surai have been parted.

O Cup-bearer ! give me wine—
 Several goblets in succession :
 Hard it is if you consider,
 That without wine the spring should pass.
 Where with flowers is found a comrade,
 What restraint does bind a man ?
 See what they say, listen to them :
 What says the music of Harp and Pipe ?
 Comes not back the passing moment ?
 Ah, how sad ! Alas ! Alas !
 Good, indeed, is this world's life :
 Would that it might last for aye ;
 Since for aye it lasteth not,
 Count it worthless and despised.
 Many lovers it hath turned away—
 Fate does no compassion feel.

What though grief or joy increase ;
 As they quicken, so they cease :
 Their constitution can never be found—
 Of many kinds are Fortune's changes.
 Such as never entered the mind,
 Many such events will happen to you.

In separation it is the thought of my mistress,
 Which ever is around my heart.
 Whatever passes from the view
 At length will from the mind be rased :
 He who praises now Khush-hal
 Perchance in time will be like him.

He, whose heart is filled with good will towards his kind,
 A happy man is he ; he has an Expire in his heart.
 He, whose ears are open to the counsel of the wise,
 What a store of knowledge has he got in his heart !
 On the ladder of manly actions never can he ascend
 Who possesses deficiency of courage in his heart.
 Blackened face has he, both in this world and hereafter,
 Who against his fellows has blackness in his heart !
 Happy lots of those, in whose hearts are good intentions !
 Ill the lot of those, who perverse are in their hearts !
 By the warning of no teacher ever will he be improved,
 Every man who keeps corruption in his heart.
 Hold thou ever fast to those arts, Khush-hal,
 Which a warrior holds dear within his heart.

He who gains, and spends, and gives, a gallant is he ;
 He who is skilled with the sword, a chieftain is he.
 A mine of Rubies, or Sapphires, or Jewels, what is that ?
 He who is the source of kindnesses a mine is he.
 What thou eatest by thyself will never feed thee,
 What thou eatest in company a feast is that.
 Through day and night, through month and year,
 The time spent in God's service, time is that.
 Call no one else broken, O Khush-hal !
 He whose word and promise is broken, broke indeed is he !

A man, indeed, is he, that is brave, yet full of kindness,
 Courteous to his fellows in his life and conversation.
 His face his face, his word his word, his promise his promise,
 No lie or wile or changing his.
 Little in speech, great in action, but in silence
 Like a Rose-bud, his breast open to his mouth.
 When speech is being made of loftiness or lowness,
 In greatness like the Heavens, in humility like the Earth.
 In dignified bearing like the Cypress, in generosity
 With boughs drooping on all sides like the Vine.
 Blooming his face like a fresh Rose in the garden,
 With the joyous clamour of Bulbuls around it.
 Since such discourse he makes, I am astonished;
 From whom gained Khush-hal this comprehension?

In the excellence of youth, what doubt is there?
 The time of old age is full of defects.
 In my heart fresh fresh wounds have I,
 Well smeared in every wound is salt.
 If joy come upon thee, be not rejoiced at it;
 For close upon joy follows ever sorrow.
 Make no complaints of other's wrongs or injuries,
 For the greatest wronger of all is Destiny.
 Not without design has trouble been created,
 For trouble is the touchstone between the manly and the mean.
 What of numerous luxuries, delights, and hardships?
 Happy is he that is satisfied with a single piece of bread.
 On some one else I bind my sword, and now turn Devotee:
 Enough for me if on my shoulder I bear a staff.
 If any one makes inquiry of wounded hearts,
 Ruined is Khush-hal at the hands of his own tribe.

Perplexed am I, no knowledge mine, of what I am, or what shall be,
 From whence I came, and to what quarter I go.
 No news has any one brought back of those departed,
 However much I inquire of what their state may be.

To-day I see them stay the night in this Hamlet ;
 But ever, each in his turn, I count them as they quit it.
 The world is like a bowl, I, like an Ant inside it :
 Distraught I turn within it, and struggle with all my power.
 When I consider this world, and the circumstances of mankind,
 It is all the play of children, yet I too join in it.
 Art thou wrapt up in it? Hast thou wealth and lands?
 All these I look upon but as sleeping fancies.
 White has turned from black thy hair, yet change not thou thy nature ;
 Think not, Khush-hal, that without reason still I style thee a man.

Worthless are the Pathans in reason and understanding,
 As the dogs in the courtyards of the butchers are they.
 They sold their Sovereignty to the Moghals for gold,
 For the titles of the Moghals is all their desire.
 The camel with its rich loads has come into their homes,
 Yet the only plunder they seek are the bells on the camel's neck.
 The very name of the Sarbunni is a title of contempt ;
 First among the despicable they, the others in less degree.
 Of those that are shameless, what else but shame in their actions?
 Of those that regard their own honour, every breath is for honour's cause.
 From Candahar to Damghar stretch the lands of the Pathans ;
 But through all that extent their abode is only in name.

Evil disposed are all Pathans,
 From house to house they fighting go ;
 If one but lift his head a bit,
 Another quickly lays it low.
 Thou of the Moghal's eye to-day,
 O Khush-hal! art the piercing thorn.

That the blood in my veins still courses, this even a grief I hold ;
 That in the grave are all my friends, I yet in my house I deem a wrong.
 Since so many noble faces have all in their tombs turned to dust,
 Could I but join them there, as Paradise were to me the grave !

Old age has come, a weakling I, in this the proof,
 That which I do succeeds not, though my people and land are the same.
 When I speak any one fair, to his heart he takes it ill ;
 Either fortune is for the Moghals, or my reason is failing me now.
 No ! it is not the luck of the Moghals, nor is my reason less ;
 It is all the fault of old age, that my plans do not succeed.
 When I look at the Moghals, not as before are they :
 Past is the day of their fighting ; now they cleave to the pen.
 With gold and fair promises it is now that they beguile the Pathans ;
 Yet such is the mercy of God from me have they naught yet attained.
 No Fly am I or Vulture, that over carrion should be my hover ;
 As a Falcon or an Eagle in its own prey my heart rejoices.
 Were the others in this like me, right hearty would be my rejoicing ;
 But since in this they have no part, in grief is my heart now plunged.
 Acmal and Darya Khan, both have passed away nobly in honour :
 Ever in grief and sorrow is Khush-hal at the loss of them both.

A Khatak, when he mounts on horse-back,
 Binds his shield upon his back ;
 Lets loose the end of his turban
 Over his forehead long and broad ;
 Looks at the shadow of this end,
 As his horse goes prancing on ;
 Hopes to be a Chieftain bold,
 Seeking ever for the fray.
 Quarrelsomeness an evil is,
 It ruins a man's future ;
 No good is it to any one else,
 But spoils its owner's nature.

Know thou well this world its state, what is, is ; what is not, is not :
 Whether Rake or Devotee, what is, is, etc:
 Whether much or little thine, count it all as passed away ;
 Be thou of the Prophet's nature, for what is, is, etc.

If for life thou grieveest, what cause if thyself thou knowest ;
 Alive to thy grave thou goest, what is, is, etc.
 Of sea and land the Monarch thou, if wet and dry alike thou countest ;
 Be thou then the Monarch of the age, for what is, is, etc.
 Whether pearls or jewels, whether flowers or trees,
 Take no account of all, for what is, is, etc.
 Ill thy wishes, bad thy actions, causeless grief and envy thine ;
 In patience be thou wealthy, for what is, is, etc.
 Weep thou not, nor yet rejoice ; leave alike both grief and joy ;
 Be acquainted with this secret, what is, is, etc.
 Alas ! what though it collects, with no one does it here remain :
 Of gold and silver be thou free, for what is, is, etc.
 Of thy loved one seek for kindness, an thou find it not, then weep :
 Do thou as thy loved one wills thee, for what is, is, etc.
 Whether Union or Separation, to me they both are all alike :
 Be thou at ease as thou art, for what is, is, etc.
 Why dost thou strive and struggle, and day and night art full of concern ?
 Be thou the same whatever betide, for what is, is, etc.
 Short is life, and many its troubles ; why so anxious in your heart ?
 Be thou satisfied with wet or dry, for what is, is, etc.
 Consider thou thy special talent, while alive make good use of it,
 O Khush-hal ! a Lion be thou, for what is, is, etc.

Jesus never in his life made a fool a wise man,
 Though by miracles he made many blind ones seeing.
 He whom God at his birth has not with wisdom gifted,
 Who can have the power to make such foolish wise ?
 What though the fool learns lessons, what will be his state ?
 As though the dye upon his hair restored to age his youth !

What is that, if not Good Health,
 Which better than an Empire is ?
 If aught more precious is than wealth,
 Than wealth sure Honour dearer is.

What far better than indulgence,
 One Self-restraint, next Sincerity?
 What does man from trouble free?
 No other it is than Contentment.
 If thou dost make thy boast of piety,
 Purposeless is such Devotion.

What possesses countless gain?—
 Surely that Good Counsel is.
 He who grants only to the importunate,
 In this what Generosity is there?
 If there be Hell upon Earth,
 It is the companionship of the fool.
 Keep ever thy Intentions pure, Khush-hal:
 If there is any good at all it is in the intention.

Thou hast never learnt the Chieftain's art, Bahram;
 Evil is the reproach which thou hast brought upon thy Chiefship.
 A curse hast thou shown thyself to all thy tribe,
 Yet from their ruin thou shalt not escape.
 Foolish were thy counsels when thou slewest Tahir,
 Now how wilt thou avoid retribution for his death?
 Thou hast opened to thyself the way for thine own destruction,
 Distaught has been thy tribe by thy evil tempers.
 Evil as thou art, yet still is good fortune thine;
 Else long ago hadst thou, crushed to death by an Elephant, died a traitor's death.
 Thy elder brother hast thou imprisoned, thou holdest his sway;
 Accursed be to thee the rule which thou thus wieldest!
 When by means of gold thou aimedst at the Chiefship,
 How full of doubts and terrors was thy treacherous heart.
 May thy name be erased from amongst my sons!
 Such is the last prayer breathed by Khush-hal Khan.

What though outwardly are bonds,
 How can such bind hearts together?
 Whether it be father or son,
 Far apart their purports lie.
 Hopes have they now none in common,
 Naught their confidence in oaths.
 Scathless go the evil-doers,
 Who dares lop the robber's hand?
 By Aurang's evil rule are broken
 All the ties that Baber wrought:
 Now such times are come upon thee,
 Better death than life, Khush-hal!

Until the Sovereign has cut off many heads,
 How will the plains and mountains of his land become quiet?
 Either others will at your own door mourn your death,
 Or they must weep for those slaughtered at your hand.
 He that finds fault with thy rule leave him not in thy country;
 Be thou quit of him, by gold, or treachery, or by force of arms.
 Such as is accomplished by the sword, the arrow, or the spear,
 A hundred-fold is gained by skill and by strategy.
 Slain be thy son and brother, for the security of thy kingdom,
 And closely be thy rivals all guarded in thy jails.
 Beside the water of the sword, no other streams are there
 Which cool the fevered blood of those that seek for war.
 The tree of a Chief's Sovereignty well watered
 By the blood of his enemies bears fair fruit.
 On the battle-field it is good that bleeding heads should be lying;
 Far better that, than that their hearts should be filled with ill-blood.
 Either like a man loosen the turban bravely o'er thy forehead,
 Or wear in its place a woman's veil.
 Ah God! what use my writing? who will heed me?
 Yet every verse have I written in this book.

Strange are the pretensions that I have known in this world,
 As the cries for mercy of those who have urged them!
 Strange, indeed, it is if you consider,
 That the Crow should dare to swoop upon the Falcon.
 Strange, again, it is if you consider,
 That the Moghal should engage in contest with the Afghan.
 Strange would it be, if you consider,
 Were the Jackal to be full of meat, the Lion hungry.
 Stranger yet is it, if you consider,
 That against Khush-hal Khan Bahram should send his armies.

Still am I grateful for this to Heaven,
 That my view is o'er the Indus from Meer Kalan.
 From door to door I wandered in Tirah and in Swat,
 Now whither dost thou press me on my evil fate?
 As the ball flies before the mallet's bidding,
 All my body is wounded by the blows that drive me on.
 Written was this in my fate from all eternity;
 Whom then can I blame for what they do?
 Of old is the ignorance and obstinacy of the Pathans,
 Still stronger is this now shown in their lust of gold.
 It cannot be that Sher Shah was such as we,
 Who in these days are born amidst our rocks and mountains.
 Shameless are the deeds of the Pathans; yet who cares for it?
 To our graves must we now go grieving and dishonoured.
 Sad to me are the disagreements of the Khataks,
 Yet sadder still the troubles which I bear in my own home.
 Whom shall I tell of them? To whom write them? Not so few are they,
 That I could ever find their end in my narration.
 These wounds which Khush-hal Khan bears in his heart,
 Thou alone canst heal their scars, Almighty God!

O, thou saddened heart of mine! many troubles hast thou felt:
 All that was dear to thee is gone, thwarted thou in all thy hopes.
 Gone the time of Spring and Flowers, Winter's shades have come upon thee;
 Thou, who erst was full of vigour, midst the aged now thy place.

In thy garden, where once were the songs of many nightingales,
 Now not a single one is heard—only cawing of the crows.
 The boat, that once with thy strength thou forcedst over mountains,
 Sinking, wanders here and there like a straw amidst the currents.
 The Lions, which were in terror of thee amongst the rocks and mountains,
 Fearless roar around thee now ; nay, the Jackals join too yelping !
 Thou, who once wast sheltered in such fair and costly dwellings,
 Now a filthy hovel thine, that is all that Fate has left thee.
 When shall I wake up again ? What awaking is hereafter ?
 Alas ! Alas ! why has fortune been so fickle ?
 Old hast thou become, Khush-hal, be thy gaze now on the Heavens ;
 For of what account is life to thee ? What its worth or value now ?

Infatuated have the Pathans become for ranks and titles,
 May God preserve me ever from such desires !
 Whose is knowledge and counsel, if not the warriors ?
 Plain is all to him as the Koran read in the schools.
 There is none of them who knows aught of plans or schemes,
 Well am I informed of the tempers of them all.
 Great the weakness of the Pathans, as thou seest ;
 By the titles of the Moguls they are led away.
 No thought is theirs of honour, fame, or pride ;
 All their talk is of either rank or gold.
 Far preferable to me is the Khatak buckler o'er my loins,
 Than the golden badge of service hanging round my neck.
 The nights in the Emperor's prison are ever in my mind,
 When all night long I called to God in vain.
 When the Pathans drew their swords on the Moguls,
 Every Pathan led a Mogul bound beside his horse.
 No thought have they for honour now, Khush-hal ;
 Of what stock can these Pathans then have been sprung ?

I dreamt (would God it were true !) that thou and I were friends together ;
 Let us tell then one another the sweet secrets of our hearts.
 See, I have a book ; it is filled with loving verses :
 Of thee I seek but love, let us wander through the gardens.

Hand in hand together, we will walk, and sit, and rise ;
 Let us be happy together, let us join in merry converse.
 Offer me the well-filled goblet, from thy hands alone I take it ;
 Give me yet again thy lip's kiss, and again I press thee for it.
 The Minstrel at a distance draws his bow across the strings ;
 Let us turn from base to treble, and forget ourselves in his strains.
 Lovely art thou above all others, I above all most fortunate :
 Let us turn our faces to pleasure, and on sorrow turn our backs.
 Alas ! from this dream I awoke of a sudden in the morning :
 Where then wert thou ? No longer wert thou with me,
 While I live in this world no care have I for any other ;
 Alone am I with thought of thee ; let us then remain together.
 Yet how can Khush-hal be alone, while there is love for him in his country ?
 Whether awake or asleep, let us be foolish and happy !

Whatever thou doest do with forethought,
 Thus do I advise alike friends and strangers.
 They who despise good advice,
 In what work will they succeed ?
 As the courage of a man's heart,
 Such will always be his spirits.
 When once a man's courage fails him,
 Near indeed is he to ruin.
 Only then is life worth living,
 When thou art in enjoyment of good health.
 When a man's honour has departed,
 What flavour has life for him ?
 He in truth is only really wealthy,
 Who is satisfied with all about him.
 Have thou no concern for death,
 While yet life and health are thine.
 Blest art thou in faith and living,
 While with wise men is thy walk.
 Make no more friends, Khush-hal ;
 False have all thy friends been to thee !

What new troubles has Heaven again brought on me?
 Who can tell what will be their end?
 As Aurungzeb's prisoner it has borne me away from my home;
 Many a town and village have I passed on my way.
 When the Pathans look on my condition, they burn with rage;
 At the sight of me they burst into cries and tears;
 Great and small, they run out to gaze upon me;
 Alike of Hind and Mussulman is lamentation.
 I smile upon all as I pass by them,
 For well I know how great is their concern.
 Not alone am I the victim of tyranny and oppression;
 Fate is hard—to all alike there is no appeasing it.
 Wherever I stop, armies collect to guard me;
 I am treated with fear and respect, as though a Tiger or an Eagle.
 The Elephant when standing looks mighty as a mountain;
 But when he falls, as of two mountains is the shock.
 Pierced through and through is my heart, it is as a sieve;
 To be separated from one's loved ones is a grief that knows no solace.
 Perchance it may be that Fortune will again befriend me,
 All my people tell me that this will soon be so.
 If a golden bracelet fall into a furnace,
 It loses not its value, though it loses of its shape.
 By all other support has Khush-hal been deserted;
 There remains alone to him his trust upon his God!

One only King I know, and His orders I obey;
 His behests and prohibitions are alike my rule of life.
 Is this the Mehdi then, or the Messiah, that has appeared,
 That in thy world, O God! such tumults have arisen?
 Of the Messiah and Mehdi's coming these indeed the signs,—
 That first should appear Antichrist and his armies;
 Darya Khan and Darweza both are present in His Court;
 I too am waiting at the threshold of my God.
 Some day will be the order, "Come thou hither!"
 Then with eagerness will Thy slave present himself before Thee.
 Though Thou rendest the petitions that I send thee,
 Yet in words I will assail Thee with my prayers.

I had devoted myself to retrieve the Pathan honour :
 Then choice the bands of warriors I had collected,
 Would that I could die slain by another's hand in battle !
 Rather that than as a Tiger bitten by a mad dog.
 Many and vain and useless are my regrets,
 Every moment as it passes brings its griefs ;
 At one time joy is with us, again trouble ;
 But either passes by at Heaven's decrees.
 All the thousands who mustered round me in my dreams
 I found scattered far and wide when I awoke ;
 Some are dead, and some, though live, are parted from me ;
 Lonely I wander where the Hills alone hear my complaints.
 Yet, though slain my noble warriors, my manhood was not forgotten ;
 For in place of each, twenty lives of equal value did I take.
 Were but lengthy life allowed me, and fortune on my side,
 Dire should be the vengeance I would bring upon my foes ;
 Slain should be the grown-up, bound the children, burnt their cities,
 Plundered all their goods, not one should escape my bonds.
 When I destroyed Naushahar, I let Kohat alone in peace—
 How great was then my folly that I acted thus ?
 He who treats the base well, what is his reward ?
 To those distressed, what good has thy kindness brought ?
 Thus another year is passing by, Khush-hal ;
 Wait and see what Heaven has yet in store for thee.

In these days all look but to their own interests,
 Whether it be father or son ;
 Such indeed is my sons' nature —
 I know not if all men's experience is the same.
 No regard is his for my rights, or the respect due me ;
 I know not how such a state of things can have arisen.
 He who treats his children with too great indulgence,
 How can such an one be deemed wise ?
 Alas ! I know the return my children give me :
 All my children are like the Scorpion or the Snake,
 Thirty are my sons in number,
 How can I tell the number of my grandchildren ?

Great and small know this too well,
 That each one of these is bent on quarrels.
 Yet, again, consider, Aurungzeb,
 What a bloodthirsty Tyrant he is !
 His father and his brother he has brought to ruin,
 And now wields the Sovereignty that was theirs.
 Yet that thou art alive and well, Khush-hal,
 For this be grateful to thy God !

Why are the Bangash thus calling aloud to me ?
 Ready I am and armed, my gun have I laid beside me.
 Greater the sense and the might of the Gwarrikhels than of the Bangash :
 Risen are the Gwarrikhels with me in honour's cause.
 In the Bangash see I power neither of numbers nor of valour,
 How then shall they join in fight against me ?
 Perchance they deem me blind, or I am crippled in their eyes ?
 Of this the ruin of their designs shall be the proof.
 Too wise is the Locust to waste his life for nothing ;
 The foolish Moth it is that seeks the candle's flame.
 Even yet his brains are quivering from the shock,
 Who dashed his head against me as upon a stone.
 In the heart of the Rhinoceros will he find my bullet,
 Who has watched me when I search the forests with my gun.
 Sleeping, from his bed he falls through trembling,
 Who has heard but once the whistling of my sword.
 If thou wouldst know my fame in this generation,
 I am he who has sorely wounded Aurung's heart.
 Khyber's Pass have I made to the Moguls their dearest purchase,
 In every spot have they paid taxes to the Pathans.
 From the Pathans great were the hopes I entertained,
 What can I do ? No regard is their's for their own honour.
 Fortune helps me not now in this my object,
 Though far greater has been my fortune than that of Faridun.
 Consider well the state of Khush-hal's heart—
 Though seated on a throne, he is humble as a pilgrim !

He who brings trouble on his parents, rebellious indeed is that son :
 Hell's fires are the retribution that await the wicked son.
 Filled are the parents' days with trouble and with sorrow
 Of whom is born a son evil in disposition.
 Low will be his ending, he will lie amongst the dust,
 Who conceals not from the world his disputes with his own parents.
 Such is the custom that has been inaugurated in Aurung's reign,
 That every son should be jealous of even his father's life ;
 For now he deems himself the noblest of the noble,
 To whose unnatural baseness all the Heavens are witness.
 Rather let him pray that a base son may never leave the grave,
 The Father who would crave of God for offspring.
 All my herd have turned out half-bred ponies,
 Show me where amongst them there is one that shows his blood.
 The offspring of a pony has all a pony's tricks,
 What though his Sire may be an Arab of purest blood ?
 In the religious faith of the ill-bred what trust is there ?
 Rather than such, the accursed Guebre and his creed !

No pleasure has my heart in Bahram's rule,
 Distracted is my household with his quarrels.
 No concern has now the Khatak tribe for honour,
 Their actions are all those as of the blind.
 Like flies are the Pathans, they crawl around
 The dish of sweets placed before them by the Moguls.
 All I trusted on are scattered far from me,
 There remains me but the mercy of my God.
 Gone are Acmal Khan and Darya, who had good judgment ;
 Now Khush-hal alone stands in the Mogul's way.

See two mountains now encounter one another,
 One the Moguls, and the other the Pathans.
 Such the violence of their shock,
 That men's hearts are trembling still.
 Wise art Thou, O God ! far-seeing,
 Cause and effect are known to Thee ;

Thou the Physician art, Thou knowest,
 Though I know naught of ills or cures.
 All that happens is by Thy order,
 Whether it be right or wrong ;
 Thou alone canst bear such troubles,
 Such as pass a Monarch's strength.
 Streams that last year flowed with water,
 Like Jihoon roll this year with blood.
 In every matter thanks are due to Thee,
 Better submission than repining.

Seven months are now passed that in Hind and Khurrahan
 Rain has fallen nowhere, either on mountain or on plain ;
 Great has been the failing both of water and of the crops,
 Very high have been the prices everywhere of grain.
 When we were in despair, then at length the rain-clouds gathered ;
 Opened were Heaven's gates at the change from the Constellation of the Crab.
 Blest the twenty-ninth day of the month Asad above all others,
 Then the rain covered the world with fresh green shoots.
 In the year that Shah Âlam came from Hind,
 There was peace between the Mogul and the Afghan.
 This present year, whose date is one thousand and eighty-eight,
 Blessed for all mankind is this year.
 One great trouble indeed it has brought with it,
 That great mortality was there of children from small-pox :
 Many were the children that died amongst my tribe ;
 But the death that touched me most was of Abdulla, son of Yahia Khan.
 What though Rani's heart is breaking for Neknam,
 In Hako it rejoices and in Kamran.

No distinction does he make between his friends and his foes,
 See how misguided are the ways of Aurungzeb !
 He who has ruined by his tyranny the devotee and stranger,
 What fault is there in him that he has robbed Khush-hal of his rank ?
 By the deprivation of his rank not a bit distressed
 Is Khush-hal's heart ; still it is joyous, as God knows.

While he held office Khush-hal was but a servant ;
 Now that his post has gone, a Monarch has he become.
 Seven months is it now that closed has been the road to Cabul,
 Distressed is the condition of the people on all sides.
 What of that ? In Hindustan the sword is ever drawn,
 Everywhere from his ill tempers is there moaning.
 No peace is there in the Emperor Aurung's reign,
 But who would call this world a place of rest ?
 Black in truth and ill-favoured as is his countenance,
 Still blacker are the movings of his heart.
 If you consider his designs, a traitor he, like Yezeed ;
 Though in his demeanour he would proclaim himself God's servant.
 What good action has he done to save himself from retribution ?
 With speech does Khush-hal threaten him ; for well he knows his end.

He who fears to risk his life,
 Or who grudges money spent,
 Never will be Chief or Monarch,
 Nor will conquered lands be his.
 Either the Throne or the Bier :
 Such the resting-place of Kings ;
 He who has not a warrior's heart
 Armies bring him no success.

Came the Negro hordes to Mecca,
 Bent on laying Mecca waste ;
 Feared the Koreish then from battle,
 And they flying left their place.
 When Mahomed's time arrived,
 Famed the Arabs were for warfare ;
 Success thus depends upon the leader,
 And naught else : know this, my son.
 When the Captain's heart is stout,
 The hardest enterprise is easy ;
 If he have but patience and courage,
 Victory bears him from the field.

Violence for Kings, Roguery for Priests,
Parsimony for the rich, Luxury for women—
These four are their besetting faults,
As it seemed when I thought on them.

Not by the arms of the Bangash have I been defeated, believe me ;
In the fight of Gunbut Heaven it was that fought against me :
It was not the Bangash, or their arms, or numbers ;
But it was the incantations of the dogs of Mecca that undid us.
Since they fled to the mountains without fighting,
Great was the injury that many of my bands did me.
That I did not send my best horsemen on in front
Is a thing that gave me great cause for repentance.
That we did not all advance at once and keep together
Was all owing to the folly of the Hussun-kheyls.
A hundred blessings on the bands of the Mohmunds !
For timely was their action on that day.
Red were they with blood and well-smeared their swords with slaying,
Gallantly did each one throw his life away.
When with his sword he struck down Sher Khan from his horse,
Great was the feat that Abad Khan showed on that field.
Yet though the Bangash Chieftain fell, the Khataks were defeated—
So strange were the events of that day.
When Abad Khan came back bravely from the battle,
To his father right welcome was the gift that he brought.
In tatters were the clothes about his body,
All red with blood his face was like a Scarlet Poppy.
Fighting hand to hand, he took vengeance for his father ;
Deserving was he in that action of all praise.
While he was fighting on that field, few the horsemen that stayed with him :
All the rest had sought in flight their safety or their ease.
Curses, then, upon the Khatak horsemen :
With one accord they thought but of escape.
Gallant were the warriors, who died on the field of Gunbut ;
Dear to each one's heart was the honour of the Afghans.
Great is my regret for all my warriors,
But especially for the fresh youth of Abdullah ;

With his enemy he wrestled on his horse ;
 Yet his fortune naught availed him on that day.
 Never have I seen such a daring fight
 Since I was born a Khatak, made a Chief.
 All the day-long fight my warriors and they yield not ;
 In one moment, in the wink of an eye, comes defeat ;
 Not by greed, nor by hope, nor by shame or fear,
 But by necessity, was all my army moved.
 An army should be urged by pride, or hope of plunder ;
 All those troops of mine were but serving for their bread ;
 They all were collected round me for my pay :
 This was the reason that forthwith they were defeated.
 How will he fight who hopes not for honour, nor yet profit ?
 Easy is the slaughter of such as these.
 Such as are collected from need, or from compulsion,
 What stability is there in those armies ?
 That I myself escaped from the blows of the enemy—
 In that, indeed, was Heaven kind to me.
 As the *Heron* tries to imitate the *Falcon*,
 Thus the flight was of the foeman on that day :
 Had I been sound, and in my place, what would he have done ?
 But wounded was I, and thus this ruin came.
 Though my fortune openly does not befriend me,
 Still great is my confidence in it in secret.
 Great my hopes for a long life and happier times,
 Though my enemy rejoices over me for a while.
 Those who died in the battle are not the only warriors I have ;
 They are but a few guests that I invited to die in honour's cause.
 Whether friend it was, or foe, who was slain in that battle,
 From each one was my object well attained.
 Many were my enemies, who remained not from that fight ;
 As an empty dream were their perverse desires.
 Forty score of my warriors were slain on that field :
 On the vigil of the Feast day a fitting sacrifice was made.
 It was the thousand and eighty-sixth year of the Hijra,
 The Snow was on the mountains, it was yet the early Spring.
 Who leaves the field unwounded, not a man is he ;
 Wounded was I when I left, I went to save my life.

At one time flight is manly, and again it is unmanly ;
 To the wise this fact is well known.
 It was for the vengeance that I fled from off the field,
 No thought was mine of life or this world's goods.
 The fierce Tiger sometimes fights, sometimes seeks safety ;
 Yet who is there would despise him for his flight ?
 The Prophet, too, fled before the Infidels,
 Though his heart was bent upon their slaughter.
 Whether victory be mine or defeat, the battle-field for me ;
 For there my father and my grandfather have thrown my lot.
 If in this world I live on, then shall I see
 What success or what ill-luck attends my sword.
 Greater were Khush-hal's power than that of all the Bangash,
 If only the Khataks and Karlanrai had some pride.

Of the Pathans that are famed in the land of Roh,
 Now-a-days are the Mohmunds, the Bangash, and the Warrakzaies, and the Afridis.
 The dogs of the Mohmunds are better than the Bangash,
 Though the Mohmunds themselves are a thousand times worse than dogs.
 The Warrakzaies are the scavengers of the Afridis,
 Though the Afridis, one and all, are but scavengers themselves.
 This is the truth of the best of the dwellers in the lands of the Pathans,
 Of those worse than these who would say that they were men ?
 No good qualities are there in the Pathans that are now living :
 All that were of any worth are imprisoned in the grave.
 In these days of all Pathans the Mohmunds are the best ;
 This indeed is apparent to all who know them.
 He of whom the Moguls say, " He is loyal to us,"
 God forbid the shame of such should be concealed !
 Let the Pathans drive all thought of honour from their hearts ;
 For these are ensnared by the baits the Moguls have put before them.

No great deed will ever be wrought by the Pathans ;
 Heaven has ordered that petty should be their undertakings.
 However much I try to straighten them, they straighten not ;
 Crooked is the vision of the evil-natured.

No regard have the Yusufzaies for Pathan honour ;
 Get you gone from amongst these disgraced Pathans, Khush-hal.
 Go to Bunnoo, and there collect your followers,
 And spread fire and clouds of smoke right up to Khush-āb ;
 Or in retirement in your house give yourself up to devotion ;
 Or go to Mecca ;—these three things I can advise you.
 In war and violence there is no profit, Khush hal ;
 The fire burns up alike the grain and chaff.

So long as a man's heart is young,
 Great is his delight in hunting.
 What is there that like the chase
 Keeps a man's attention fixed ?
 For the pursuit of winged quarry
 Well-trained Hawks are what is required.
 Follow the hounds as they run
 Over hill and plain alike.

Pleasant, too, the sport the bow gives,
 If thou art a skilful archer.
 Best of all sport with the gun,
 If thou handlest it with speed.
 On the chase with Hawk and Gun
 So much value does he set,
 That to these pursuits Khush-hal
 Has devoted all his life.

A Gourd climbed up a Pine Tree's trunk,
 And then he thus addressed the Pine :
 " O Pine-tree! how many years hast thou been living ?
 Tell me of thy age and growth."
 The Pine-tree said, " Two hundred years my age.
 As I can reckon, perchance six months more or less."
 The Gourd said, " How long the time thy growth has taken !
 Look at me—in one week I have reached thy height."
 The Pine-tree said, " Wait thou for winter's rigours,
 Then will we talk upon our age and growth."

END.

منتخب له دیوان

د خوشحال خان خټک

په قلم د مولوي محمد حسن

اوسیدونکي د پشاور

سنه ۱۳۰۷ هجری

هرتفرد

په مطبع د استيفن آستين صاحب او خامنو د دد

۱۸۹۰

ترجیع بند

څه د بدو خوږ وه چه م وليده سحر
پاڅيدم له كته لكه خوږ شي د چا سر
لارم تر مبرز هسي راغلم او تر
درست خلق اوده وو وارو خوږ كاوه خرخر
هر چه نصيحت وه لكه بويه له پدر
ورځ وه د جمعي رجال الغيب وو برابر
څوك به وجاربا سي مبرم حكم د داور
ولاړم تر مسجد نمونځ م وكړه د سحر
هسي په هوا تلم لكه باد درومي صرصر
نه وه لا دو پهر چه م ځاي شه پښاور
وي م دا يم راغلم ستا په خط ستا په خاطر
دا ځواب يي راغي چه راتله د وو بهتر
دري ورځي شوي تيزي ديوان نه كړگيدي خر
شيخ د گجرات د ده پيشدست وه يو بشر
ده وي تر ما راشه چه گنكاش كړو مقرر
ورغلم تر ده پوري زه پاك په خپل باور
لور په لور مغل تر ما چاپير شو په هنر
غر وشه په بهر دا خبر شه منتشر

سترگي م رڼي كړي ناقرار شوم په بستر
هسي شان او تر وم نه م لار لیده نه ور
غسل م په ځاي كړ په سنت د پيغمبر
هيشوك خبر نه وه اشرف خان م كړه خبر
ما په كتابت ورته ادا كړ مختصر
تله مغرب رويه وو په دا ما نه كړ نظر
ډيركه فراست لري هنر گنج و لښكر
سور شوم په سيلې نور م واچاوه په لير
گوښي تنها تلم په نوبهر وخوت نمر
واستاوه مغل ته ما هغه ساعت نفر
كوم ساعت حاضر شم په ما څه لري ته چر
گانده په ديوان كښي را ښكاره كړه خپل پيكر
دي پڅو وه ما ته زه له خانه بي خبر
سر تر پاي مكر په ديدن كړيه منظر
بيا به د نواب ته ويل كړم زيرو زير
ترونه م نا اهل مغلي شول په دا شر
مفت يي په لاس كښي وتم په حكم د قدر
هېچا نه پسندله په خدای پسنده وه مگر

كوز يي كړم له كوته چه يي كښي وتم په جال
زريي را په پښو كړه پښې سيري بيري كوتوال

خوړ شه په ملکونو دا خبر په درست دیار
هر چه امر اگان وو په صوبه کښي منصبدار
لارل په صبا د وقت قول شول په دربار
دا رنگه نیوه شی نواب ښه گنډي دا چار
پاڅیدل له ځایه امر اگان شول تار په تار
ورغلل مغل لړه قبول یي کړه مدار
ملک یي څما ورکړ نا لایق یي کړه سردار
درست خټک د دوي وکشتن ته شه طیار
ما و خیلخاني و قوم ته ووي چه زنهار
یو به دشمن شادشي چه یي ورکړ خپل تبار
دوي درست اولس په زیارت د شیخ رحمکار
زوي م نادان وو په خطا لارل بسیار
دوي په زړه کښي دا وي چه که صل کړو که هزار
بل فکري نه وه ور پیدا شه د ځان دار
تيري شوی په بند کښي څما دوه میاشتي په شمار
وغوښتي پنځوس زره روپي صوبه دار
دواړه لوریه وکړه سره دا قول و اقرار
اوس خو باید دا دي چه یي ځای وي هندو بار
زه په دي لا خوښ وم چه که ورشم تر دربار
هند ته یي روان کړم بدرقه م مستجاب
هم ملک هم خان هم د همه غوري ارباب

زه یي کړم له بهره په شتاب شتاب روان
درسته شپه څو کي د محب خیلو په خپل ځان
راغلم نرم نرم په رباط د شایک خان
بل وه مصري خان داوړي یو ټولي احدیان

راغلم تر نوښهړه په صبا هم په دا شان
 زه به د نوښهړد شپې څه کوم بیان
 صبح ته يې کوچ کړ پښتانه مغل لرزان
 ما وه پيغام کړي په اولس په اشرف خان
 مونږه يو د بادشاه قدیمي دولتخواهان
 راغلم تر سراي سراي يکلخته وه ويران
 څه به ورته وایم څه پیري لري آسمان
 ډیري گراني راشي په سړیو په جهان
 گران ساعت هغه وه چه مړلیده عثمان
 راغله په ارمم خبله جدا شو په ارمان
 راغله په نړي نندارچي مردان زنان
 راغلو په گړي د خيراباد پيچان پيچان
 هر چه راسره وو هغه واره وو ترسان
 ما خو پيغام کړي وه هم دا مړه گمان
 هسي به جنگ وشي په دا آخر زمان
 جنگ و جدل نه شه حکم دا وه د یزدان
 درست اولس مړ واره په غوغا حيران پريشان
 ویر مړ په کورونو په هاي هاي مړ فرزندان
 راغي په خټکو باندي هسي يو ساعت
 تا به وي نازل شه په جهان کښي قیامت

زه يې له اټک نه روان کړم په دا حال
 بيا له هغه ځاي په پنډي په استعجال
 راغي په رباط کښي له نواب يو مثال
 راغي په پنډي کښي بل يو خط په دا منوال
 وري يې وړم په پره د بابا حسن ابدال
 بيا له هغه ځاي تر رباط وشه چال
 بيا يې بیرته يو وړم تر پنډي دم درحال
 وري يې وړي په وړاندي ودربارته بي اهمال

ولاړم له پندې شپه تر مېنځ د ککړتال
 زوي د ميرجمال د ميربخشي په استقلال
 وي يې چه وروړسي دربار وټه خوشحال
 زه هم په وسط د رمضان کوچمال کوچمال
 ډير د وېدل شه په دامېنځ کښي جواب سوال
 ځاي په حويلي کښي تر خپل څنگ را کړ کوتوال
 مونږ په دافکرت ووجه په مياشتي د شوال
 مه پرېږده خوشحال دده پرېښول دي اختلال
 ملک منصب جاگير څما تغير شه مال محال
 برنا حق په کښلي د بد ويل د بد سکال
 زه دلي په بند هوري څما اهل عيال
 هسي چاري وشوی چه د چانه وي په خيال
 لور په لور خوري شوي را لښکري د دجال

ولاړم تر لاهور کوچ په کوچ په ارتحال
 ډير مهر يې وگر دلاسه جوال جوال
 نور به سرفراز شي غم يې نشته يو مشال
 ورغلم دربار ته زر څلور اويا وه کال
 حکم د خلاصي د ضمان وشه په اجمال
 جوړ شه ضمانت ته سيد شمس د جلال
 راغي عرضداشت د سيد مير په دا مقال
 بيا په مينځ کښي پريووت د خلاصي ډير جنجال
 دولس منصبدار م تا بيني شول پائمال
 وپسندده ظالم بادشاه په ما باندي اشکال
 تار په تار په غرونو په عذاب و په وبال
 نشته د اورنگ بادشاه په عدل اعتدال
 نشته يو مهدي چه را ښکاره کا خپل جمال

دور د آخر دي فساد کده شه لور په لور

يو تر بل اخته شه جهان واره کور په کور

خدای را باندي راوست دا همه واره محنت
 يو چه زه مغروروم په راستي و په خدمت
 بل م نا شکري بل د ورونږو حماقت
 يو ځله هم نه خطا خطا کړت مرت
 و م کړ اشرف وټه د توري اشارت
 څه خدا يار خلیل څه بي حيا څه بي حرمت
 يو يو ځوان پوهيږي د غليم په حرکت
 زوي هغه زوي چه هنر لري حکمت

څو چاري سبب شوي درته وایم حکایت
 بل د مغل طمع څما نه ورکړل عادت
 بل چه فرزندانو م خطا کړ مصلحت
 وارو مشرانو اشرف خان بهرام سعادت
 هيڅ عمل يې ونه کړ څما په نصیحت
 څه جگړام هندو څه د هندوانو برکت
 زهر کډول شي په شکر و په شربت
 پوه وي د دښمنو په فريب په خديعت

ونیسي په لاس کښي سخاوت و شجاعت
 دریغه اشرف خان درونه شه همره قوت
 ورغلل مغل ته د اشرف وه قباحه
 خوچه ملک ویران وه د مغل وه ډیر هیبت
 وپی کښل بادشاه ته د جگړام مجرا عزت
 پاڅیده بهرام ته په دا مینځ کښي یو غیرت
 تشي سر هوا غوتي د باز نه وي خصلت
 زه وم په دهلي کښي گرفتار په دا زحمت
 بیا د میر جمال زوی بادشاه ته په خلوت
 دا ووی بادشاه چه فلانه به خلاص کړم سلامت
 زن بچه که راولي و هند ته په سرت
 حکم یی دا وکړ امیر خان ته وشول کښل
 زه په بند بندي څما کورونه راوستل

وارویده دا حکم سعادت باقی میر باز
 میاشت وه د صفر چه دري واره لکه باز
 لاری تر وطن په شل ورځي یکتار
 غرب و ته قبله وه و مشرق ته وه نماز
 څه به درته وایم له دي حال دور دراز
 واره لوي هلک چه م ساتلی وو په ناز
 تار په تار خواره شول مبتلا په ډیر نیاز
 هره ورځ فلک لري تازه تازه طراز
 وولي په زمکه یو ساعت کښي سرفراز
 دوب کا په دریاب کښی چه محکم لری جهاز
 څه کړم چاته آه کړم هیشوک نه لرم دمساز
 راغلل یکایک یی حقیقت کړه را آغاز
 وپی کړ وطن ته په رخصت څما پرواز
 یو په ځای رانه غي چه څمونږ وه سره راز
 تله وو کربلا ته د حج لوري وه حجاز
 کوتي کوتي حال دي مختصر بویه ایجاز
 واره په نعمت کښي پرورده ملوک شیراز
 دور د گردون کړل له بلا سره انباز
 هېڅ باوري نشته په نواخت و په نواز
 پروت په تورو خاورو په زمان کاندې ممتاز
 وباسي له مینځه چه یی نه زده وي شنار
 چا و ته ناره کړم څوک م نه آوری آواز

دروم په بل لوري په فلک راشم باز باز
 اهل په خواري کښي نا اهل په اعزاز
 هر چه ابلهان دي روغني خوري د خباز
 نشته د رښتو کره يو کهنه پلاس
 نور مرغونه گرزي په باغونو په طناز
 آس واره شا خوږي په نشست و په فراز
 خوبه درته وایم حقیقت دي که مجاز
 خه کرم نه پوهیږم په دا فلک سفله پرور
 لاس رسیدي دریغه چه پري م سور کړي خپل تتر

دوه ځله سراي مات شه یوڅما په بندیدل
 یو ځله په ماتي تر هنگال ورغلل
 نه یي توره سره وه نه د سرو ماتیدل
 زه په هند کښي بندوم اشرف خان وه په کابل
 راغلل و بادشاه ته د کابل د صوبي کښل
 ځاي په ځاي فوځونه په څوکي کښیناستل
 جوړ شول یوسفزي خټک سراي ته په وهل
 باري څه ختل وي نه ختل وونه مثل
 نام ناموس م لار شه چه اعتبار وه د مغل
 ملک یي وه را کړي په پنجاب کښي متصل
 لږده ده که محنت دي که کشتن دي که شرل
 دا چاري چه وشوي بیا تر مینځ شه فکر بل
 زه د یوسفزي په ځان زهر وم قاتل
 دیر خانان ځوانان م یو د بله ووژل

بل د سعادت باقي میر باز په رسیدل
 بیا د اکوزیو په سیکري ننوتل
 زوي م له ملک له اولس ووتل
 واره زن بچه م په سیکري کښي داغیدل
 ملک د سراي وران شه پري بي حدو شه زلزل
 لار د سراي نیولي مسافر یي چلول
 څو تتوان یي بوتلل په سکر پری وختل
 باري څه وهل وي نه وهل وو نه مهل
 نوم م د بدخواه شه چه نیکخواه وم تل تر تل
 حکم د بادشاه وه صادر شوي په پریښول
 واره په قسمت شي په سری باندي نازل
 څوک یي په چانه کا د سری دي نصیب خپل
 بل مقصود م نه وه په خدمت کښي د مغل
 تیر ساعت ارمان دي پښیماني نشته حاصل

دا په خیال د چا وو یا په فکر د چا راتلل
 شاباش په هغه شه چه د ننگ وکا پالل
 یو بائي زي دویم رانری زي ورسره مل
 ولاړل تر سیکري ورسره کورونه صل
 څه بلا د خدای ده د وطن جدا کیدل
 خواست رضا د خدای وه په هر شان چه شوي شول
 راغلل یوسفزي لکه پینځ شه کار مشکل
 لوي هلک م واره تر دریاب پوري وتل
 نور ختک م واره په خپل ځای ودریدل
 ورونره عزیزان خویشان وبله بیلیدل
 یوهي هې هې هاي هاي وه په ژړا وو لوي هلک
 درست عالم حیران شه چه څه کار شه په ختک

خدای خو خبردار دي که ښکاره نه دي په چا
 خپل وو که پردي وو که آشنا که نا آشنا
 هر چه مخا مخ و م هسي شان و م پسي شا
 هیشکله په ظلم روادار نه و م اصلا
 هر چه رعیت وو څه غریب وه څه غربا
 زر که زرينه که مال و ملک وه د دنیا
 بد و م له هغو چه مبتدع وو ناصفا
 قصد م له هغو وه چه مفسد وه بي وفا
 عمر چه م تیر شه په راستي و په رښتیا
 پلار نيکه م ځان کر د نمک په کار فدا
 زوي م په بند شه له وطن شوم جلا
 تار په تار م لاری خیلخاني کچا کچا
 ملک واره برهم ودان ښهرونه په وینا
 څو میاشتي په بند و م په دهلي کښي په عنا
 هیش د اورنگزیب بادشاه په دا نشته پروا
 گوښی په ما نه ده ډیره وشوه په هر چا
 بند یم خلاص د نه شم که دروغ وایم زه دا
 چا سره م نیت د بدونه وه نه د جفا
 بل فکر م نه وه نه د روی نه د ریا
 هر چه ظلم کار وه له هغه م وه بلا
 دا م په نیت کښي چه ازار نه شي له ما
 واره م پیرزو په خیلخاني و په آشنا
 درست په زړه مین و م په فضلا په علما
 غم م له هغو وه چه غلیم وو د بادشا
 نه م وه په کار کښي د مغلو هیش دغا
 بل پښتون م نه وه په راستي کښي همدا
 څو چاري را وشوي نه گناه نه م خطا
 واره په ډیر غم کښي مبتلا جدا جدا
 تار په تار له ملک درست عالم په واویلا
 اوس په رفتپور کښي بندي پروت یم یکتنها
 خلق که د ده له ظلم تل کاندې ژړا
 شل صوبي د هند دي په هر لوري ده غوغا

هرچه کتمان دي په صوبه کښي کښدای
 څوک بندي په بند دي څوک لا گريزي ناپيسا
 يو په رنځپور کښي دوه سوناست دي مبتلا
 څو کوټونه نور دي په کښي بند دي بي احصا
 اول يي تر وارو په خپل پلار سره کړه خوا
 بيا ورپسي نور وهي چه دي اعلي ادنا
 رنگ د هغو ورک شه چه آوته وايي دروغ
 نشته څوک په ملک کښي چه له ده وي په زړه روغ

ده چه له دکهن نه راهسک کړه خپل علم
 وي کړ اول له مراد بخش سره قسم
 بيا په آگړه راغي په دارا يي کړ تورتم
 بيا يي مراد بخش د شاهجهان سره کړه سم
 بيا راغي په بيرته په شجاع يي وروست غم
 بيا دارا جنگ وکړ په اجمير کښي بيش وکم
 ونيوه جيونر پيري په کور کښي په خپل چم
 بيا سليمان شکوه د دارا زوي مکرم
 لار شه شاه شجاع ته مشر زوي شه د ده رم
 بيا په شاه شجاع پسي دلير وه معظم
 را يي ووست په خونه د خپل پلار هسي ماتم
 دا تردد واره په دوه کاله بيش و کم
 وشه د دي کار زر اويا کاله دوه کم
 يا آزار د پلار دي يا اثر دي د قسم
 يوهي هي هاي هاي دي په انواع انواع ستم
 هسي په ظاهر صوره په مکر دي محکم
 فعل يي چه گوري هلاکول دي لا اظلم

ورک يي کړ په ظلم هم په مکر دير عالم
 راغي په اوجين جسونت سکه يي کړ برهم
 بند يي شاهجهان کړ تري بيل يي کر حشم
 يو يي ور تر ملتانه په دارا پسي پرچم
 جنگ وه په کجوه کښي چه شجاع شه منهنم
 مخ په مغرب وتينست دارا شاه برهم درهم
 را يي وست دهلي ته د ده سريي کړ قلم
 را ووست راجپوتانو گرفتار شه په الم
 بيا يي خني بيل کړ په دير مکر په دير دم
 ويي ويست له نيک کوره چرته څکوي دم
 کار ته يي حيران شه همکي عرب وعجم
 وشه د دهلي سلطنت پري مسلم
 ده چه د دهلي په سرير کيښود قدم
 يا يي له غروره مبدل شه خوي شيم
 څو کاله که نورو درست عالم به کا عدم
 وايي چه پيدا شه ثاني ابراهيم ادهم
 چا دي اوريدلي په اولاد کښي د آدم

پلار په بند ترلي قتل کړي ذي رحم
هېڅ د خوار مظلوم په حال پښتنه نه کړه
واړه يې د خپلې خود کامي لا په غم
دواړه ورته يو په تفحص کښي گرم نه گرم
دا هسي بادشاه دي دا انصاف دا يتي تميز
خدای به نا انصاف په جهان نه لري عزيز

واړه دا خبره درته وایم ممتحن
چري دارا شاه چري د ده جاه و مخزن
چري اورنگزیب څه يې پایه څه يې دکهن
راغي په آگره د ده په سر ايښي کفن
بخت چه چا ته مخ کا دهغه چمن چمن
بخت چه چا ته مخ کا که وربند کا په آهن
بخت چه چا ته شا کا که دانا وي د زمين
بخت چه چا ته شا کا مرغلري د عدن
کار د دي اوو په هېچا نه دي مېرهن
هرلوري ته گرزي هم پاسبان دي هم رهزن
څه به درته وایم چه يې خودي مکرو فن
ما چه نظر وکړ سر تر پایي په خپل تن
واړه يو نفس دي نتيجه يې ما و من
ورک شه د يزید په هغه څو کاله ديدن
تل به د اورنگ نه وي دا کرو و فرو فن
څه شوکه دولت يې آویزاند شه په دامن
هرچه په فطرت کښي پيدا شوی دي خیرن
څه شوکه د باز له جالي والوزي زغن

واړه کار په بخت دي په طالع دي نور سخن
چري د دهلي يې زمزمه زغري جوشن
څه د ده سامان څه يې لښکر خچن مچن
تار په تار فوځونه د دهلي برهم زدن
گل شکفته کيږي په شوره کښي په گلخن
گنج ورننوزي تر دیوار و تر روزن
خپله دانايي يې سره لښه شي د خرمن
نه پيري د ده د مرغیچو په ثمن
دولس ځايي گرزي په ځاي نه لري مسکن
څوک تر خوف تیر کا د چا ووهي گردن
خلاص يې له آسیب نه دي هېڅ نو وکهن
درست خالي هوا دي په دا نه يم دروغزن
واړه په ټکي دي چه يې ووزي له دهن
پاتو شه پري لعن د حسين و د حسن
پاتو به په ده شي تل نفرين د مرد وزن
بيا کله سفله دی د اعلی پای خښتن
پاک و صاف به نه شي که يې تل وينځي بدن
بيا زغن زغن دي که هر خودي پنجه زن

هرچه پاکیزه لري خپل اصل خپل گوهر
مه کړه خدای چه راضی شي په آزار د خپل پدر

خوچاري غلط شوم چه م لوي كره احمق تره
 بل چه م په كوركښي څه كښي نه نښول سپين وسره
 بل چه م په توره په خدمت غرور كاوه
 بل م چه په وقت د نيول ملك و نه لاره
 بل م چه په اصل غوري خيل پښتون گانړه
 خداي به كا رواني په اصلي ولي اوبه
 بويه چه همه واره د كښلي شي په زړه
 دا واره چه بي زده شي نور بي بوله ښه هاله
 وكاندي پاڅه په زمان چاري په اومه
 هر چه تر تا به دي عقل زده كره له هغه
 بيا په ډيرو چارو خلقو دي احمق وباله
 كار په توگل بويه نه خلقو ته كاته
 بيا بي په ياري مه كره هيڅ غلطیده
 سترگي د رندي كا چه شي سترگو ته كاره
 مل د خپل مقصود دي چه بي وړاندي ورسوتله
 بوټي د سپلې د گندهير گنري خواړه
 څوك د مور په نس كښي زده كا وزيري هاله

دوه سوشل بيتونه دي يوولس بنده ښه

ما په رنڼپور كښي د زړه تاو پري سره وه

خداي وكړي دا چاري په ما واره وكړي زړه
 بل چه د ده لور م امرا ته كره واده
 بل چه م يوكوت محكم بنا نه كره په غره
 بل م چه مغل په وركړو مركړو نه غلاوه
 بل م چه قوت و يوسفزيو وركاوه
 وايي چه له خانه په اولاد دي پيرزونه
 دا يو څو خبري چه ما راوړي په خوله
 نرددي كه شطرنج دي كه چوپړ دي وايم زه
 هر چه په دا كار كښي څوك اومه دي نه پاڅه
 هيڅ په خپله پوهه هنر مه شه غره ته
 وايي چه په پوهه بوعلې خومره وه پښته
 هيڅ سري دغه نه دي چه به څي په هره خوله
 يار كه هسي ښه وي چه بي څاي كړي په ليمه
 څه بلا ډير ښه دي د دوو سترگو تور بانړه
 مل دغه باله شي چه تير بير نه څي ترمه
 نه وي چه د چا ترستوني تير چري ترڅه
 څوك چه په لوستو لوستوله ملا نه زده كره څه

څوك به نه كا د ازل چاري تبديلي
 د سري فكر مثال پري د ديلى
 خضر بيا موندې عبث شوي دده حيلي
 په كښي ډيري قافلي شولي قتيلي

كه هزار څله هنر كا حيلي بيلي
 د ازل حكم په مثل د هاتي دي
 د حيات اوبه سكندر په حيلو غوښتي
 يوه څه رنگه خونړيزه لار د عشق ده

عشق یو هسی یو دیرشم توري رازده کړه
عاشقانو ته اندک د دنیا مال دي
دا دلبري چه په دا کشور کېي نن دي
هغه ترکه چه خان جوړ کا را ښکاره شي
په ارمان ارمان مړ خان راغی په شونډو
بیا هاله د محبت په کوڅه پل رډه
چه دیرش توري خکوم د قلم کیلي
تر همت پوري یې کثري دي قلیلي
په کشمیر کېي به یې نه مومي عدیلی
تر جمال یې حوري هم نه دي چمیلی
تا د شونډو دارو را نه کړه بخیلی
که د ویني لکه ما کړي شبیلی

خپل پردي به د هیشوک د سیالي نه کا
اي خوشحال که د بخت نه شي په سیلي

راته درست دَ دهلي بهرو به بوستان
 په هغه زمان چه دوي له ما روان شول
 چه د دوي له ديدن نه محروم شوم
 خيلخانه م لکه باغ زه يي باغبان وم
 زمانه چه باغ و باغان وبله بيل کا
 چه يوگل د هغه باغ ويني په سترگو
 د مجنون چهره تصوير په کاغذ گوره
 په جهان کني هرڅوک يوڅله په مرگ مري
 په ناحق د اورنگزيب په بند بندي يم
 زه په خان کني گناه نه وينم په خداي پو
 د گناه م سر رشته نه ده معلومه
 لکه زه وم په راستي په درستي کني
 بادشاهانولر ترس د زره بايد دې
 څوک به چا لره په داد و په فرياد څي
 چه څما په اولس په خيلخانه وشول
 چه د خپل پردي تميز ورباندي ورک شه
 اورنگ شاه بادشاه که تل کا هسي چاري
 يا سرکال يا په بل کال به خلق واورې
 زه لا څه يم نور به هم څما په رنگ کا
 چه زره سوي په خپل پلارو په زوي نه کا
 له غرور هسي مست بيخوده ولاړ دې
 د داد خواه خواب يي لاتي يا کوتک دې

چه په کني وو باز باقي سعادت خان
 بلا سخت يم چه يي نه مرم په هجران
 که رشتيا وایم زه اوس شوم په زندان
 څه عجب وبله جور وو باغ و باغبان
 دا بيلتون په دواړو توکو دې ديرگران
 په باغبان باندي بنادي وي هر زمان
 زه هم هسي هډو و پوست يم استخوان
 زه بي مرگ مرم نه يوڅل زمان زمان
 خداي خبر دې په تهمت و په بهتان
 ولي نور خلق خبري کا شان شان
 مگر خپل هنر د خان وينم تاوان
 د مغل په خدمت نه وه بل افغان
 مروت و غور رسي عدل و احسان
 چه په ظلم رضامنند شول بادشاهان
 و د نه شي په هندو په مسلمان
 بادشاهان د خپل دولت کاندي نقصان
 لکه اوس يي په لاس ونيوي امان
 چه جويونه شي د سرو وينو روان
 چه خانان دي نام په نام د کوهستان
 د هغو به څه صفره وي په جهان
 چه نظريي هوري پاس دې په آسمان
 په دربار چه يي غوغا کا داد خواهان

و به نه وايي چه ولي دا دڅه کړل
 نه يو حرف د صوبه دار نه سل محضره
 رفتگي بډي رشوت حمايت بويه
 د هر چا څخه چه دا خيونه نه وي
 که په ملک يي قتل عام کوندي خاندان
 چه مرقوم يي په خپل مېرکا قاضيان
 چه څوک غواړي د خپل کار سر و سامان
 په دربار به سر گشته گرزي حيران
 طبيبانو ته هيڅ مه وايه خوشحال
 قادر خداي به وکا ستا د درد درمان

د دهلي د نهر ننه شان و شوکت وه
 نيايسته يي بازارونه وو د نهر
 د شاه نهر فواري دي په هر کور کښي
 په دهلي باندي گواهي د جنت وله
 د بادشاه د خاص و عام به څه تعريف کړم
 چه به جوړ د شاهجهان بادشاه دربار شه
 که هوا يي د عراق د خراسان وي
 دا زينت چه شاهجهان و دهلي ورکړه
 د دهلي بنا د چا د لاسه شوي
 همگي به نام په نام درته بيان کړم
 د دهلي بنا اول وکره خوهانرو
 د اسلام بادشاه معزالدين وه
 چه دهلي يي رانيوه له پتورا نه
 چه يي سرد پتورا پرېکړه له قنه
 بيا له پسه قطب الدين د ده مريي وه
 بيا له پسه شمس الدين د ده بالک وه
 بيا له پسه فيروز شاه د شمس الدين وه
 لور په لور يي کښلي کښلي عمارت وه
 مهيا يي په بازار کښي هر نعمت وه
 د بازار به يي څه کم بيگه وسعت وه
 که راغلي په دنيا چري جنت وه
 و خوابگاه وته يي عقل په حيرت وه
 په دربار کښي به يي دوه اويه ملت وه
 د جنت به د دهلي سره غيرت وه
 بل بادشاه کله ورکړي دا زينت وه
 په نوبت نوبت د چا پري سلطنت وه
 چه د هريوه څه خوي څه يي خصلت وه
 پري د دوي تير سو کاله رياست وه
 چه يو کال يي په دهلي اقامت وه
 په دا کار کښي يي ډير کړي مشقت وه
 شپږ سو دولس کال کم سن د هجرت وه
 چه پري ايښي يي په هند په نيابت وه
 چه په خلق يي آوازه د عدالت وه
 چه په هند کښي يي نظيره سخاوت وه

بيا له پسه رضي لور د شمس الدين و
 بيا له پسه معز الدين د شمس الدين و
 بيا له پسه ناصر دين د شمس الدين و
 بيا نمسي د فيروز شاه علاو الدين و
 بيا سلطان جلال الدين په سرير كښيناست
 بيا له پسه قطب الدين د علائي و
 بيا له پسه تغلق شاه چه امرا و
 بيا سلطان محمد شاه د تغلق شاه و
 بيا سلطان محمد شاه د فيروز شاه و
 بيا سلطان غياث الدين د فيروز شاه و
 بيا له پسه ابابكر په تخت كښيناست
 بيا له پسه سكندر شاه د محمد شاه و
 بيايي ورور ناصر الدين په سرير كښيناست
 بيا له پس چه تيمور شاه په هند راكښووت
 بيا سلطان مبارك شاه د خضر خان و
 بيا سلطان محمد شاه د ده وراره و
 بيا سلطان علاو الدين و د ده زوي
 بيا بهلول لودي بادشاه شه د دهلي
 بيا له پسه د بهلول زوي يي سكندرو و
 بيا له پسه ابراهيم و د ده زوي
 بيا له پسه د دهلي بادشاه بابر شه
 بيا له پس د بابر زوي همايون و
 بيا له پسه شاه عالم د حسن سور و
 بيا له پسه اسلام شاه د شاه عالم و
 چه راضي خني سپاه و رعيت و
 چه هرگوره د غليم خني هيبت و
 چه په خلق و په كرم د ده شهرت و
 چه مشهور په عدالت په عبادت و
 چه په اصل كښي غلجي د ولايت و
 چه هميش يي مخ په عيش و په عشرت و
 پرورش يي د غلجيو په دولت و
 چه د ده په عصر خلق په فراغت و
 چه د پلار په زندگي يي سلطنت و
 چه نيولي يي له وروره مملكت و
 چه دي هم د فيروز شاه له ذريت و
 چه په تخت يي يوه نيم مياشتي مهلت و
 چه به د ده د ښو خوانانو ډير قيمت و
 خضر خان ته يي ورکړي حکومت و
 چه ښکاره يي له جبين سيادت و
 چه پښتون د ده په عهد په عزت و
 چه اکثري يي د نسا سره صحبت و
 چه په تخت يي نه ويشت کاله اقامت و
 چه عمل يي موافق په شريعت و
 چه بابر سره يي جنگ په پاني پت و
 چه يي کار د پښتانه په برکت و
 چه بيخه يي لښکر ډيري دولت و
 چه همايون د ده له دست هزيمت و
 چه له پلاره نه هم زيات د ده جرات و

بيا له پسه عادل شاه د ده تربور وه
 بيا له پس د همايون زوي يه، اکبر شه
 بيا له پسه جهانگیر د اکبر زوي
 اوس بادشاه شاهجهان د جهانگیر دې
 زه خوشحال چه دا شمار کړم شاعرنه يم
 که م شعر شاعري څرگنده ولي *
 چه د هند سیرم وکړ اوس م ووي
 که د دې ویلو کال غواړي له ما نه
 ابتدا د دې بیان په نماز پېښن وه
 د نماز پېښم په وقت يي شوي نهایت وه

چه موسم م د گلونو د گلزار شي
 د هغه له بخت څوک برابري کا
 نن څما طالع له ما سره مدد کا
 چه م ناسته د صورت په هسي ځاي ده
 په دا ځاي چه د ابدالو نظر وشه
 په چمن کښی يي اوبه درومي رواني
 په دا هسي پاکیزه اوبو سلسالو
 د سري سترگي روښاني زړه خوشحال کا
 چه له پاسه نه اوبه راځی په کښته
 هغه ځاي چه د مرمرو فواري دي
 ته به وايي د آسمان تنرا غورزاو شه
 چه په سريسي د حوضونو څوک گذر کا
 مرغاوي يي په حوضونو کښي غوتي کړي
 نرم نرم ترشح په مرغزار شي
 چه په هسي وقت کښي سيري په کنار شي
 بخت د هرکله دا هسي مدد کار شي
 چه ثنایي په لته د هندو بار شي
 عاقبت به په همه جهان اوڅار شي
 په سبزه باندي ناري د جوئبار شي
 شماقت يي د کشمير په شاله مار شي
 چه اوبه د فوارو سره تارتار شي
 وايي سپيني مرغلي دي نثار شي
 تر هغه ځاي د ارم تماشا څار شي
 چه اوبه يي را رواني د آبشار شي
 وايي پاس په آئينو باندي رفتار شي
 د محل په منځ کښي ناست د بازو ښکار شي

ته به وايي د فمروود د اور لښي دي
 صد برگه يي عجايب سره وودلي
 په اطراف د هر چمن شگفته شوي
 په دا باغ کښي د گلونو کمي نشته
 که صدبرگ که بنفشه که ارغوان دي
 د هغه صانع تر صنع صدقه شم
 واره وني يي آسمان سره سيالي کا
 په هزار رنگه نوا شي د مرغونو
 د مرغونو د نوا له موجه شوري
 عمارت يي گچ وهلي په کښي کړي *
 دوه سوتير سو رهروان دي په کښي طرح
 لطافت يي د هوا تر حده تير دي
 که زاره په ده کښي کښيناسته زلمي شي
 دا مکان به د بهشت سره داخل کا
 همکي صفت يي ډير دي تر حساب
 دا بنا د آصف خان له لاسه شوي
 زرنه پنځوس کالونه د هجرت وو

په خوشحال هم دا همره چه ويل شو

نور د عقل حکم نه دي چه تکرار شي

پرورده که د مغلو په نمک يم
 په ناحق يي په زندان کړم يو څو کاله
 پښتنو سره زړه تور دي د مغلو
 که سزه که ناسزه راته معلوم دي

د اورنگ له جوړ هم له غريو ډک يم
 خدای خبر دي که په خپل گناه زه شک يم
 خبردار يي په نيتونو بیک يم
 په دا کار کښي په معني لکه محک يم

يا زه بازوم يا شاهين شاهجهان ته
 هغه زېست چه د عزت له مخه نه وي
 اور يي پوري په منصب په نوکري شه
 په خپل نام وننگ چه راشم ليوني شم
 چه په طمع د اوروزغلي و شست ته
 تر قضا پوري د هيچا چاره نشته *
 و بينا و ته سور مهر يم د زرو
 هيڅ له قدر م وگري خبر نه دي
 د چنبي تر گلو ډير دي څما قدر
 لکه باز په لوي لوي ښکار څما نظر دي
 چه په غوښو يي روزگار هغه مزي يم
 په دا سپينه ږيره شرم عزت ښه دي
 که عالم را کوته تاو کا غم م نشته
 په دانش په شرع نه ده په قسمت ده
 هر پښتون چه د مغلو نوکري گا
 چه منصب م د مغل خوړ يو ملک وم
 د فرمان د پرواني حکم يي نشته *
 نه م کار په خاص و عام نه په ديوان دي
 نه تصديق شته نه يادداشت شته نه توجيه شته
 هر گيدي به چه له ما نه سرکوزي غوښت
 که په بدو باندي شوم شوم زه يي څه کړم
 هر ساعت را باندي عيد د استغنا دي
 پښتانه لره شرعي انديري بس دني
 آزادي ده په ساده سپينه جامه کښي

واورنگ و ته قارگه يا مشکيرک يم
 چه يي کا په هغه زېست پوري ښکېک يم
 چه تر فهم و تر نظر د مغل کت يم
 خبردار کله په سود و زيان د لک يم
 گمان مه کړه چه هغه نادان سمک يم
 او که نه تر زاره ذيب لا زيرک يم
 په دليل د نابينا لکه پوچک يم
 که رښتيا و ايم د سترگو مردمک يم
 و بي شناختو و ته گل د پښيرک يم
 نه چه گرزي گونگت نيسي باد خورک يم
 نه چه ولي د وښو خوري هغه مرک يم
 چه به نوري چاري کړم مگر خورک يم
 په رښتياويل د ډيرو پولپولک يم
 چه دا هسي سرگردان لکه پټک يم
 که د زده د هغو وارو بهتريک يم
 چه منصب د مغل نشته اوس ملک يم
 شکر دا چه په خپل حکم په خپل وک يم
 نه په درولار د هريو مردک يم
 نه په فکر د سند نه د دستک يم
 د هغه د سريا تور يا کوتک يم
 لکه ښه ستوري په اصل مبارک يم
 که په نور عالم ژړا زه په خرسک يم
 نه په فکر د مسند نه د توشک يم
 خلاص له غم د زربفت و د ميلک يم

دَ وانبو جونگري هسي راته نبي شوي
 که اوگره دَ بتو شته په شلونبو سپينه
 چه نيولي مَ دا هوډ دَ ننگ و نام دَ ي
 په بل غشي توپک هيڅ ويشتلی نه يم
 چه شهپر مَ بتي خيل وو کنډ کپر شول
 دَ گريز بنري مَ توي لکه باز کري
 سکه ورونره مَ تري دي حال يي دا دَ ي
 په دروغ دروغ وعدو نفاق آميزو
 تف په ريره دَ همه وارو بارکو
 نن خو قام را سره ډيره جفا وکره
 که ختکو راته شا کره مخ يي تور شه
 که څه حق يا دَ وروري يا دَ نيکي شته
 مهمندي څما دَ گډي لاس و پښی دي
 ډير چيني چه تراوش وکا درياب شي
 کرلاري سربني څو پښتانه دي
 چه دا هسي رنگ څما په سيله گرزي
 که مَ عمر په شماره تر شپيته تير دي
 دَ افغان په ننگ مَ وترله توره
 ننگيالي دَ زماني خوشحال خټک يم

نیک و بد په کښي بيان
 پري د پوه شي دانايان
 چه تور زن يم کان په کان
 چه بل نه وه هسي ځوان

راشه واروه دا داستان
 هم عبرت هم نصيحت دي
 زه خوشحال دَ شهباز خان يم
 شهباز خان دَ چيخي خان وه

یحیی خان د اکوری وه
 هم په توره مړني وه
 چه غليم به يي پيدا شه
 هم يي تيغ وه هم يي ديگ وه
 په هغه ستوري پيدا وه
 لا پيدا په جهان نه وه
 د اکبر بادشاه په دوري
 چه له ده سره به ناست وو
 همت ناک باسل باذل وو
 گور ته رنگ په وينو لارل
 قبيله شوه سره ديره
 متفق په هره چار وو
 د هجرت زر دوويشت سن وه
 هغه کال پوره پنځوس وه
 د هغه دوري بادشاه وه
 د پلارځاي يي ما ته راکړ
 که د توري که د ورکړو
 لکه خرڅ م د بابا وه
 واره دیرش زره ختک وو
 په لنيکر به څما خرڅ وه
 که څما کره به سل وو
 درست ختک څما په دوري
 که ختک په زمکه پروت وه
 که څه عیش که عشرت وه

چه په توره شه سلطان
 تير انداز وه شخ کمان
 زر يي ځاي وه گورستان
 هم يي خلق وه هم احسان
 چه پري زيري بادشاهان
 پري خبر وو درويشان
 شه د خپل اولس يو خان
 هغه واره وو شيران
 په هرکار کښي صادقان
 چه همه وو سرداران
 اکثرينه لايق ځوانان
 نام ناموس په وارو گران
 چه زه راغلم په جهان
 چه شهيد شه شاهباز خان
 قدردان شاهجهان
 په اولس بشوم حکم ران
 هيڅ م پري نه ښ اړمان
 څما لا دي دو چندان
 درست څما وو په فرمان
 يا م خرڅ وه په مهمان
 زر به تله په خاندان
 نامور شه په دوران
 پاس م يووړ په آسمان
 زړه م سؤر کړ په هر شان

که اسونه که بازونه
 زر و ماته هسي خوار وُو
 نه زکوة په ما واجب شه
 چه يي خپل عزت پکاروي
 تر اورنگ بادشاه م. وويست
 نقش م. کښيښوه د توري
 د خپل ځان صفت به څه کرم
 ښي ښي ناوي په کور راغلي
 زه غليم د اورنگزيب يم
 زه په ننگ د پښتانه يم
 لکه سپي هسي جارووزي
 د اويا کالونو اوس يم

گشت د باغ و د بوستان
 لکه خاوري د بيابان
 په درست عمر نه قربان
 زر به خوار کا هغه ځوان
 تاو د بند و د زندان
 په هند و په مسلمان
 مگر نوريي کا بيان
 پلار نيکه خانان و ميران
 سر په غره په بيابان
 دوي نيولي مغلان
 د مغل په آشن و نان
 په دا ماه رمضان

د بي ننگو پښتنو له غم ما
 دا هم ښه که په دا کار کښي همره کاردې
 چه د ننگ گوهرم مات شه دواړه سترگي
 هغه دُر م په لاس نه راځي بيرې
 هغه ملا م چه په هود سره لوي غرو
 هم د تخت و ما ته شا شوه هم د خلقو
 که م لاس وي په رضام به کښي نه ښول
 د هغو د خولي کړي خبري اورم
 ذم د خپلو د پرديو را معلوم شه
 په هغو لويو خبرو شرمسار يم
 سل غندنې پيغورونه را دوڅار شول

لوي پريښوه ونيوله کم ما
 چه که واخست انتقام له کرم ما
 په ژړا نه کړي يودم بي نم ما
 استاده کړه په ساحل له يم ما
 په ناکام کړه ومغل و ته خم ما
 په مغل کړ څکه مخ له هم ما
 د مغل په لوري دوه قدم ما
 چه خبره ورته نه کړه سم ما
 که هر څوساته خپل ځان له ذم ما
 چه هر چا و ته يستي له فم ما
 چه به ځان ساته هميش له ذم ما

دا الم مړه شخ الم سره سم نه دي که لیدلي دي هزار الم ما
مگر بخت را سره بیا مدد آغاړ کا چه فارغ کا د اندوه له سم ما
هاتي خکه په سر لوني دا خاوری
چه خبر کړو خوشحال له غم ما

را معلوم شه د اورنگ عدل و انصاف د ده ښه مسلمانې ښه اعتکاف
سکه ورونه يې وار په وار واره وژلي پلار په بند کښي آچولي په مصاف
که هزار خله څوک سروهي په مزکه يا په صوم تر شمشي وړولي ناف
څو نيت د ښه عمل سره جوړ نه شي عبادت طاعت د واره دي خلاف
چه د ژبي لار يوه د زړه يې بله په چاره يې شه جگر شکاف شکاف
مار د تن د پاسه ښه ښايسته روغ دي ولي تن يې اندرون لري ناصاف
مړني په کرده ډير ويل يې لږ وي د نامرد لږ عمل وي ډيري لاف
که دلي د خوشحال لاس په ظالم نشته
د قيامت په ورځ يې خدای مه کره معاف

چه په خوا په خاطره هسي عيان شي څني څه چاري پيدا په دا جهان شي
په لاجي په چوټره وگرزیدم اوس مړ گشت د افریديو په میدان شي
لکه باز په يو غرگزوي په بل لوري بيا نظر څما د سوات په کوهستان شي
د مغل منصب م پريښود هسي خوښ يم لکه خلاص لوي د بند بنديوان شي
دا نادره عقیده لکه څما ده لا عجب که بل پيدا هسي افغان شي
که م چري ننکيالي په لاسو کښيوزي پري به لری دا څما د زړه ارمان شي
و مغلو ته به هسي کار ښکاره کړم چه راضي راڅخه روح د فرید خان شي
په اعوذ به يې فتح کړم که خدای کا په دا کار کښي که څوک ماوته شیطان شي
په هر کار چه همت وتړي له دل که اغزي وي هغه کار ورته ريحان شي

نه فرشته وي بي بدې به پاتونه شي
 چه بي خپله پوهه نه وي ښه هغه دي
 زده به نن غرض وگنده ته پري نه ېدم
 چه خدا په خوب کښي وويني وژاري
 پد يود بخري وسيزي درست کلي
 ساقي نن څما په دور جام گردان کړه
 اورنگزيب بادشاه زړه ډک په لاهور راغي
 لکه کښت لره باران او باد پکار دي
 دروښه هېڅ د ماه و سال خبره مه کړه
 پير و تا و ته نن لافي د ياري کړه
 به جنان د ننگيالي دي دا دوه کار
 د بازونو د زاغانو مصاف وينم
 چه قرين ورسره هر کله بدان شي
 چه د بل سړي په پند پسې روان شي
 که د گنده د ژوندون سړي ضمان شي
 د نادانو ياري سود گنډه زيان شي
 په يوه خبره لار واره ايمان شي
 گوره گنده به د چا دور گردان شي
 گوره گنده به څوک وران څوک به ودان شي
 د عالم ټولي په خلق په احسان شي
 هره ورځ پيري خوشان د اسمان شي
 گنده ستا و سر ته کښيني غليمان شي
 يا به و خوري ککړي يا به کامران شي
 تر داسېڅ به بي د وينو رود روان شي

خبر مه شي د فلک په ستمونه
 چه هميش به بي سر پروت څما په پښووه
 چه به تل څما کرم ته په اميد وه
 چه څما په مرهم روغ په دنيا پاي
 زده يي چا لره وهم قدر يي چا زده
 څه يواځي ننگ په ما راغلي نه دي
 به واره د مغلو درم پرېږدي
 چه ښوروا خوري د مغلو واره سپي دي
 که خټک دي که بنگش دي که ورکزي دي
 يا م خپل قهر ارمان تر هر چا وکښي
 له پرديو نه به څه لره مانه کرم
 په خاطر کښي لرم څو رنگ غمونه
 اوس هغه څما په سر ېږدي قدمونه
 باروي په ما منت په کرموفه
 هم هغه خاندي څما په مرهمونه
 په اور وسيڅه دا ټور قلمونه
 پښتانه ډير دي په غرونه په سمونه
 يا به زه هم په لاس واخلم درمونه
 د سگانو په خوله څه آخلم نومونه
 وار په واريي په کور وشه ماتمونه
 يا م پري ښوي دا د ننگي شيمونه
 چه خپل هم رالاندي باسي ارمونه

نا خلف زوي د چا کړه لوي مه شه
 چه شاعريه خپل غلط شعر خبر شي
 چه څما سره يي کا پوري حيران يم
 چه و پلار وته گوندي کا قسمونه
 پري څکه وي د غلطي رقمونه
 خپل پردي فن و فنون سحر د مونه
 گور به هم په ژړا سر کړم که يي ورورم
 زه خوشحال د زړه دا همزه المونه

کله باز کا و مردارو ته هوس
 وگفتار وته يي مه غرو سترگي
 که يي سر په لکي آروي هغه دي
 په ظاهر شماره که لس سره دوه پنځ وي
 دوه سري په باغ کيني گدشي يوکل گوري
 زه دا يم په بيلتانه کيني له هغو يم
 که هر خوښايسته روغ دی څوک يي څه کا
 دغه کار دي د کلاغ و د کرگس
 په کرده په عمل گوره کس ناکس
 په هيڅ رنگ به نورڅه نه شي سگ مگس
 د اجد په حساب نوي وگنره بس
 دويم گرزي په طلب د خار و خس
 چه د يار بي يادونه دي يو نفس
 د طوطي له مخه بڼه به شي قفس
 خوار خوشحال به څني څو شري په جور
 که سري شوندي د شکر دی دي مگس

همرهانو د کوچ وکره واره لارل تر منزل
 له نیستی و هستي ته له هستي و نیستی ته
 لاری یې واره گل و لای ده ته په سهل تقوسوړی یې
 د دنیا په دریاب دوه د پایاب یې طمع مه کړه
 وکنارته به ونه ووزي له دې هسي شان دریاب
 د دنیا حاصل یې واره نا کامي و رنځوري ده
 په قضایې رضا وروړه هرچه ستا په باب یې کړي
 خپلو لاسو خپلو پښو وته وگوره نظر وکره
 همیشه وایي چه خدای م پېژندلې په یکې دې
 بې له خدای راته وایه بل یو کوم دې چه پیدا کا
 په خوردن و په خفتن کښې له چارپاي برابر مه شه
 د دنیا په کار و بار کښې په څو بېحد بیداری یې
 په خپل حسن غره مه شه که په حسن لکه گل یې
 له بدانو د هیشوک د نیکې امید و نه کا
 د هغه عالم خبره چه عمل په ده کښې نه وي
 هغه عالم چه عمل نه لري په مثل لکه خردې
 چه گفتار کړداری یې دواړه موافق سره یکرنگ شي

ته لا کلک په خوب اوده یې اي څما دل غافل
 کاروانونه دې چلیړي قوافل په قوافل
 ښه سواران دې په کښې تللي واره وتیښت له ډیر گل
 دا پایاب دې ډیرو غوښتي خبر نه شول له ساحل
 له ساحل یې خبر نه دي بي له اهل سواحل
 که د چاپه کښې حاصل شي هم یې مه گنډه حاصل
 په هېڅ رنگ به دفع نه شي په تعویذ په حمایل
 دا همه واره د خدای په معرفت دي دلایل
 که خدای د پېژندلې مینه مه کړه په باطل
 آدمي له تورو خاورو په دا شکل و شمائل
 د عمل په کار و بار کښې مه شه کم تر عوائل
 د ښه دین په کار کښې څه رنگ اوده یې سنست کاهل
 زمانه به د څهره په یو څو ورځي کا زایل
 د غسل خواړه به نه مومي له زهر شلاهل
 په مثال لکه براق دې چه جدا څي له عامل
 باندي څو کتاب لښلي مشقت یې بي حاصل
 هاله هر رنگ خبره اثر کاندې له قائل

په زیبا گفتار د هېڅ تقصیر ونه کړ خوشحال

که کردار د هم زیبا وي چار به ولي وه مشکل

څه سري څه يي تدبير
 که جهان شي تيره توره
 بي تقدير به و نه مري
 بی اجل مرگي نشته
 لکه کار د مړني دي
 د غازيانو شاهيدانو
 گل گتنه ده د بور
 مړني دي چه ياديري
 توره بخره د خوشحال ده
 تراوه پيريو پوري
 دا د خان ستاينه نه ده

هم هغه شي چه تقدير
 ستا په مرگ شي خلق خير
 نه په توره نه په تير
 تيغ وهه مه کره تقصير
 هسي کار نه دي د پير
 پروا نشته د سعي
 که کابل دي که کشمير
 په سندرو هم په وير
 کان په کان خلق خير
 واره مړه په تيغ و تير
 حقيقت وایم په خير

په طلب کښي د سستي وينم درویشن
 نعمتونه رنگارنگ دي په هر لوري
 خو طلب همره موندل دي په دا دور
 د عسلو خواړه کله هغه مومي
 لا د وقت د طبيب طلب بايد دي
 په هېڅ دين کښي ما وفا ليدلي نه ده
 په هر غشي چه زخمي شوم بيا مړ وکوت
 هېڅه پروا اندوه د بل د بدو نه کړم

چه وتلي يي د دي خوني له ویش
 په غوښتونې باندي نه ده جفا پيش
 بلکه لا تر طلب بخره مومي پيش
 چه حذر کا د مچي له بده نيش
 خو لا پائي په دنيا د زړه له ريش
 خبردار يم د هر چا له دين و کيش
 هغه غشي وه په تن ځما له کيش
 خود پا نه ځي بلا له خانه خویش

په پيغام د بوسي شود نه شي خوشحاله
 چه ځما په خوله منن يي را نزدي شه

په راحت کښې په دولت کښې یاري ډیرې په محنت کښې په زحمت کښې یاران چري
 نه به هر کله بهار نه به خزان وي دا د ستوریو چاري ونیسه په تیري
 له یوې فتني یې ځان په دعا خلاص کړم فلک بیا نوي فتني کا را برسيرې
 د دې دور په یارانو باور نشته په زمان ورته اغیار شي یار د غویري
 چه به ما ورته کاته له جاء نه کړه له هغو خبري آورم تیر و بیري
 پرورش یې که په شهد و په شکر کړي د خرما تر ښوند به و نه رسيږي بیري
 د دستار تر مرتبي به نه رسيږي که په لعلو مکمل کړي پای زیري

په ژوندون یې د خوشحال له زړه وباسي
 ستا کړدي به یې په گور کښې نه شي هیري

ډیر عالم څما په یاد راغي تیر شه لکه باد
 هم دا هسي راشي تیر شي په ځای نه لري استاد
 عجب لویه کار خانه ده چه پیدا کړه لوي استاد
 وحباب وته نظر کړه څه حباب څه یې بنیاد
 هسي ته یې که پوهیږي ښه مثال شه درته زباد
 هیش خبر نه شوي له ځانه هي فریاد فریاد فریاد
 غمژن والي د په څه شي بیا پسي شه هسي شاد

څه سختي لري خوشحاله
 دا د زړه دې که فولاد

چه یو ځل بسکړه وويني له چا
 دروغژن سړي د عفو لایق نه دي
 غلطې د یگانه غلطې نه ده
 که له یاره نه ترخي خبرې واورې
 د کمذات سړي یاري آشنایي مه کړه
 رځنه کړ د ملک هرگز د پریښو نه دي
 مرد به خپله وینا ژغوري خو ژوندي وي
 د چارپایو په حساب دي سړي نه دي
 چه ستا عیب تا ته وائي یار هغه دي
 بازاری سړي بهتر تر وروستایي دي
 که سړي پيري د وژني و به نه مري
 بند څما په رضا یو نشته یاران م
 چه څما په مرگ مشتاق وو هغه ومړل
 مړني په خپلي توري نظر نه کا
 شناخت ادب شرم سړي وته بایدې دي
 چه یې مورو پلار سخي سخي زوولي
 چه د سپي په پیولوي کا څوک ورغومي
 دا خبره و هر چا وته ښکاره ده
 عاقل ډیر عیب د ځان په عقل پټ کا
 په ویل ښیل به هیڅکله ښه نه شي
 چه خپل بار په هسچانه ږدي بار د بل وري
 چه په زړه کښی یې چراغ د عقل بل شي

سجڼل د خپل استاد لري په مخ کښي

چه گویا شه د خوشحال د زړه طوطا

زه په خپلو گناهونو توبه کار یم
 په دا سپینه ریره ما فضیحت مه کړه
 اوس و ما توان توفیق د طاعت راکړه
 ستا له لوریه همکي فضل و کرم دي
 عام عالم م په کردار خبردار نه دي
 په عمل به هسي گبر و جهود نه وي
 هندو هم پاڅي په نیمي شپي خپل جپکا
 زړه په زرو فکرو ولاړ په سجده سرېدم
 نه ثواب د جماعت نه سود د نفلو
 که حلال دي که حرام مزه يي بویه
 خلقي خما په فعل گور ته لاري
 نفس و ما ته حق نا حق کا نا حق حق کا
 راکښي خوي خصلت د دوواو په فرقو دي
 د هوا په دریا بونو کښي غوطي خورم
 که په رسم په تقلید مسلمان شي
 نفس شیطان راته په هره ساد پڅودي
 حمیده م لکه زر ذمیمه شکي
 اعتقاد ئي د خاصانو و ما راکړه
 که فریښتي که کتابونه د آسمان دي
 د کونین پیدا کونکي لاشریک دي
 د قیامت په ورځ قایل یم بي گمانه
 پس له مرگ بیا ژوندون د خلائق دي
 پیغمبر م محمد د عبد الله دي *
 امامان يي د اولاد واره برحق دي

چه م کړي دي له وارو شرمسار یم
 که په توره ریره هر څو بزه کار یم
 ستا و فضل و کرم ته امیدوار یم
 زه د خپلو شامتونو نه په دار یم
 زه پخپله خبردار په خپل کردار یم
 لکه زه په خپل عمل کښي خوارو زار یم
 تر هندو نه د عمل په کار لا خوار یم
 همکي عمر دا هسي نماز گذار یم
 په قضا نمونځونو هم لا توان دار یم
 په بزه د لقمي کله پروا دار یم *
 لا د نورو و کشتن ته په تلوار یم
 تل د ده تر فرموده پوري نا چار یم
 په ظاهر د مؤمنانو په قطار یم
 د حرص په حصارونو کښي حصار یم
 سخ خما د مسلمانو سره شمار یم
 تر ورستې ساه زه ځني په دار یم
 توري خاوري م په سر دي که زر دار یم
 که زه هر څو په عمل کښي شرمسار یم
 په همه پیغمبرانو په اقرار یم
 په دا همره اعتقاد کښي استوار یم
 نیک و بد واره له تا دي خبردار یم
 په دا وارو کښي له شرک نه بیزار یم
 مینه داري په اصحاب و په چهار یم
 تر مهدي پوري د وارو خدمتگار یم

چه دښنه يې د اصحاب و د اولاد دي
د مذهب خښتن څلور دي پنځه نه دي
د عذاب طاقت م هېڅ نشته بخښه م
چه هم ډك له گناهونو هم مغرور دي

په وکښنه يې د بېخ و د تبار يم
حنفي سني مذهب د دين په کاريم
و درگاه لره د درغلم طيار يم
زه خوشحال هغه بنده د خپل غفاريم

خدای ته څما پرده مه کړه پاره *
هغه لار چه د نيکي د نيکنامي ده
چه د دين د دنيا بې چاري په کښي وي
په دنيا کښي م هميش لره زړه جمع
نفس شيطان دواړه قرين دي په شماره کښي
که هر څو م لوي گناه له لاسه وشي
په توبه کښي هسي رنگه ثبات راکړه
کبیره راته گنده غوښي د خوک کړه
ذمېمه م وار په وار له دل واخله
توان توفيق د عبادت و طاعت راکړه
په حساب کتاب م رنگ د خلاصي نشته
چه ارواح م له قالب نه جدا شي *
چه کراما کاتبين راڅخه خوښ شي
مخ م سور لره هميش په استغنا کښي
تر ايمان چه م چاپېر د يقين کوټ دي
په دنيا کښي م عزيز لره تر تله

بد م مه کړه و عالم وته ښکاره
په هغه لار م بيايه همواره
هميشه م په هغه چاري وگماره
پرېشاني د څني اوسي کناره
واښکاره لره دا دواړه مکاره
په توبه سره يې ته کړه آواره
چه توبه م ماته نه شي دوباره
صغیره کړه راته غوښي د فاره
چه په زړه کښي ذمېمه دي خونخواړه
زه خاكي بنده عاجز يم بېچاره
ما يکلخته خپل کرم ته وسپاره
نور م بيايه د جنت په ننداره
هسي رنگ م گورستان وته وسپاره
په طمع م زير مه کړه رخساره
سلامت يې وساته برج و باره
آل اولاد م پيدا مه کړه هېچکاره

وقت آخر شه غافل مه اوسه خوشحال
يو څو ورځي شپي باقي دي په شماره

زه مدد غواړم له تا نه اي يوه خدايي احد
 زه عاجز بنده د تايم تا به ستايم ستا په فضل
 ستا ثنا ده ترحد تيره د بيايان تر شكو ډيره
 نه ته زوريي نه ته خوان يي لکه وي هسي يکسان يي
 زمکه سبع سماوات دواړه کونه کايينات
 دا همه واره ملکونه تا وزول له کاف و نون
 که سفيد دي که سياه دي په وحده ستا گواه دي
 د ستا کار واره خوبي دي په خوبي او په نيکي دي
 داشامت خمونه خپل دي چه موکار هسي مشکل دي
 ته پښتنه کړي له حال چه يي حال ښه ده تر قال
 که مدد د راسره وي چار به نه شي څما به
 ستا ثنا صفت به وایم خوزه توان لرم بي حد
 هسي څوک دي چه خبر شي د دي شگوله عدد
 لکه وي هسي به وينه له ازل تر ابد
 واره تا گونښي پيدا کړل بي له نورو له مدد
 هم والد يي د ملکونو هم منکريي له ولد
 ته محيط له هره څيزه له سفیده له اسود
 دا و مونږه ته رسيږي کله نيک کله بد
 گنډه ته څه هسي نه يي چه خپل درتري له رد
 د بلال اسهد قبول شه د دوي نورو له اشهد

د خوشحال ويل اومه دي لايق ستا د صفت نه دي

ستا په فضل به پخيري دا اومه ويل احد

چه تحويل شي د ميزان
 توغ يي څه د سهيل ستوري
 د غارمه په رنځ رنځور وي
 د خورو لذت پيدا شي
 غير په غير سره نماستي شي
 د جامي قدر څرگند شي
 نه په زغره ځوان خبر وي
 چه د بكار هوسناكي كا
 د شمال مرغونه واره
 نوي باز راشي له سوات
 د مهتاب په شعله يون كا
 قاز و بطي راخوري شي
 زرکي کوزي شي و سمي ته
 که شاهين که چرخ که بازدي
 د صديک گلونه وا شي
 څوک د بکار په هوس گرزي
 عباسي په دوه دري رنگه
 د چنبي د گلو بوي څي
 د سبزي يي تماشا شي
 په تنکي تنکي مياخونو
 که بلبلي که طوطيان دي

توغ څرگند كا زمستان
 چه بكاره شي په آسمان
 بيا تندرست شي دا جهان
 اوبه ولري په څان
 لب په لب شي مشتاقان
 زين قبول كا عراقيان
 نه آس دروند په برگستان
 پري بنادي شي دا اوان
 په جنوب شي را روان
 لکه بڼه سيلبي جوگيان
 څرخ كا زانري په آسمان
 مرغواوي صد چندان
 په دانه د دهقانان
 رايي واخلي مير شكاريان
 په رنگ بڼه وي ترزعفران
 څوک په سيري د بوستان
 سپين او زير وي ارغوان
 د هر بوټي تر گريوان
 لا په تيره د ريحيان
 هره ونه شي شان شان
 لور په لور کاندې فغان

د دې هسي وقت هوس به مگر مومي په جنان
 که رښتيا وایم دا وقت مـ په پسرلي لري رجحان
 د دې وقت په مخ خلاصی دې د پسرلي په مخ زندان
 په خوشحال د قدر ډیر دې یماني ستوري خان خان

چه دیدن د ورښکاره شي
 نور په ده کړی حظ پریوان

په ځان وپه جهان کښي ما دوه څیزه دي وکښلي په ځان کښي دواړه سترگي په جهان کښي واړه کښلي
 د زلفو په هوا يي بي خودي څما نصیب شوه له ځانه له جهان له تل بسخود وي مار خورلي
 د کښليو د جمال په ننداره کښي ما خدای بیا موند لږ نه دي له مجاز حقيقت ته رسيدلي
 ښه مخ وته چه گورم په دوه سترگو نه مریږم د تن ويسته مـ واړه واري سترگي دي ختلي
 سیه دل د محبت له سوز و سازه خبر نه شول په کار د پتنگانو مگس نه دي پوهيدلي
 د هغه خونې له تیغ د خلاصی فکر و مه کړه چه دي له نا ترسي زړه وکارې له وژلي
 د خدای ملامتونه گوښي گوښي تهمتونه په عشق کښي له وگړي ما څه لږ نه دي زغملي
 ښه مخ په مثال گل شه زړه څما لکه بلبل شه شیدا بلبله هر چري چه گل وي هوري زغلي
 مدد وکړه د وینو د ژړا په وقت اي دل نور اوښي پاتو نه شول چه ډیر ډیر مـ دي ژړلي

د شعر څه ثنا کړم چه دي حیض الرجال دي بد کړ کا چه له ده نه ډیر زیانونه دي رسيدلي
 که شعر ته نظر کړي په خپل اصل کښي بد نه دي بد دا چه څوک په شعر کښي ويل کا ناپسندلي
 چه چا دي شعر کړي بي ميزانه بي عروضه دا هيڅ شاعري نه دا يو خوسپي دي تميدلي
 فارسي شعر مـ هم زده سلیقه لرم دا واړه پښتو شعر مـ جوش شه هر څوک خپل گنډي ښاغلي
 په وزن په مضمون په نزاکت هم په تشبیه کښي پښتو ويل مـ عين تر فارسي دي رسولی
 پښتو ژبه ده مشكله د ده بحر مونده نه شي هم ما لره څو بحر په ډیر منبود دي راغلي

له چا نه په پښتو کښي ما میزان موندلي نه دي مرزا په دا زبان که ویل کړي دي تللي
 مخزن م د اخوند په تمامی په نظر کښووت په ده کښي نه عروض شته نه يي بحر ما موندلي
 دانا به پري پوهیږي د نادنا کار پري نشته دا درجه د بیان په تار خوشحال ختک پيلي
 کذاب دي که دا شعر لکه ده پښتو بیان کړ که هسي ویل اوس شي يا په خوا وي چا ویلي
 د شعر په ویلو ډیر خوښ نه یم ولي څه کړم چه زړه م بي اختیار کله کله ورته زغلي
 په شل کاله کښي دیگ څما د شعر په اور بار شته په دا دورې م پوخ کړ چه شپيته کاله م تللي
 حاسد م که په شعر له حسد ګوته کیږي چه دي مومي له شعر واره ده وته بخښلي
 د شعر په ویل کښي که مقصود لري هم دا دي په دا بهانه يي ګوندي چری یاد کا نازولي
 په تور کسوت کښي پته رنگینه معني وګوره زر شویم سره زر له تورو شکو دي یستلي

دوه بجره دوه مطلع لري که دا قصیده گوري

زړیو اتیا کالونه په صفر کښي ما ویلي

دوه زړونه چه یوشي غربه هم پاره پاره کا
 توري زلفي بویه خط و خال زرو زیور هم
 څوک چه په اخلاص وبله مین شي په دنیا کښي
 خلع په شیطان باندي لعنت لعنت وائینه
 صل رنگه غمونه لور په لور د نفس د لاسه
 چه ویش وي د شکرو ډیر عالم ور باندي ټول شي
 ۰۰ څار تر یکرنگي چه زړه يي یو یوي اقرار وي
 هر څوک دعا کاندي چه حاجت يي چاته نه شي
 گل و سړی ورکړه چه خوشحال په یوه گل شي
 څار تر یکرنگي چه نعمتونه را ښکاره کا
 مخ چه ښایسته وي خلقه يي ننداره کا
 زرسازي ناسازي په دنیا کښي آواره کا
 چاري په سړیو واره نفس اماره کا
 دوه سوه د حرص له مخه نور را اجاره کا
 چه واخلي خپلي بخري نور څانونه کناره کا
 هر چه دوه زبان وي خپل غمونه دوباره کا
 ولي بادشاه نه وي چه حاجت يي بیچاره کا
 خره غوايه کله نظر د گل په پشتاره کا

د خوشحال د رندي جال هسي ښکاره شول

لکه بانگ چه مؤذن په بلند مناره کا

دا څه بارخونه دي ستا د تورو زلفو لاندې
 تل يې په طلب وم آخر خوش خپله بخت
 قيس وه که وامق وه که فرهاد وه که خسرو وه
 نور خلق فاني دي که باقي دي هم هغه دي
 نوري کيسې څه دي و خپل ځان ته نصيحت دي
 پروت دي په گلونو د سنبلو پاڼې تاندي
 هسي يارم بيا موند چه عالم يې کيسې کاندې
 هر چه عاشقي کا صد رحمت په واريو باندې
 هر چه په فاني دنيا ياديږي وروستو وړاندې
 شمع ته نظر کړه خود به وژاري چه خاندي

ته گوره په چرته زه خوشحال په کوم ملکونو
 پاس په زړه پرې دي ستا د تورو وړل پياندې

زور سري چه د ځواني هوس کاندې
 چه په کال کښي يې زورتوب دي هم ځواني دي
 کله هسي په ځوان مؤرشي چه يې نه خوري
 په نيټونو په صورتونو په لاسونو
 اوس په سپين ږيره څه له مرگه دار کرم
 چه د مزکي مخ يې لاندې وه تر حکم
 دا عالم ږيگ روان دي که يې گوري
 ورته وايه چه دا څه په خپلي کونه خاندي
 د سري تر کار ښه دي کار د سپاندې
 کله ځوان ته سترگي آروي نغلاندې
 خلقي دي سره يو تر بله هراندې
 ياران تورو ږيري لار له ما وړاندې
 راشه وگوره هغه تر مزکي لاندې
 خوهم هسي سره آوري لاندې باندې

د قضا تنور ما وليده په سترگو
 ما خوشحال چه په کښي سيزي وچي تاندي

تلم په خپلي لاري را سره مله شوه نگارا
 رنگ يې د سري وه اما خوی د ښاپيږيو
 راغلو په ښهر لاس په لاس شوه له ما ورکه
 ډيري لري ښي د صورت د زيبايي
 دنکه تازه رنگه قد عرعره مو کمه
 غاښ يې درگوهږ په لب شکر ابرو کمانه
 شوخه غمزه گره خنده رويه خود آرا *
 تن يې لکه سيم وه په زړه سخت سنگ خارا
 کوي په کوي جاروم پسي غواړم بخارا
 څه خودرته وایم يو څو ښي آشکارا
 ښه يې تر گليونو د گلاب وه عذارا
 تورو بانډه ناوکه په دواړو سترگو خونخوارا

پوزه يي غنچه وه دَ زنبق سيب يي سپينه زنه
 هار دَ جواهر و دوه لرې دَ مرغلرو
 واره يي دَ تن جامي گلگونې زرنګاري
 درسته سره لنډه ده چا ليدلي خدا را
 بيا هسي مدد کړه چه خوشحال سره دَ تله کړه
 بخت دَ دې ورکي سراغ نښه و ما را

وي مَرکه زه درشم ستا ترځاي خوله به را کړي
 وي مَرچه په مخ دَ توري زلفي تور ښامار دې
 وي مَرچه په کوم توکي به تا وته نژدي شم
 وي مَرچه زه تا پسي هرگوره ليونې شوم
 وي مَرچه ما تا سره خندا په يوه وقت کړه
 وي مَرچه هرگوره کبريا شوي خداي دَ ويني
 وي مَرچه دَ سپين زيبا خولي دَ عاشق زه يم
 وي مَرچه له نته دَ چارگل په پوزه زيب کا
 وي مَرکه زه ستا په کوي کښې ومرم ستا رضا ده
 وي مَرچه په خورنګه خوشحال په تا مين دې
 وي يي دَ خټک سړي دَ مينی څه ثنا کړي

تا غوندي به نه وي يوه کښلي په دا دور
 وقت دَ نوبهار دې راغ و باغ واره گلزار دې
 باز دَ باندي مه وزه هم زړه لرم ويرېرم
 نور عالم بي غم زه دايم په درد و غم کښې
 مې شته چنګ ونې شته ساقې راشه باده را کړه
 کښينم و رودبار ته چه رواني اوبه گورم
 يون دَ دې دَ زرکي دواړه سترګي دَ دَ مؤر
 راز دَ کردگار دې دا گلونه طور طور
 باز خوري دَ زړه غوښې يايي ته خوري يايي بؤر
 عشق نه دې بلا دې چه يي ونیوم په چور
 تل به بهار نه وي چه تيرېري وقت دَ ثور
 عمر غوندي درومي چه ښه وکړم باندي غور

یار د که د کور دین قبول کا په دا څه شی
 مینه د مجنون به په لیلی وشوه لا ډیره
 شرط د محبت دي ته هم واخله دین د کور
 خو به چه عالم ور باندي وگر شور و زور
 طمع د خوشحال وه لکه ښه باغبان په باغ کښي
 گل و هر چا ورکا چه يي زړه وي علی الفور

راشه که يي آوري دا خبره ده نادره
 مرم چه جدا کيږي ته م روح يي که پوهيږي
 بخت م مرور شي چه په نورو د نظر شي
 هر حسن د ډير دي د ليلي تر حسن تير دي
 ډيري دي نگاري آهو چشمي پري واري
 شوندي د ياقوت دي غاښ د درد زړو نو قوت دي
 لام و بي يي خمينه چه ښه کښلي شي در پښه
 ډير د ملک شاهان دي چه د کښليو غلامان دي
 چه ووتل له سترگو هغه ووزي له خاطره
 مه درومه له ما نه راته تل اوسه حاضره
 بخت راته ناظر شي چه و ماته شي ناظره
 زه چه د مجنون کرم په چشمانويي ساحره
 تا غوندي به نه وي شوخ و شنگ دلاوره
 درسته د دا تنگه خوله حقه د جواهره
 تل شکر و کاره چه شکري خوري شا کره
 تا دا قدرت ورکړ و دلبرو ته قاده
 تل له ډيره خياله خو پښي کړي له خوشحاله

هم صلح کړي هم جنگ کړي مهرجنه هم قاهره

دواړه شوندي کړه په بيارته
 زه چه ستا و مخ ته گورم
 گل له شرم خولي پريږدي
 که م واردر باندي جوړ شي
 گل دا در باندي ښايي
 که وفا کا که جفا کا
 آئيني و ته نظر کړه
 د ريزي وکړه خپل يار ته
 زړه م نه کيږي گلزار ته
 چه نظر کا ستا رخسار ته
 منتظر يم و خپل وار ته
 چه خير خير گوري و خار ته
 يار دم مه وهه اغيار ته
 که د مینه شي گلزار ته

زار و چا ته کړي خوشحال

چه د نه گوري څوک زار ته

چه مـ وليدي دا توري سترگي ستا زه به نه کرم هير نوري سترگي ستا
 يا دَ بازيا دَ طاؤس يا دَ شاهين دي يا دَ تور هوسئي که کوري سترگي ستا
 لکه وژغوري کبلي په مرغزار کبلي دَ خواره وربل تر سوري سترگي ستا
 لکه پت سواره دَ جنگ نيزه په غاره دا اوږده بانړه پري پوري سترگي ستا
 لکه څوک په ميو مست شي هسي مست شم زه چه ووينم مـي خوري سترگي ستا
 که شيخان که زاهدان که عابدان دي دَ هر چا دَ زرونو چوري سترگي ستا

چه د غوښت هغه ديدن دي ورته گوره
 که خوشحال نه وي کوري سترگي ستا

زه خوشرابي يم شيخ څه راسره جنگ کړي بخري ازلي دي کاشکي ما دَ ځان په رنگ کړي
 ښه وايي ناصح برکت شه ستا په ژبه ښه يي په ويلو دَ درياب اوبه کرنک کړي
 لارل و جنت ته چه په پوهه خبر نه وو لارل و دوزخ ته چه يي لافي دَ فرهنگ کړي
 پند دَ محمد دَ ابوجهل پکار نه شه څوک به يي صيقل کاچه يي خدای آئينه زنگ کړي
 کښيني په خلوت کښي شيخ سوديي راته وايه ولي په خپل ځان هسي ارت جهان تنگ کړي
 زه خود زړه درد غواړم په هريوه مذهب کښي تا زده دا خبري چه نقلونه رنگا رنگ کړي
 زړه راشه مطرب دَ نوروز سرود آغاز کړه ښي نغمي دلسوزي په رباب په نـي وچنگ کړي
 هر لوري ته گل دي شقايق نرگس سنبل دي بي گلزار بد کړي که و بل لوري ته آهنگ کړي
 چا در پسي ډيري توشي واخستي طلب کا څنو مصلي دَ بي ننکي در پسي لنگ کړي
 کاشکي دَ عمل درنه پښتنه دَ په قيامت شي موم په رقيبانو په عاشق باندي زړه سنگ کړي

مرگ لره يي واره دَ دهلي لښکري راغلي
 ته لا دَ خوشحال په مرگ ځان روغ نه گنري ننگ کړي

بيا رباب د مغني مبه سرايت کا
 شيخ د گنج د صومعي زه به گلگشت کرم
 گدايانو لره غم د گيډي ډير دي
 د وفا مهر کرم به يي لاڅه وي
 په مانري يي هم خوشحال شم هم دلگير شم
 دا څما د بخت اثر نه دي نور څه دي
 په نغمه کښي نوي نوي حکايت کا
 د بهار گلونه ما ته هدايت کا
 بادشاهان د غم د ملک و ولايت کا
 په جفا کښي چه دا همره عنايت کا
 لکه څوک چه له چا شکر و شکايت کا
 له رقيب چه شکوه په دا غايت کا

که د ښکليو د ديدن مينه گناه ده

سکه خوشحال خټک درست عمر جنايت کا

په څه شان يي دواړه زلفي کچ په کچ کړي
 توري زلفي يي زنجير مخ يي کعبه دي
 که يو دم د دا زنجير په لاسو کښيوزي
 بيا هاله د يکانگي له حال لاف کړه
 زه تر نام ننگ تير شوم ستا دپاره
 قند وگل چه يادوم مقصود م دا دي
 يکباره يي د عالم ميني په چچ کړي
 دا زنجير په لاسو ونيسه که چچ کړي
 هميشه به دخپل زړه په حال فرج کړي
 که دغيري انديښني له زړه خرج کړي
 ته به څو څما د کار دپاره بچ کړي
 څو بوسي که له دشنام سره مزج کړي

ما خوشحال له خپله خانه خاطر موړ کړ

چه دا هسي د غمزی په تيغ حرج کړي

دَ خدای منت را باندې چه ېي هست کړم له عدم
 پُشت په پُشت راغلي مسلمان محمدې یم
 درست په دا پوهېږم چه چار مذهب حق دې
 مینه ېي په زړه د علماؤ را کره ډیره
 نه خراباتي نه قمار بازی نه زنا کار یم
 بخره ېي د تیغ را کره په اصل کښې پښتون یم
 پلارم سړور کفن وگورته لار نیکونه واره
 پلارم شهباز خان په سخاوت لکه حاتم وه
 تینک ولاړ په شرع تل یې کار وه په رښتیا کښې
 خوبه نیکه ستایم یحیی خان جنت ېي ځای شه
 بل سړي که سړو وه دې پیاده ورسره به سم وه
 بل نیکه څما ملک اکوچه په خټک کښې
 دیرش کالونه وشول چه م پلار دې شهید شوي
 نور پښتانه ډیر دې خویو زه په کښې توره یم
 ډیرو اولسونو غلیمې راسره وکړه
 یو یوسفزي دې چه په ما ېي منت بار کړ
 زه چه د غغد په کال په بند د اورنگزیب شوم
 څو کاله بندي کړم اورنگزیب په هندستان کښې
 هر چه زه ېي وژلم په زندان کښې هغه واره
 زه لکه یوسف له بنده خلاص شوم کامراني کړم
 زوي م اشرف خان دې چه خورشوي کور پري ټول شه
 خلیږیشت زوي نور لرم یو دې په کښې چه لوي دې

بل خلقت ېي نه کړم را پیدا شوم له آدم
 چار د چار یارانو سره واده منم سم
 زه د خفي مذهب دعوي لرم محکم
 مینه ېي د دور د شیخانو را کړد کم
 نه قاضي مفتي چه ېي نظریه یو خودرهم
 پلار په نیکه نه یم بي دولت بي حشم
 ډیر خلق پري و مر خون ېي لار شه تر عالم
 زړه ېي د مزري په توره تیر شه تر رستم
 خط سواد ېي نه وه نور دانا وه له افیم
 روغ لکه یوسف وه درست له سر تر قدم
 قد قامت ېي همره د مراني چار پري تم
 ده راوړه دا بخره د لوي مقدم
 مړ کړ یوسفزیو ما هم اور کړه باندي سم
 واخلم ورکړم بند کړم پریږدم و وژنم تر دم
 سړي راته کوز کړ هاله خلاص شول له ماتم
 لا په اکوزیو د ننگ چار ده مسلم
 کور و خیلخانه م په کښې ډیره وه بي دم
 روغ راغلم تر کوز بیا ېي خلاص شوم له ستم
 و مرل خوار شول وړک شول خالي نه دې له الم
 پاک پاکیزه زروم اور م نه کره بیا کم
 زه چه په بند لارم خیلخانه م شوه برهم
 واره بر خوردار شه خدای ېي و ساته له غم

اوس پنځه نمسي لرم افضل د اشرف خان دې
 يوم سکه ورور دې چه يي لار د حق نيولي
 خاي م ملنگپور دې چه يي سراي بولي وگري
 شل زره خوانان لرم تول له يوه ذات
 څه شوشمشير خان که پوخ پنجهزاري دې
 خوبه د منصب په زور څما برابرې کا
 خوار د يوسفزي شي چه ترين يي حاکمي کا
 زه د شاهجهان بادشاه دننه د زره سروم
 دم وهلي نه شم څوک م داد دلاسانه کا
 څو زره سواره دي سرگردان په څو کالونو
 سل کاله که تير شي دا مهم به فيصل نه شي
 څه چه په څو کاله شمشير خان ترين يوکارگر
 دا مکرفريب چه د حيات ترين هنر دې
 پوهه تميز نشته دا جهان په سترگو روند دې
 دا انشا و دا املا چه دې شيطاني بولي

حال حقيقت وایم چه هر چا وته معلوم شي

زه څه شاعر نه یم هي توبه له مدح و ذم

چه په هر لوري يي ملک کر يو گلزار
 ياسمن دې نسترن نرگس گلنار
 ولي سره لاله دې لا په کبي اوڅار
 د خوانانو گلدستي دي په دستار
 په نغمو په پردو وغوړو هرتار
 چه د ميو په مستي کبي شم سرشار

بيا له کوم را پيدا شه دا بهار
 ارغوان دې ضمين سوسن ريحان دي
 د بهار گلونه ډير دي په کبي هر رنگ شته
 جونه موتي موتي گل ږدي په گريوان کبي
 مغني په چغانه ليندي کبيږده
 ساقی راشه ډکي ډکي پيالي را کره

پښتنو زلميو بيا لاسونه سره کړل
 سپيني توري يې گلگونې کړي په وينو
 ايمل خان دريا خان دواړه مرگي يې مه وي
 د خيبر دره يې سره کړله په وينو
 تر کرپه تر باجوره سمه غرونه
 په هغه لوري چه کيږي پنځم کال دي
 اول جنګ د لور شا د تهترو وه
 خويندي لورۀ يې بندي د پښتنو شوي
 دويم جنګ د مير حسني وه په دوايه کښي
 بيا له پسه د نوبهر د کوټ جنګ وه
 بيا له پسه جسونت سنگه شجاعت خان وه
 شپږم جنګ مکرم خان شمشير خان دواړه
 چه څما په ياد دي لوي جنګونه دا دي
 هميشه فتح و نصرت دي لا تر اوسه
 اورنگزيب راته يو کال وشه چه پر وټ دي
 کال په کال يې امرايان دي چه پريوزي
 خزاني د هندوستان دي را خوري شوي
 د بادشاه د بد نيټي کمي نشته
 بل هيڅ ليدلي نه شي په دا مينځ کښي
 پښتانه چه نور څه فکر کا نابود دي
 تر مغلو پښتانه په توره ښه دي
 اولسونه چه سنده وبله وکا
 زه تنها په کښي په غم د ننگ و نام يم
 افريدي مهمند شوري گوره څه کا

لکه باز منگلي سري کا په خپل ښکار
 په اهار کښي شگفته شه لاله زار
 هيڅ تفسير دواړو نه کړ وار په وار
 په کرپه يې هم روان کړه دوندوکار
 په لرزه په زلزله شول په بار بار
 هره ورځ د سپينو تورو خرپهار
 چه خلويښت زړه مغل شول تار په تار
 آس اوبان هاتيان اولجه قطار قطار
 چه يې وټکيده سر لکه د مار
 چه مړ وکښ تر مغلو خپل خمار
 چه ايمل يې په گنداپ ويوست دمار
 چه ايمل کړ په خاپس کښي تار په تار
 د هلكو په هر لوري نشته شمار
 پس له دا ده بيا تكيه په کردگار
 په صورت حيران پريشان په زړه افکار
 چه طوفان يې شوي لښکري کوم يې شمار
 سره مهران دي ننوتي په کوهسار
 په بدنيت يې آزار واخست د خپل پلار
 يا مغل د مينځه ورک شي يا پښتون خوار
 بي د توري خلاصي نشته په بل کار
 که په پوهه پښتانه وي څه هوښيار
 بادشاهان ورته سجد کاندې اختيار
 يوسفزي دي فراغت په کشت وکار
 د مغلو لښکر پر وټ په ننگرهار

په لښکر لښکر ناري شوم دوي ته ستري
 درست پښتون تر قندهار تر اټک
 دا کانړه راته نه مهيرک وايي نه څار
 سره يو د ننگ په کار پټ و اشکار
 د عزت سره چه نه وي زړست روزگار
 هميشه به په جهان کښي ژوندي نه وي
 د خوشحال خټک به پاتو شي يادگار

څووا نه خلي له غليم انتقام
 چه د ننگ و د ناموس اندوه يي نه وي
 مردنه خوب کا نه خوراک کا نه آرام
 د هغه سړي به نه وي احترام
 تر څښتن نه بهتر گنره غلام
 په يوه ځله څوک نه څيژي په بام
 د ژوندون اوبه به بيا مومي په کام
 کله درد کله دارو کاندې ايام
 تفاوت يي په زړه دي يا په گام
 مرد پخپله لري د خپل فکر زمام
 پري جوړيږي کار د توري د صمصام
 خدای چه را کر په دوده د فتح کيام
 په هر ځاي د خپل بابا کا تازه نام
 په غليم د يي لاس براوسي مدام
 تيره تيغ يي اژدها دي خون آشام
 پري د فخر کا همه ورونره مدام
 چه په هر سړي به مومي انتظام
 د هغه په مخ ظفر درومي مدام
 د هغه د وړاندې سر کيږدي انام
 گيدر تروري يي مريږي په لحام

څووا نه خلي له غليم انتقام
 چه د ننگ و د ناموس اندوه يي نه وي
 که همت و حميت غيرت په کښي وي
 په وړو وړو پري قدم ږدي ورباندې څيژي
 په طلب کښي که سستي نه وي باور کړه
 واره ورځي سره نه وي برابري
 د مردې د نامردې تر مينځ ميل نه دي
 چه د بل تر لاسه ورغي د بل شه
 چه په ذات پلار نيکه توري وهلي
 د گنبت غصه م ووتنه له دل
 چه په مخ يي فتح درومي عابد خان دي
 خدای يي عمر د خپل پلار کړه کام ونام هم
 غليمان د تري حذر خوري که پوهيږي
 چه دا هسي تورزن وروري خدای پيدا کر
 د لښکرو کار څه هسي آسان نه دي
 چه د بخت يو څو وښته لري په سر کښي
 چه رښتيني تر سر تير بخښل خورول کا
 د مزري بخره ورمير د نيله گاودي

د میدان هوسې یو یو تازی نیسي
 د ډوډه حصار یې درست په وینو سور کړ
 د ډوډه حصار څه هسي آسان نه وه
 پاس په غره باندي محکم وه چا وهلي
 د خاوند په حکم هسي فتح وشوه
 د اووه کوټونو کار د خدای په حکم
 له هیبت په آسمان کښي یې لرزه شوه
 د توپکو د ویشتلو په لوگیو
 د خټکو نیزي هسي تلې په زغرو
 د خټکو نیزه بازو سوارو توي کړي
 ډیر ځوانان غاړه غري شول په دا جنگ کښي
 صدر خان لا چري جنگ لیدلي نه وه
 د گنبت م درست ارمان له دل ووت
 په بد بوي د کشتگانو مزکه سخا شوه
 د بنگښ بخره د پالي څو کي ده
 څوک چه خپل کسب پر پردي بل کسب نیسي
 که گاوزه په جنگ باتور دي جنگ یې هیروي
 که بنگښ څخه څه ننګ وي پري به نه کړ
 د بنگښو شامت خپل سزا یې دا وه
 هر کهتر چه د مهتر سره ستیزه کا
 هسي غم الم ماتم ورباندي راغي
 د ډوډه په جنگ کښي بیا له میوډک شه
 په دا کار کښي اولچي ویشولي بي شماره
 توږي زغري که لیندي وي که دستي وي
 ډوډي غپ په کلي گوزي ډیر انعام
 په ډوډه باندي چه وشه قتل عام
 چه یې فتح تیریدله په اوهام
 د کوهات ترکوت یې ښه وه استحکام
 چه یې کار شه په دوه ورځو سراجام
 وار په وار شه په هفته کښي انصرام
 چه د تورو خرپا واوریده د بهرام
 بل آسمان اتم پیدا شه کبود فام
 لکه ستن په خیمه درومي د خیام
 د بنگښو د سوارو فوجي تمام
 کم تقصیر نه وه د تورو د سهام
 په دا جنگ یې نیزه سره کړه په خصام
 که شکست وه که پرهاړ وه که دشنام
 چه ریز ریز شو په ډوډه کښي په حسام
 نور د ښه باسي توره په نیام
 تر هغه نه به بل نه وي عقل خام
 چه په سر و خوري څپیره د ضیغام
 ما د ده له ډکه باغ یو بادام
 چه په غوښوي مریږی دد و دام
 د عمل سزا به مومي په انجام
 رڼا ورځ شوه د کوهات په عالم شام
 په گنبت کښي چه خالي وه هغه جام
 د ښو جونو ښو آسونو د انعام
 په وسلو سره معمور شه هر کدام

شپر اوه زره خټک وه په دا جنگ کښي
 د دې جنگ ناري به درومي ترملکونو
 چه د دې صوبي آواز وشي په هند کښي
 چه په نام پښتون غوڅيري پري خوښيري
 د اسد تحويل زړيو نوي سن رجب وه
 په کاغذ کښلي خيري پاتو کيري
 په اولجه سره خوشنود شه هر انام
 پري خوښيري به همه پښتون په نام
 بيا به ژغ شي د بادشاه په خاص وعام
 اورنگزيب هسي بادشاه دې د اسلام
 په دريم د جنگ آغاز شه دا کلام
 دا بيان په بيض ټکه شه ارقام

په غليم باندي د هسي فتح تل وي

لکه دا فتح چه وشوه والسلام

په کاته شوم و عالم وته حيران
 هسي چاري يي پيدا شي له وجود
 تل قران د وړاندي ايښي قرآن کولي
 په کوم لوري پسي خم چرته يي غواړم
 ښه سري لعل وياقوت دې موندې نه شي
 که په نورو خلقو کښي ښه سري موندې شي
 که هرڅو ورته د پند خبره وايي
 هره چار د پښتانو تر مغل ښه ده
 د بهلول او د شير شاه خبري آورم
 شپر اوه پيري يي هسي بادشاهي وه
 يا هغه پښتانه نور وو دا څه نور شول
 چه د نس دپاره څه کا دا سگان
 چه په فکر ذکر نه وي د شيطان
 ولي هيڅ عمل يي نه وي په قرآن
 د کيميا غوندي ناياب شول دانايان
 لکه توركاني لږ نه دي ناکسان
 ولي ښه سري به کم وي افغانان
 د پلار پند يي هم ښه نه لگي په څان
 اتفاق ورڅخه نشته ډير ارمان
 چه په هند کښي پښتانه وو بادشاهان
 چه په دوي پوري درست خلق وو حيران
 يا د خدای دې اوس دا هسي شان فرمان

که توفيق د اتفاق پښتانه مومي

زور خوشحال به دوباره شي په دا ځوان

چه بهتر تر هر نعمت دي
 چه يي دا نعمت روزي وي
 كه يي نه پيژني قدر
 ستا په تن كښي ځان يواځي
 كه د ځان نه وي جهان وي
 دا جهان لكه معني ده
 چه يي په ځاي عبارت وي
 د صورت د خوشحالي
 چه صحت د صورت نه وي
 رنځ په كور كښي هم بلا دي
 پښه مړهسي رنگ په درد شوه
 آس چه ورو درومي په لاري
 چه د سر بلا په پښو شوه
 په دا هم شكر بايد دي
 ما وي تير شه ولي پوه شوم
 ما وي اوس خو مهربان شه
 هند په ما باندي دوزخ شه
 بنديوان ورلره راغلم
 هغه شان لكه بندي وم
 هره ورځ ورتللم دربار ته
 د بل حكم پري زندان شي
 نه شيرين شيرين ياران شته
 نه خپل ورگول را نيول شته
 نه د بكار هوا هوس شته

نورڅه نه دي روغ صورت دي
 سر تر پاي عنايت دي
 روغ صورت لوي غنيمت دي
 تر جهان لوي قيمت دي
 په عدم يي اشارت دي
 ستا وجود يي عبارت دي
 د معنوهمره قوت دي
 مدار واره په صحت دي
 ورته خس مال و دولت دي
 لا څه نور چه په غربت دي
 چه تير پري يو ساعت دي
 پريواته څني آفت دي
 دا لا خير خيريت دي
 يو تر بل بتر زحمت دي
 لا څه پاتي مرصيت دي
 لا يي ما سره شدت دي
 كه په نور عالم جنت دي
 دا يو څو مياشتي فرحت دي
 تري مړ لا تيري محنت دي
 گوره دا څه مشقت دي
 چه په خپل حكم عادت دي
 نه له چا سره صحبت دي
 نه خپل حكم حكومت دي
 نه د نور څه مصلحت دي

هسي بهر بد خصلت دي	يوپه بل پښتنه نشته
چه يي جوړ را سره نيت دي	په شماره يو خو سري دي
هغه هم په خپل عشرت دي	يو اکبر په غم شريک وه
را بکاره يي حال حالت دي	که بادشاه دي که خانان دي
خان خاني شوه قيامت دي	د هېچا برکت نشته
په ديلي م اقامت دي	ما چه دا قصيده ووي
زر اوه اويا هجرت دي	خلورمه د رجب وه

نور څه مه وايه خوشحال

که څه وايي قباحه دي

زه خود ژوندي کړم که دروغ کړي که رښتيا	تا وي چه غم مه کړه نور زه ستا يم ته څما
که دا عيب د نه وي چه په زړه سخته يي بلا	څه بلا زيبا يي بي نظيره محبوه يي
عجب دي که پيدا شي يوه تا غوندي زيبا	که کل جهان خوبه شي لور په لور محبوه شي
که سل خونونه وکړه د جلااد پري څه پروا	په همره ډير مقتوله ته لا هېڅ نه يي ملوله
که خس را عنايت کړي هم په گل نيولي ما	چه گل غواړم له تانه ستا له باغ له بوستانه
چه تل يي سل سل زرونه په هرتاروي مبتلا	خو زه بنده زنده يم د هغو زلفو بنده يم
په بهر کښي هېڅوک نشته چه مين نه دي په تا	که لوي دي که هلک دي واره ستا په لوري ورک دي
چه وڅوڅي په باغ کښي ته په دا قد و بالا	د سروې ونه گوره په ساعت شي نا منظوره

نسيه جنت شادي ده د زاهد و د ملا

په لاس جنت موندلي نن خوشحال دي ستا لقا

وقت د نوبهار دې زه جدا له خپله ياره
ژاري غاري غرونه په احوال د عاشقانو
اور د خوږو زړونو چه د غره په ونو بل شه
غواړي چه احوال د فراقجنو در معلوم شي
نوري ناري نشته خو ناري د بيلتانه دي
رنج م نه کميرې په زمان زمان زياتيرې
مرگ د رقيبانو بل ژوندون د حبيبانو
څه شه چه لادم وهي په شمار دې د ژونديو
پاتو سړي نه شول دا چه گرزي دام ودددي

هسي خوار زار شوم زه خوشحال په عاشقي کښي
خپل دې که پردي دې راته نه گوري له عار

ښه به هغه وقت وي چه خپل يار لره وردروم
زلفي يتي ښکاره کړي مينک عنبر يي په ما توي کړ
يارم په ښايست کښي لکه گل د نوبهار دې
زار د خوږو زړونو خوش خورم زړونه آزار کا
هر چرته چه خار وي هغه ځاي مومي گلونه
کوم سحر يي وکړ په ما خوار باندي حيران يم
هم يي په ما وکړل څو څو رنگ ستمونه

ښه شپږين ياران چه ما خوشحال ليدل په سترگو
اوس يي په ژړا ژړا مزار لره وردروم

غم آخر شه دَ بڼادي روزگار راغي
 په تلواري تياري دَ سيل کانري
 په دا هسي خاصه وقت دَ سرو گلونو
 دا يي واره له خزان نه فرياد شي
 د هجران مشقت ډيره خدای آسان کړ
 که په نورو باندي نور کله اختر دي
 چه موسم شه دَ گلونو گلزار راغي
 و بلبلو ته و وايه بهار راغي
 دَ مطرب دَ ساز آواز م پکار راغي
 چه گلونو ته طوطي په چغار راغي
 بيا م سخ دي چه عشرت دَ ديدار راغي
 په ما دا زمان اختر شه چه يار راغي

لون لون کالي بيا پيري خواجه شه
 چه خوشحال دَ يار دَ مخ په بازار راغي

که په خوله راسره جنگ کا هغه يار
 چه به ما لره راخي غاړه غري
 هېڅ حاجت دَ توري نشته مانري بس دي
 چه مشعل يي دَ جمال راته ښکاره کړ
 زه فقير يم دي بادشاه دي باندي ښاي
 له هر چا سره خندا په اوت زړه کا
 مرصع پيزوان نور نه لري په پوزه
 په زړه مهر رنگا رنگ کا هغه يار
 څکه لري م له زړه رنگ کا هغه يار
 که م مرگ وته آهنگ کا هغه يار
 بيا په ما باندي پتنگ کا هغه يار
 که څما له ياري ننگ کا هغه يار
 خوپه ما باندي زړه تنگ کا هغه يار
 اکتفا په تور لونگ کا هغه يار

رقيبانو وته نرم شي تر موم

وخوشحال وته زړه سنگ کا هغه يار

خدای را کره په غېر کښي دريبار څه منت را باندي
 ياره راسره يار ده دَ هر غم م غمگسار ده
 سپينه خوله سري شوندي توري زلفي آويزاندي
 غم اندوه م نشته که رقيب راخي څه وکاندي
 پرېده چه پري سوځي ستا دَ مخ بلا دَ آخلي
 عشق دَ لکه اور دي عاشقان دي لکه سپاندي

دا څه بارخو نه دي نه پریشاني توري زلفي پروت دي په گلونو د سنبلو پانري تاندي
 زه ورپسي درومم د يوه نظر دپاره بېرته نظر نه کا هسي درومي مخ په وړاندي
 بخت نه دي نور څه دي ستاسو همره ډيره مينه
 ژاري رځه کړونکي چه خوشحال وته ته خاندي

که د زړه خو څه ترسدار وي څه به ښه وه لږ د مهر په ما خوار وي څه به ښه وه
 زه چه ستا له غم زار کړم ستا په درکښي که د غورځما په زار وي څه به ښه وه
 چه په ما باندي پيغور کا ستا په عشق کښي ستا له حسن خبردار وي څه به ښه وه
 هر چه نن د زهد لاف کا په جهان کښي په ديدن د پرهيزگار وي څه به ښه وه
 پس له مرگ م په هسي مکان گور شوي چه پري تل د نيکليو لاروي څه به ښه وه
 ستا په درکښي ډير کوته تازي پراته دي زه هم گد د دوي په شمار وي څه به ښه وه
 ستا په غم به په دا لږ عمر موږ نه شي
 د خوشحال عمر بياروي څه به ښه وه

که يو ځله مخ ښکاره کا تر نقاب د ښايست نامه به واخلي له افتاب
 لاله گل به يي له مخه خوبوي وام کا په زلفينو به سنبل کاندي بي تاب
 خلق څه لره تهمت په زمانه ږدي په چشمانو يي دنيا کړله خراب
 د خمار په علامت يي سترگي سري دي که چا بي وقت بيداره کړه له خواب
 د خاطر ويني نوشي په ځاي د ميو بيا يي نقل هم د زړونو له کباب
 خاصه مرگ د معشوقي د مقتولانو چه جنت لره به درومي بي حساب
 ځما زړه قبله نما شي نه جاروزي و بل لور ته ستا د وروځو له محراب

په وعده يي خوشحال مه شه خوشحال
 د وفا طمع څوک نه کاندي له حباب

توره چه تیریري خوگذار لره که نه
ولي راته وایي چه په ښکلیو نظر مه کړه
شیخ د نمونځ روژه کا رند د دیکي پیاالي آخلی
تا ویل څما د خولي بوسه لکه دارو ده
ویني م د زره خوري ولي نور څه لره نه دي
څه ژړا فریاد کړي د شاهدي د تورو زلفو
خوډبه ستاد مخ پوري گیاه غوندي څرگند شي
مې شته چنگ و نې شته اوس خپل یار لره خوشحال
خپل بیاض په لاس کښي څه گلزار لره که نه

آشفته د جمال یم
نورو مینو ته م شا کړه
چه م اوبښي په گریبان څي
څاي م ته یي په خاطر کښي
نور م هر څه فراموش دي
همیشه د په خیال یم
مین ستا په زلف و خال یم
دا په تا پسي بي حال یم
ته رڼان یي زه سفال یم
آرزومند د وصال یم

لا د مهر ویل پرېږده
په ښکښلو د خوشحال یم

په زړه سخت بي مهر یاري
که هر څو په گوکو ژاړم
تا ویشتلې یم فریاد کړم
زه مرهم کړم له تا طمع
زه به تل ژاړم و تا ته
زړه د وسپاری و غم ته
جفا کار یي دل آزار یي
ته لا خوښ څما په کاري
که خبر په خپل گذاري
ته م مالکه د پرهاري
که ته خوښ څما په زاري
د هغو چه ته دلدار یي

خوځ به څه وايي و ما ته
 چه پخپله عاشق وژني
 کوم گناه دي عاشق کړي
 کله درد کله دوا شي
 چه يو څه رنگ نکاري
 هم يي ويرکړي په چغاري
 چه يي خيره په ناتاري
 کله خارکله گلزاري

په خوشحال د غم نازل کړ
 چه اغيار سره کناري

لکه زه په خپل يار مين يم بل به نه وي مين هسي
 چه م وژني پخپله بيا په ما باندي ژراکړه
 مخ يي درست سره گلزار دي رنگ لري گلونه
 زړه داغدار غرقاب په وينواله گل وته نظرکړه
 تورو زلفو ته يي گوره نيايسته دواړه رخساره
 که دگل پانړي کړي خته لابه هم باندي څرخيزي
 لکه زه يي ننداره کړم ورځ وشپه په خپله خونه
 که يي رسم يا يي دود شي هم وفا د هندوگي
 چه خوځ تاپ درپسي وکاسرتک وهي لاسونه
 دارم آرام م بيا موند ستا په غولي کښي خوشحال
 لکه زه پسي غمجن يم بل به نه وي غمجن هسي
 څه به يار دي به يي مينه کشتن هسي شيون هسي
 تفرج د بهار وکړه گاهي نشته گلشن هسي
 هيڅ شهيد نه دي راوري له ازل کفن هسي
 د جهان په باغ کښي نشته سنبل هسي مهن هسي
 دا نازک بدن چه ستا دي د چا نشته بدن هسي
 خوار مجنون نه وه ليدلي په درست عمرديدن هسي
 چه له يار سره کښي خوځ به څه کاسوختن هسي
 دا ژوندون دي مرگ نه دي که دوشي مردن هسي
 خوښ له بخت وله قسمت چه يي وکړ وطن هسي

چه خوشحال خټک يي وايي په پښتو ژبه خبري
 په فارسي ژبه به نه وي که پوهيږي سخن هسي

لاله گل يي تر جمال پوري بد رنگ دي
 توري وروځي يي ليندي بانړه يي غشي
 دواړه سترگي يي په تن توري بلا شوي
 ته به وايي حبشي شکري پيري
 له زلفينو يي د چين د مښکوننگ دي
 د عاشق تر زړه يي تللي هر خدنگ دي
 هميشه يي د عاشق له دل جنګ دي
 هغه خال يي چه د دوو شونډو تر څنگ دي

تجلی بی د جمال لکه مشعل شوه خوار عاشق په دا جمال باندي پتنگ دي
 چه له غوړو بي مقصود مومي لښتي ده چه له پوزي بي مراد مومي لونگ دي
 په ښايست کښي بي تقصير د صورت نشته څه خودايو عيب لري چه په اړي سنگ دي
 د هر چا په خپل غرض پسي کوشش دي
 د خوشحال بي په جمال پسي آهنگ دي

يارم بيا د رقيب يار شه دريغه دريغه په خبرو د اغيار شه دريغه دريغه
 يوڅو ورځي بي په زړه کښي مهرڅاي شه بيا بي مهر ستمگار شه دريغه دريغه
 هغه گل چه م ساته د زړه په وينو مل د هر خس وهر څار شه دريغه دريغه
 و قصد منو ته گاته څما په قصد کا د کشتن م روا دار شه دريغه دريغه
 بي له تا م د جگرويني خوراک شوي تير م عمر په دا کار شه دريغه دريغه
 بېچاره خوشحال په طمع د وصال وه
 د هجران په غم گرفتار شه دريغه دريغه

که په حسن د کشمير خوبان اوڅار دي يا د چين يا د ماچين يا د تاتار دي
 پښتني جوته چه ما په سترگو څير کړي هغه کل واره خجل د دوي تر کار دي
 په ښايست باندي بي ختمه دا وينا ده چه په اصل د يعقوب قوم و تبار دي
 هيڅ حاجت نشته د مينکو د گلابو په پنځه وقت نمانځه عطر د عطارد دي
 که ټيکه که کتماله که نور سنگار دي دا همه تر تورو زلفو پوري څوار دي
 که اوډنري مقيش دوزي دي که سالودي دا همه واره تر سپين پروني څار دي
 تر صورت بي د سیرت خوبي افضل ده تر ظاهري د باطن خواړه بسيار دي
 کل روزگاري سر تر پايه پرده پوش دي نه گريوان تر نامه څيري په بازار دي
 له حيا به پورته غټ کتلي نه شي نه آموخته په ښکښلو په پايزار دي
 ما خوشحال له ديرو لږ دي څه ويلې
 له دي حال گوي مه گوي ويل بسيار دي

آدمخيلی افریدی دي سري و سپيني
 غتي سترگي لوي بانره فراخي و روخي
 تنگه خوله لکه غنچه هموار غاښونه
 په وجود کښي لکه هاله ويښتو خلاصي
 ترنځي گيډي سينه وري ملا باريکي
 که د بازغوندي مگشت په غرونو کيږي
 باز که چوزوي که کرچ طلب د ښکار کا
 يا اوبه د لنډي سيند يا د باري دي
 د ماتري غاښي نيغ درومي تر آسمان
 آدم خيلو سره زه په تيراه راغلم
 په کښي شته دي ښايسته په رنگ رنگيني
 شکر لبي گلرخساري مه جبيني
 سريي گرد په تورو زلفو عنبريني
 پښي کمکي غونډي پندې پهن سريني
 قديي سم لکه الف په تن سيميني
 ښکارم هم شوي ښايسته زرکي سميني
 لا تر چوزه وي د کرچ غوتي مهيني
 چه په خوله م تر شربت لکي شيريني
 په خاته خاته ويليري باندي سپيني
 رخصتم ورکړي په خوري په زړه خوړيني

مينه واره کار د اور لري خوشحال

که لښه يي پته وي لوگي يي ويني

که گذر په خير اباد وکړي نسيم
 په بار بار سلام څما ورته عرضه کړه
 اباستيند وته ناره وکړه په زوره
 گندي وي چه بيا م ستاسی جام نصيب شي
 که د هند د هوا زار کرم خوبه زار کرم
 که د نهر اوبه څښي کلمي پري باسي
 چه سري اوبه د غره نشته په هند کښي
 تل به هيڅوک نا اميد په جهان نه وي
 د ویشتلو و صحت و ته اميد شي
 خدای زړه م په وصال د هغه خوښ کړه
 عاقلان به هيڅ انکار ورځنی نه کا
 يا د گشت وشي د سړای د سيند په سيم
 ورسره څما له لوريه خو تسليم
 و لنډي و ته وينا ووايه حلیم
 په گنگا جمنابه مونږ نه يو تر قدیم
 د اوبو بلا يي لا بده عظیم
 هم د هر کوهي اوبه نه دي بي بيم
 تري توبه که واره ډک دي له نعيم
 عاقبت پري کرم کيږي له کریم
 د پرهار چه څه کمي وشي له ريم
 دا چه اوس ورځني لري دي دوه نيم
 هر افعال چه صادر کيږي له حکيم

همیشه به په هند نه اوسي خوشحال
عاقبت به عاصي ووزي له جحيم

رحمت په اکوري شه چه نيوه يي خاي سراي
تور غريبي د هودي دي تر تيراه پوري سم تلي
بري سازه لويه لار د هندستان و خراسان ده
هر فيض د جهان چه څه ياديري ورلره رادرومي
که سوت که اشغره که پنباور دي د ملکونو
په هر لوري يي ښکارشته د شاهين د باز د هر څه
ځوان يي چاق تندوست چست وچالاک دي په هر څه کښي
که زوي که مړ نمسي که خيلخانه که مړ اولس دي
چه ښه فکر م وکړ که باور کړي خاي دي خاي
نيلاب و لنډي دواړه عجب سرايښي په پاڼي
گذريبي د اټک دي تري ترس کا شاه گداي
که ملک يي باراني دي څه بهار لري هاي هاي
رجوع لري وده ته فيض وردرومي د هر څاي
واه واه کاله پانړي چه څه ښکار يي دلرباي
خوش چشم و سپين و سره بلند بالادي په نماي
چه څوک په کښي ميشته دي په امان اوسه د خدای

آسمان خښي جدا کړ لاس د چا رسي آسمان ته
خوشحال له سراي نه دي جدا شوي په خپل راي

ساقی را کره و ما مې
دا هم ظلم دي که گوري
دغه خاي چه گل و مل وي
گوره څه وايي پري غور کړه
بيا به تير ساعت رانه شي
د دنيا ژوندون هم ښه دي
چه تر تل و هميش نه دي
دیر مین يي وبله تیر کرل
يو څو جام پيايي
چه بي ميوڅي پسرلي
ورع څه کاندې سري
چه آواز کا چنگ و ني
آه ارمان ارمان هي هي
که تر تله و هميش وي
نور يي وگنره لا شي
فلک نه لري زړه سوي

غم ښادي چه په چا وير شي لکه وير شي هسي تير شي
سر رشته يي مونده نه شي گونا گون د دور پير شي
چه په خوا په خاطر نه وي هسي چاري په تا دير شي

په هجران کښی غم د يار دي

چه هميش له زړه چا پير شي

چه د خلقونک خواهي لري په زړه کښي مبارک شه بادشاهي لري په زړه کښي
که يي غور د دانشمند په نصيحت دي څه عجب آگاهي لري په زړه کښي
د مردانو په معراج به ورتلي نه شي چه د سعي کوتاهي لري په زړه کښي
مختورن د دواړو کونونه دي څه دي چه هر چا سره سپاهي لري په زړه کښي
نيک بختان به انديښنه لري د نیکو بد بختان به گمراهي لري په زړه کښي
د ناصح په نصيحت به اصلاح نه شي هر سړي چه تباهي لري په زړه کښي

په هغه هنر کښی ټينگ اوسه خوشحال

هر هنر چه سپاهي لري په زړه کښي

چه گټل خورل بڅښل کا ځوان هغه چه توان لري د توري خان هغه
کان د لعل د ياقوت د گوهر څه دي چه احسان تري پيدا کړي کان هغه
چه يي ته په گيډه و خوري حبطه شي د مجلس سره چه خور شي ځوان هغه
که د مال دي که د ملک دي که د لږجو چه يي توان د چا پکار شي توان هغه
په تمامه شپه و ورځ په مه و سال کښي چه د خدای په ياد و درومي آن هغه
چه د څوک د وړاندي وړستوڅي داڅه شو په تنها وجود چه شان دي شان هغه
و نور چا و ته وړان مه وايه خوشحال چه يي قول و عهد وړان دي وړان هغه

مرد هغه چه همتناک و برکتناک
 مخ بي مخ قول يي قول عهد يي عهد
 لږ گنداوږ يي کډار په خاموشي کښي
 چه خبري د بلندي و د پستي شي
 په تمکين کښي لکه سرو په سخاکښي
 لکه گل شکننه روي تازه په باغ کښي
 د عالم سره خوږ په زېست و ژواک
 نه دروغ نه يي فريب نه تش تاپاک
 د غنچه غوندي خوله پوري سينه چاک
 په لوږي لکه آسمان په پستي خاک
 په هر لوري يي خانکي زنگولي لکه تاک
 هميشه د ښو بلبلو پري بلغاک

چه هسي شان ويل کا زه حيران يم
 چه خوشحال راوړله کوم دا ادراک

د خواني په خوبې کښي يي څه شک دي
 پېداوړنه مړ په زړه تازه تازه شي
 که ښادي د وړاندي در شي پري خوښ مه شه
 هسڅ فرياد د چا د ظلم و جوړه مه کړه
 غم يي بي حکمت نه دي پيدا کړي
 خو چه ډير ډير لذتونه ډير غمونونه
 توره چا وټه ترم چه زه ملنگ شوم
 د پيري عمر درست له عيب ډک دي
 پاشيده په هر پرهار باندي نمک دي
 په ښادي پوري يي هر کله غم لک دي
 په هر چا باندي چه شندي کافلک دي
 د نامرد و مرد په مېنځ کښي غم محک دي
 ښه هغه چه بس يي گيډي ته کنډک دي
 ښه خودا چه مړ په غاړه يو کوتک دي

تفحص که څوک د خوږو زړونو کاندي
 د خپل قوم د لاسه ورک خوشحال خټک دي

په هر لوري دي فغان د مرگ له لاسه
 د آدم صورت يي مرگ لره پيدا کړ
 همکي پيغمبران که اوليا وو
 ناقبت به شي بي شکه بي گمانه
 راشه ته هم د توښي په سر انجام شه
 په هر ځاي په هر مکان د مرگ له لاسه
 خرابي شوه په جهان د مرگ له لاسه
 دوی په زمکي شول نهان د مرگ له لاسه
 دا ودان کوړونه وران د مرگ له لاسه
 کاروانونه شول روان د مرگ له لاسه

اي خوشحال که په تن شاهجهان شي
 هم به درومي په ارمان د مرگ له لاسه

حیران یم نه پوهیږم چه زه څه یم څه به شم
 خبر د هغو تللیو بیا په بیړته چا رانه ور
 دلي چه څوک لیده شي نن یې شپه په دا باندې کښي
 جهان یو کتوري شه زه په مثل د ميري یم
 دنیا وته چه گورم کار و بارت ته د وگري
 چه ته پري مبتلا یې که د مال دي که د ملک دي
 چه توره وینسته د سپین شول خوي د نوره شه خوشحال
 باور کړه اوس ناحق د سري نوم در باندي ږدم

پښتانه په عقل پوهه چه ناکس دي
 بادشاهي یې د مغل په زرو بایله
 اوس له باره په خپل کور کښي ورغلي
 د نفرین لایق په نام سربني دي
 بي ننگان د بي ننگي کار و بار کا
 کوته سپي د قصابانو د جوس دي
 د مغل د منصبونو په هوس دي
 په اولجه د اوس د غاري د جرس دي
 له اول که دا نور ورپسي پس دي
 ننگیالي د ننگ په کار کښي هر نفس دي
 سري هوري قندهار بل یې دمغار دي
 تر دا مینځ همه میشته واره عبث دي

پښتانه واره بد خوي دي
 یو چه سرکاندي په پورته
 د مغل د سترگوته یې
 کور په کورکاندي غورزي
 بل یې ووهي مغزي
 اي خوشحال نن اغزي

چه خون په غاړه کيږي له دي کار څه خوغم دي
 چه همره ښه مخونه په دا خاورو کښي په گوردي
 پيري راغله چه زبون شوم که څه نور علامت وشه
 یاران څما په گور کښي زه په کور کښي یم ستم دي
 چه دوي لره ودر ورم گور و ما وته ارم دي
 چه زه کرم هغه نه شي هغه ملک هغه عالم دي

يا بخت دې د مغلو يا خما څه عقل کم دې
دا کل واره پيري ده چه م کار برهم درهم دې
د تورو واريي تير شه اوس ورپاتو يو قلم دې
په مايي اثر نه شي لا په ما د خدای کرم دې
يا بازيم يا شاهين يم په خپل بیکارم زړه خورم دې
چه ماغوندي څوک نشته څکه پروت را باندي غم دې

ایمل دریا خان دواړه په ښه شان تیر شول په ننگ کښي
د دواړو په فراق کښي د خوشحال تل آه و ماتم دې

درسته وتړي په کونه
په تندي کښي اوږده پلنه
د خپل آس په تړپونه
په فساد کاندي جستنه
د سړی په ورکونه
حاسد شنه کا خپله ښه

ختک چه په آس سورشې
شمه د دستار پریږدي
سایه د شملی گوري
دعوي د خاني واخلي
حسد بده بلا ده
د هېچا څه و نه کا

قلاش و قلندر شه که شته شته که شته نشته
په خوی د پغیمبر شه که شته شته که شته نشته
ژوندي تر گوره ور شه که شته شته که شته نشته
د دهر سکندر شه که شته شته که شته نشته
له واريو خبر شه که شته شته که شته نشته
په صبر توانگر شه که شته شته که شته نشته
واقف په دا اسرار شه که شته شته که شته نشته
فارغ له سیم و زرشه که شته شته که شته نشته

له حال يي خبر شه که شته شته که شته نشته
که لږه ده که ډیره واره ونیسه په تیره
د عمر څه اندوه کړي څه اندوه دې که څان پوه کړي
ته بادشاه د بحر و بریي که قانع په خشک و تریي
که دُر دې که گوهر دې که گلونه که شجر دې
بي وقت غواړي بد کړی بیهوده رځه حسد کړي
مه ژاړه مه پري ویاړه غم ښادی پریږده دواړه
بلا دي چه تولیږي په هېچا نه پاتو کیږي

له خپل ياره مهر غواړي که يې نه مومي نو ژاري
که وصل که هجران دي دواړه ما وټه يکسان دي
څه سعي څه طلب کړي انديښنې په روز و شب کړي
لږ عمر ډير غمونه په زړه همږه ستمونه
د يار په رضا سر شته که شته شته که نشته نشته
آرام په خپل مقر شته که شته شته که نشته نشته
په واره برابر شته که شته شته که نشته نشته
قانع په خشک وتر شته که شته شته که نشته نشته

په خپل هنر نظر کړه خو ژوندي يې خپل هنر کړد
خوشحال شير نر شته که شته شته که نشته نشته

عيسي یو نادان هوښيار نه کړ په عمر
څوک چه خدای په ازل نه وي بېنا کړي
چه نادان په سبق زده حال به يې څه وي
په اعجاز يې که ږاندې بېنا کول
کار د چا دي د نادان د اند کول
په خضاب سره زار د بړا کول

هغه څه دي روح صورت دي
د دنيا دولت که ښه دي
چه ډير ښه دي تر توقيره
چه سړي له غم خلاص کا
په طاعت که ته لوټي کړي
چه فايده لري بي شماره
په منت چه ورکول کا
چه دوزخ دي په دنيا کښي
چه بهتر تر سلطنت دي
تر دولت نه ښه عزت دي
يو عفت بل صداقت دي
هغه څه دي قناعت دي
حبطه هغه طاعت دي
هغه څه دي مصلحت دي
هغه کله سخاوت دي
د نادان سړي صحبت دي

خپل نيت ښه لره خوشحال

که څه ښه دي خو ښه نيت دي

تا هنر د سرداري نه زده بهرام
هم تمامي خيلخاني لره بلا شوي
سرداري ډپه خپل دوری کړد بد نام
هم خپل خان لره بلا شوي بد فرجام

تا طاهر د کم عقلې په جرگو مرګر
 اوس فارغ شوي د طاهر له انتقام
 تا خپل ځان لره د مرګ رځنه پیدا کړه
 خیلخانه د په بد خوځي کړه بي آرام
 په دا هسي بد خوځي بي بخت نه ټي
 چه لا نه يي د خوځي هاتي تر ژام
 مشرورور د په زندان کړ ته ځاني کړي
 دا ځاني د شه په ځان پوري حرام
 چه ځاني ته د هوس د زړه په زور کړي
 لا ځایده د ستا زړه اندیمنه خام

نور د نوم څما د زویو په شمار مه شه
 د خوشحال خټک وینا په دا تمام

بر سیر شول پیوندونه
 په دل نه لري بندونه
 که پدر دي که پسر دي
 سره بیل لري سندونه
 نه امید شه سره پاتو
 نه باور په سوګندونه
 نه سزا د بدکردار شي
 نه د غله څي مړوندونه
 د اورنگ په ظلم مات شول
 د بابر د وقت بندونه

په دا هسي وقت خوشحاله
 مرګ بهتر دي له ژوندنه

خو د ملک وارث و نه وهي سرونه
 همره چري قرار يري سمې غرونه
 يا به ستا په وړه ناري وي تا به ژاري
 يا د ستا له لاس ويرد چا په ورونه
 رځنه کړ د ملک پري مه ږده په خپل ملک کښي
 په حکمت په زر و زور په لښکرونه
 څوپه توړو په توپريو په نيزو شي
 صد چندان شي په تدبير په هنرونه
 ورور و زوي د ملک په کار کښي قتليري
 نور په وارو باندي جوړ شول محضرونه
 بي د تیغ له آب نوري اوبه نشته
 چه جنگجوي سره ساره کا تړونه
 د سردار د ریاست ونه په وینو
 په لیرشنو د اعدا کا ښرونه

په میدان کښي توي ښي دي دسرويني نه چه ډکه سینه وري له جگر خونه
 يا د مرد غوندي شمله د دستار پرېږده يا په سر کره لکه شخه میزرونه
 خدای چا وته کښم څوک به پري پوه شي
 ما ویلي هر یو بیت دي دفترونه

را ښکاره شوي کچ فهمي د جهان د جهان د کچ فهميو الامان
 دا هم خاي د تعجب دي که يي ويني په بازونو چه غوتی و می زشان
 دا هم خاي د تعجب دي که يي ويني چه مغل کاندې بازی په افغان
 دا هم خاي د تعجب دي که يي ويني چه گیدر په وازدودک وری شبران
 دا هم خاي د تعجب دي که يي ويني
 چه لښکري په خوشحال کا بهرام خان

لا منت لرم په دا هم له آسمان ننداره د ابا سیند له میر کلانه
 په تیراه په سوات په خوره در په درشوم بیا م کوم لوري ته ته بیاي آسمانه
 لکه گوي هسي په حکم د چوگان یم درست وجود پرهار پرهاریم له چوگانه
 سرنوشت م له ازل مگردا وه زه به څه لره مانه کوم له چانه
 قدیمي د پښتنو جهل و خرتوب وه اوس په طمع د حرص درومي له میانه
 که رښتیا وایم شیر شاه دا هسي نه وه لکه مونږه یو پیدا له کورستانه
 پښتانه چه بي ننکي کا څوک يي څه کا گورستان لره به دروموله ارماته
 د ختکو د نفاق له ناپوهي یا چه غم لرم له خپله خاندانه
 چاته وایم خوبه کښم څه همره نه دي چه تمام شي په مذکور سر د نه

دا داغونه چه خوشحال لري په زړه کښي
 رغیدل به يي په تا کیری سبحانه

خما خراب دل ته يوڅه رنگه خراب شوي
 د مېنکو دور د تير شه د کافورو دور د راغي
 د خولي حقه د ډکه په گوهر ووه خالي شوه
 په باغ به د چه کنبلو نيايستو بلبلو ژغ کر
 بېرې د د سيني په زور چه پاس تللي په غرونو
 مزي چه د له ترس په هېت وو په کوهسار کښي
 چه ډکي په ښو مېنکو په عنبر وي هغه خوني
 په عمر چري وېش وي بيا به هم چري وينښيري

پيري لري خوشحال د آسمان ننداره وکړه
 چه څه وي په کوم شمار وي دا زمان په څه حساب شوي

ليونې شول پېستانه په منصبونو
 د کنگاش علم د چا دي د تور زړو
 د کنگاش له علم هېڅوک خبر نه دي
 پېستانه لره لوي عيب دي که يي گوري
 شرم ننگ نام و ناموس يي په يادنه دي
 د مغل سره ديدن په طمع مه کړه
 خټک واله بلنڅه ښه خما تر ملا ده
 د بادشاه د زندان شپه خما په ياد ده
 پېستانه چه جنگ مغل سره په تيغ کړ

خدای ما وژغوري له هسي غضبونو
 لکه څوک لولي قرآن په مکتبونو
 خبرداريم د هر چا په مشربونو
 چه نازيري د مغل په لقبونو
 خرويل کا د منصب د ذهبونو
 که کيدي چري په نورو سببونو
 نه ښيوه د نوکري په قصبونو
 چه تمامه شپه م تله په ياربونو
 هر خټک نيول مغل تر جلبونو

د خټک د ننگ جرگه نشته خوشحال
 را وتلي دي له کومو نسبونو

ماخوب لیده په خدای روجه زه ته سره پخولا یو
 ما څخه کتاب دې په کښې واره غزلونه
 لاس تر لاس نیولي سره گرزو کښینو پاڅو
 ته پیاله کړې را ته ډکه زه یې ستاله لاسه واخلم
 مطرب راته له ورايه په تارونو لینده ایښي
 ته کل واره خوبې لري زه واره کامراني
 ناگاه له دې څو به د سحر په وقت بیدار شوم
 خو پام په دنیا کښې د چا کار راسره نشته
 خوشحال خټک یواځې نه دې څو په ملک کښې عاشقان شته
 په خوب په بیداري کښې سره واره باد پیما یو

وډ نه وینم زه ستا وصال په سترگو
 مهماني م د زړه ویني ورته کښینوي
 هغه دم م زړه داغ له دل دور شه
 چه ډیر خلق سره ناست وي عجب ښه شي
 په غمزو په کرشمو په مکیزونو
 عارفان د قناعت په گنج توانگر دي
 د مکی دیوال به نور په خوله یاد نه کړم
 ستا په گوټو کشیده رومال چه راغي
 هغه مخ چه م به تل لیده اوس گوره
 چه بي ستا له زیبا مخه بل مخ گورم
 وښه مخ وته له ورايه څمبلاند شم

نور عالم خود یارانو ناز په سر وړي
 تل نازونه وړي د یار خوشحال په سترگو

په هر کار کښي مصلحت شته
 چه لر بر له مصلحت شي
 د سړي همـره بڼـادي ده
 چه همت د سړي نه وي
 سر هاله په تنه ښه دي
 د سړي چه عزت نه وي
 په صحيح غني هغه دي
 د نېستي اندوه مه کړه
 چه صحت د صورت نه وي
 دين دنيا د مبارک شه
 که دانا سره صحبت شته
 خپل پردي ته نصيحت شته
 کله خیر و برکت شته
 چه په زړه کښي يې همت شته
 مهيا ورته نکبت شته
 که د سر سره عشرت شته
 د ژوندون يې څه لذت شته
 د هر چا چه قناعت شته
 که په تن کښي د صحت شته
 څه پکار که د دولت شته
 که دانا سره صحبت شته

اوس ياري مه کړه خوشحاله

د ياري سره آفت شته

د آسمان په حکم څه فتنه بر پاي ده
 بنديوان يې اورنگزيب لره روان کړم
 پښتانه مـر چه حال وويني کباب شي
 لوي هلک مـر نندارو لره را درومي
 زه هر چا وته موسيرم تري تيريرم
 نه يواځي په ما ظلم و ستم وشه
 په هر ځاي مـر په څوکي راځي فوځونه
 په ولاړه کښي هاتي شمار په يوه غردي
 زړه مـر درست سوري سوري لکه غلبيل شه
 گوندي وي چه بازي بيا را و جاروزي
 که په اور کښي د سرو زرو وښي پريوزي
 نه زده چا چه قراري يې په کوم ځاي ده
 ننداره مـر په هر ښهر په هر سراي ده
 په لیده مـر د هر چا ژړا هاي هاي ده
 د هند و د مسلمان ناري واي واي ده
 چه د وارو انديښنه راته نماي ده
 زمانه دا هسي تل کا په خپل راي ده
 دبدبه مـر د مزري يا د همایي ده
 او چه پريوزي په دوه غرونو لويي ده
 محرومي د دیدن بده غم فزاي ده
 همگي عالم ويل کا چه اوس بایي ده
 غيب نشته په دا کار کښي يې جلایي ده

نوري واره تكيي تار په تار خوري شوي
د خوشحال خټك تكيه په يوه خدای ده

د احد بادشاه په حكم شوم زه آگاه
يا مهدي يي يا عيسي چه رانكاره شوي
د مهدي او د عيسي د وړاندي څه دي
چه خيبر لره ما بولي قضا كيږي
دريا خان درويزه دواړه په حضور دي
خواه نا خواه كه امر دا دي چه را درومه
دارنده د عريضي څما له لوريه
زباني خبري هم لري همراهِ

ما په ننگ د پښتانه ځوانان قربان كړه
د سري د لاسه مړه وي څه به ښه وو
همره كوتي كوتي كوتي ارمانونه
په يوه ساعت ښادي په بل غمونه
چه په شپه را سره ټول وو په زرگونه
ځني مړه ځني ژوندي له ما جدا شول
چه شاهان ځوانان مړ و مړل هاله مړدیم
يو مهلت د عمر بل مدد د بخت وي
لوي قتل هلک بند ښهرونه سوي
چه نو ښهر مړ واهه كوهات مړ پريښو
چه بد اصل سره ښه كا كله ښه كا
بيا مړ غوره غوره جمع ښه ځوانان كړه
ليونې كوته سپي مړه كوره شيران كړه
هر نفس څي په ارمان ارمان ارمان كړه
په لحظه لحظه تيرېږي د آسمان كړه
په صبايي له ما واره ځان په ځان كړه
زه جدا په غاړه غرونه په ارمان كړه
كه د هر يوه مړ ساري سل دمان كړه
په دشمن باندي وشوي په دا شان كړه
مال اولجه بنديان د كل واره جهان كړه
لا هاله څما دا كړه وو د نادان كړه
و موذي سره څه سود د احسان كړه

سړخو دا په خوشحال وشو بيا تركال
كوره څه رنگ ښكاره شي د سبحان كړه

که د زوي که د پلار دې
يا د هر چا دا روزگار دې
خبر نه يم دا څه کار دې
هغه کس کله هوښيار دې
اولاد واره لرم مار دې
د نمسيو مځه شمار دې
هر يو جنگ وټه طيار دې
چه يوڅه خوني خونخوار دې
بادشاهي کا شهریار دې
لا منت د کردگار دې

اوس خو کار د وار د پار دې
يا دا زوي مږ دا شان دې
نه په حق نه په ادب دې
چه په خپل اولاد نازېږي
د اولاد په حال خبر شوم
دېرش مږ زوي په شماره دې
لوي هلک واره خبر دې
اورنگ شاه وټه نظر کړه
ورونه پلاريي وبله کښېنول
چه ژوندي گرزي خوشحال

زه هم ښه يم څما هم برغو تر څنگ دې
غوري خپل را سره هم ولاړ په ننگ دې
دا په کوم توکي له ما سره په جنگ دې
خوار هغه چه له ما سره يي آهنگ دې
چه په دا هنر کښي سربښدی پتنگ دې
چا چه ما سره وهلي سر په سنگ دې
که ليدلي چا څما د ښکار تفنگ دې
چه د چا تر غور څما د توري شرنګ دې
چه مږ داغ په خاطر ايښي د اورنگ دې
ځاي په ځاي يي پښتانه وټه قلنگ دې
ولي څه کرم چه پښتون واره بي ننگ دې
ګڼه تير مږ تر فریدون ډير فرهنگ دې

په دا څه که د بڼګښ راته ډنگ ډنگ دې
عقل زور د غوري خپلو تر بڼګښ زيات دې
د بڼګښ نه همره زور وينم نه توره
که زه کور درد آشام ورسره شمار يم
هر ملخي د سر بازي هنر څه زده
لا تراوسه يي ماغزه په قرار نه دې
د گينډيو په جګړ کښي يي گولي وي
لا په خوب کښي په لرزه پريوزي له کټه
که په دا دوري مږ گوري هغه زه يم
درست جهان مږ و مغلو ته خيبر کړ
ځني څو لوي دعوي لرم په زړه کښي
خو طالـع را سره هسي مدد نه کا

د خوشحال د زړه د حال ننداره وکړه
که په تخت د پاسه کښيني هم ملنگ دي

چه مور پلا ځني آزار شي هغه عاق دي د عاق زوي ځای دوزخ په اتفاق دي
هغه مور و پلار به خلاص نه وي له غم چه فرزند ځني زوولي بد اخلاق دي
هغه زوي به آخر په خواري خواري شي چه بڼکاره يي د خپل پلار سره نفاق دي
د اورنگ بادشاه په دوری رسم دا شه چه هر زوی د خپل پلار د سرمستاق دي
نن هغه قطب افاق گنډی خپل ځان چه گواه يي د عاق والي درست آفاق دي
نا خلف زوي په گور خلف د غواري هر پدر چه د پسر په اشتياق دي
دا شما همه گله د تـوانو را ونښه چه کوم په کښي تفجاق دي
د تـوو نه همه تـوگي زيږي که الـغـري د عرب يا د عراق دي

د هغه اسلام اسلام نه دي خوشحال
چه بهتر ورځني گبر په ميثاق دي

نهم زړه د بهرام خان په سرداری باندی خوشحال دي نه شما د خیلخانی د اتفاق څه حال احوال دي
د ختکو اولس هم په ننگ په شرم نه پوهیږي کاريي درست د نادیده و په خصال دي
پښتانه لکه مگس ورباندې گرزې ورته ایښي د مغل د حلوا تال دي
نوري واړه تکیي تار په تار خوري شوي اوس په مینځ کښي یو کرم د ذوالجلال دي
ایمل خان دریا خان دواړه خور دبین لارل
اوس خو پاتو و مغل ته یو خوشحال دي

سره ورغلل دوه غرونه یو مغل دویم پښتون
رنج شدت یي هسي نه دي چه څوک صاف کا خپل لږمون
خدای ته دانا بینا یي هم بیچون و بیچگون

ته حکیم یی پری پوهیږي زه پری نه پوهیږم چون
 واره ستا په حکم کیږي که گندون دي که شلون
 دا غمونه ته توانیږی که له ملک شي بیرون
 که بیرون نه شي له ملک غم لري په کښي زرغون
 که رودونه پار پراب وو سر د وینو دي جیچون
 په هر حال شکر بایدې دي تبه ښه ده نه طاعون

شپږ اوه میاشتي په هند په خراسان چتره ونه شه په غره په سمه کښي باران
 د اوبو د وینو ډیر کمامت وشه ځای په ځای شول د غلي نرخونه گران
 چه باران په جهان وشه پس له یاس فتح الباب وه په تحویل کښي د سرطان
 د اسد تر نه ویشتمې ورځ په ورځ ښه په باران سره نهال شه درست جهان
 په دا کال چه شاه عالم راغي له هند صلح وشوه د مغل و د افغان
 دا سړکال چه یی تاریخ رحمت اتم دي په وگړي مبارک دي په هر شان
 یو دا کار هرگوره سخت په کښي پیدا شه چه هلک په کښي له نونو شول طوفان
 ډیر څمونږ د خیلخاني هلکان ومړل داغ د زړه دي عبدالله د یحیی خان
 په نیکنام پسي که زړه د رانړي چوپي
 په هاکو خاطر خوشحال شه په کامران

د کشتن دي د زدن دي د تاختن دي یو ورکزي دویم بڼگښ دریم بولاق
 د ورکزي د بڼگښ د بولاق نشته یو انصاف دویم حکمت بل اتفاق
 خدای ډرک د پښتنو کا دا دري څیزي یو بد جهل بل بد نیت دریم نفاق
 سرداري لره بویه دا دري توکه یو همت دویم توره بل اخلاق
 خودا زمکه دا آسمان شته دا به هم وي یو روزگار دویم لعنت دریم فراق

په بد قام د نن خما له لوريه تل وي يو نفرين دويم لعنت دريم طلاق
 د تيراه په ملک چه راغلم دا م بويه يو دير عزم بل ايلاق دريم قشلاق
 په صورت په تيراه ناست زره م په يون دي
 يو په ذکر بل په ياد دريم مشتاق

تفاوت د خپل پردي ورباندي نشته که يي گوري اورنگزيب هسي که مراد دي
 مستجاب غريب يي ووژله په ظلم د خوشحال منصب يي واخست کوم کڼد دي
 د منصب په آخسته څه دلگير نه شه د خوشحال خاطر خوشحال دي خدای کواد دي
 په منصب پوري خوشحال خټک نوکروه چه منصب ورځني لار شه اوس بادشاه دي
 اوه مياشتي دي چه لار د کابل بند شوه حال احوال د خلایق وار د تباد دي
 دا لا څه په هندستان توره تياره ده په هر ځاي د ده د خوي نوي آد دي
 د اورنگ بادشاه په دوري آرام نشته چا ويل چه جهان ځاي د آرامگاه دي
 لکه يي مخ د پاسه تورسيه لیده شي اندرون يي هغه هسي تورسيه دي
 که نيت وته يي گوري يو يزید دي که طاعت وته يي گوري اهل الله دي
 د ده خيره واره ده وته بخبلي
 خوله شره به يي دارکا چه آگاه دي

چه صرفه کاندې په سر يا صرفه کاندې په زر
 نه به خان نه به سلطان شي نه به خپل کاندې کشور
 يا تخت دي يا تخت ده د شاهانو ځاي مقرر
 چه په ځان مړني نه وي مړنتوب نه کا لېکر

چه مکه کاندې ویرانه
تار په تار لارل له میانه
عرب سلوم شول په مړانه
نورڅه مه وایه ای خوانه
گرانه چارشي پري آسانه
فتح یوسي له میدان

حبش په مکه راغي
قریشو جنگ ونه کړ
چه وقت د محمد شه
مدار په ښه سردار دي
چه امیر د لښکر مرد وي
که یي صبر که همت وي

بخل غني لره فحش نسا لره
فکر چه راغي په زړه کښي مالره

غضب ملوک لره دروغ ملا لره
دا خلور توکه هرگوره بد دي

د گڼت په جنگ م ماتي آسماني وه
د میکو د سپیو شیطاني وه
د ځینی تنبه له ځای نقصاني وه
هم په دا سبب را پیښه پښیماني وه
همگي د حسن خیلو ناداني وه
چه د دوي چار له ما سره جاني وه
په مردی د هریوه جانفشاني وه
په میدان د عابد خان پهلواني وه
په دا هسي رنگ چاري حیراني وه
و خپل پلار وته یي ښه ارمغاني وه
په سرو وینوئي چهره ارغواني وه
په دا کار باندي سزا د ثنا خواني وه

د بڼګښ په توره مات نه یم باور کړه
نه بڼګښ وه نه ئي توره نه ئي زور وه
چه وغره وته ئي تیښته وکړه بي جنگ
چه م ښه سواره د ځان د وړاندی نه کړل
چه م ټول د وړاندی نه تلل په جلب کښي
صد رحمت د مهمندیو په تنبه شه
تورزنو توري لروني په وهل کړي
چه په توره ئي شیرخان پریوست له آس
چه سردار د بڼګښ پریووت خټک مات شه
عابد خان چه په مردی راغی له جنگ
پروکي پروکي ئي د سر شالونه ولاړل
لاس په لاس ئي انتقام د بابا واخست

چه ټي جنگ په ميدان كړه يوڅو سواره وو
 د خټكو په سورو باندي لعنت شه
 چه اول ماتې ټي كچه په سورو كړه
 ښه ځوانان چه د گنبت په ميدان وهرل
 همگي ځوانان څما د زړه ارمان ډي
 د غليم سره په آس غاړه غړي شه
 ما دا هسي جنگ هرگز ليدلي نه وه
 ځوانان جنگ تمامي ورځ كا نه ماتېږي
 نه په طمع نه اميد نه شرم ترس وه
 يا لېكړ د نام و ننگ وي يا د زرو
 همگي په يوه سیر راسره ټول وو
 چه نه دين وي نه دنيا جنگونه څوك كا
 چه په خواست او په ضرور سره ټولېږي
 چه مـ دا ځله غليم له ډكي خلاص شه
 لكه زانړی چه و باز و ته خان خير كا
 ځكه زه روغ په ځاي ولاړ وي غليم څه وه
 كه طالع مـ په ظاهر مدد و نه كړ
 زه د عمر د ښادي دواړه اميد كړم
 داڅه مړه څما ځوانان نه دي په جنگ كښي
 كه مـ دوست كه مـ دښمن مري په دا كار كښي
 مخالف مـ په دا كار كښي پاتو نه شه
 سل څلوېښت ځوانان مـ قتل په ميدان شول
 د هجرت د كال ^{۱۰۸۱} غفور په حساب كښي
 چه بي زخم له ميدان څي نا مرد وي

نور د واړو بخره تينبت تن آساني وه
 په يوه جلوي تينبت خان ځاني وه
 په سورو كښي چار د خټ د عثماني وه
 د هر ځوان په زړه كښي ننگ افغاني وه
 په كښي بيله د عبدل تندر ځواني وه
 د عبدل د مرستوب بخرد كاني وه
 څوم عمر څو خټك څوم ځاني وه
 په يوه لحظه لسمه مراتي آني وه
 د لېكړ مـ سر رشته الماني وه
 څما دا ټوله د ننگ نه وه ذني وه
 په يوه ساعت ټي څكه پريشني وه
 مگر سهل جانبازي جانستني وه
 د هغو لېكرو كله وداني وه
 پري يكباره د فلك مېړاني وه
 هغه هسي د غليم پر افشاني وه
 د پرهار په كار مـ درسته وېراني وه
 توجه ټي په ما ډيره نېاني وه
 د غليم كه مـ څو ورځي ښاد ماني وه
 داڅما د ننگ په كار كښي مېړاني وه
 په هر توکي مـ حاصله كامراني وه
 چه فاسده انديښنه ټي وجداني وه
 د اختر په عرفه كښي قرباني وه
 په غره واوري وريدلي نيساني وه
 زه زخمي لارم د خان نكېماني وه

یوه تیبته نامردي بله مردی وی
انتقام و ته م تیبته وه له میدان
تل خونی مزري هم جنگ کاهم خان ژغوري
پیغمبر چه له کافرو نه فرار کر
که ظفر که هزیمت بیا م میدان دی
که ژوندی په دنیا پایم خود به گورم
و دانا و ته دا دواړه عیانی وه
نه م یاد د دنیا زندگانی وه
د مزري د تیبته څه بد گمانی وه
و کافرتنه ئی په زړه کبې تیغ رانی وه
چه د پلار نیکه م بخره میدانی وه
چه په تیغ م څه ورانی څه ودانی وه
د خوشحال اختیار تر واره بنگېس تیر دی
که څه ننگه د خټک د کرلانی وه

حقیقت د یوسفزي راته معلوم شه
یا به کور په کور اخته شي په میرخیو
خدای چه ورک کابنه مرونه په اولس کبې
اوس په درست اولس کبې ښه ملک عادل دی
حمزه خان هغه چمند دی په جُلگو کبې
د طالبي ملکي ټټه آئینه ده
طالبي چرکه نرښتي دی په دیدن کبې
اللهداد لکه لمځي په جیفه گزري
مصري خان مندر د غاري ماهي آخلي
نوم ئی څه د کشرانو په خوله آخلم
مختصره وینا دا د بازار سپي دی
بس دا همبره نور څه مه وایه خوشحال
نه حمید شته نه کجی شته نه کاجو شته
که د سوات په هوا خوښ ئی په کبې ښکار کړه
د بي بي په کور ئی واوره کت کت کانري
کارو بار به ئی ښکاره شی په دوه رنگ
یا به ملک و مغل ورکاندي بي جنگ
پیسېسوي هغه اولس و ته بیا ننگ
که ئی زر کا خدای چهره په مرگ بد رنگ
وراندی ورستو پري پري کا له غورزنگ
چه چهره په کبې لیدی شي رنگ رنگ
لوي چاريي خولکه د چرگ په هوپو کونگ
د مردارو بوی ئی څي له دواړه چنگ
سگ لاهو غوندي خان ژغوري له نهنگ
چه ئی واره ملکان وینم بي ننگ
په دوديو پسي درومي څو فرسنگ
د خټکو لښکر نه لري د څنگ
څه له نورو سره سروهي له سنگ
او که نه ورځني تیبته په فرسنگ
د سوات زلمی ئی نه بیلیري له پالننگ

لس به مله سره و نه ویني په ننگ کښي
که درست ملک سره پوره کړي تر تور سنگ

چه د روه په ملک کښي ښه پښتون يادېږي
د مهمندو سپي بهتر دي تر بنگښ
چوهرې د افریديو نه ورکزي دي
هرچه ښه د پښتنخواه دي حال ئي دا دي
له ژوندیو پښتنو ښيکړه نشته
نن د واريو پښتنو بهتر مهمند دي
چه مغل ورته وواي دولتخواه است

نن مهمند بنگښ ورکزي افریدي دي
که هزار څله مهمند بتر تر سپي دي
افریدي که همه واره چوهرې دي
هغو بدو ته ئي څوک وائي سړي دي
هرچه ښه وو هغه کل د کور بندي دي
هغه هم د واريو خلقو ته څرکند دي
نور حرام شه که په خپله گنه بند دي

پښتانه د ننگ وباسي له دله
اوس ترلي د مغل د آس په ښوند دي

لویه چار د پښتانه له لاسه نه شي
که هر څو ئي سموم را نه سميږي
په فساد کښي هېڅ فايده نشته خوشحال
هغه چارچه عاقبت لره ښه نه وي
يوسفزئ ننگيالي پښتانه نه دي
يا د ښو په لور درومه ټوله وکړه
يا په گنج کښي د عزت کښينه طاعت کړه

مگر چار ئي آسماني ده کم وکوزه
چه کاره دي د بد بختو څو وربوزه
د فساد په اور کښي سيڅي وايښه دروزه
د هوتييارو په مذهب ده لايحوزه
د بي نگو پښتنو له مينځه ووزه
ترخوشاب پوري ملک کړه شنه ددوزه
يا مکي لره څه بس دا دري رموزه

چه زړه د چا ژوندې دې
 له ښکاره ئې څه کار دې
 که ښکار کا د مرغونو
 د سپي په ښکار هم درومه
 د غشي ښکار ډير ښه دې
 که ښکار دې د توپک دې
 په دا دوه کار خوشحال
 د باز د توپک دواړه
 هغه مينه کا په ښکار
 چه په زړه نه وي بيدار
 د بازونو دې پکار
 که ميدان وي که کوهسار
 که باتور وي په گذار
 که پري ته وکړي تلوار
 په جهان کښي دې اوڅار
 هم په دا دې مينه دار

کدو د چنار په ونه وخوت
 چه ته د څو کلونو ئې چناره
 چنار ووي چه د دوه سو کالو زه يم
 کدو ووي هي خوته په موده لوي شوی
 چنار ووي ښه چه وقت سخت دچلي راشي
 و چنار ته ئې آغاز کړ دا مقال
 راته و وايه خپل عمر خپل احوال
 په حساب کښي گوندي کم وي يونيم کال
 دا يم زه درسه سم شوم دم در حال
 زه او ته به سره زده کړو هاله حال

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